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Homer's ILIADS

IN ENGLISH.

By THO. HOBBES of *Malmsbury*.

To which may be added

Homer's ODYSSES

Englished by the same Author.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *William Crook*, at the Green Dragon without *Temple-bar*. 1676.

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ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. I.

O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of *Thetis* Son brought to the *Greeks*; what Souls
Of *Heroes* down to *Erebus* it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto Dogs and Fowls;
Whilst the two Princes of the Army strove,
King *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* stout.
That so it should be was the will of *Jove*,
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who incensed by the wrong
To his Priest *Chryses* by *Atrides* done,
Sent a great Pestilence the *Greeks* among;
Apace they di'd, and remedy was none.
For *Chryses* came unto the *Argive* Fleet,
With Treasure great his Daughter to redeem;
And having in his hand the Ensignes meet,
That did the Priestly Dignity beseem,
A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays,
Unto the Princes all made his request;
But to the two *Atrides* chiefly prays,
Who of the *Argive* Army were the best.
O Sons of *Aeacus* may the Gods grant you
A safe return from *Troy* with Victory;
And you on me compassion may shew,
Receive these Gifts, and set my Daughter free;
And have respect to *Jove*'s and *Leto*'s Son.
To this the Princes all gave their consent,
Except King *Agamemnon*. He alone,
And with sharp language from the Fleet him sent;
Old man (said he) let me not see you here
Now staying, or returning back again,
For fear the Golden Scepter which you bear
And Chaplet hanging on it prove but vain.

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Your Daughter shall to *Argos* go far hence,
And make my Bed, and labour at the Loom,
And take heed you no farther me incense,
Lest you return not safely to your home.
Frighted with this, away the Old man went;
And often as he walked on the sand,
His Prayers to *Apollo* up he sent.
Hear me *Apollo* with thy Bow in hand,
That honour'd art in *Tenedos* and *Chryse*,
And unto whom *Cylla* great honour bears,
If thou accepted hast my Sacrifice,
Pay th'*Argives* with thy Arrows for my tears.
His Prayer was granted by the Deity;
Who with his Silver Bow and Arrows keen,
Descended from *Olympus* silently
In likeness of the sable night unseen.
His Bow and Quiver both behinde him hang,
The Arrows chink as often as he jogs,
And as he shot the Bow was heard to twang,
And first his Arrows flew at Mules and Dogs.
But when the Plague into the Army came,
Perpetual was the fire of Funerals;
And so nine days continued the same,
Achilles on the tenth for counsel calls;
And *Juno* 'twas that put it in his head,
Who for the *Argive* Army was afraid:
The Lords to Counsel being gathered,
Up stood *Achilles* and thus to them said,
We must I think *(Atrides)* run from hence,
Since War and Plague consume us both at once,
Let's think on how to stay the Pestilence,
Or else at *Troy* resolve to leave our bones.
Let's with some Priest or Prophet here advise
That knows the pleasure of the Gods above,
Or some that at expounding Dreams are wise,
For also Dreams descend on men from *Jove*:
That we may from him know *Apollo*'s minde,
If we for Sacrifice be in arrear,
Or if he will for Lambs and Goats be kinde,
And to destroy us from henceforth forbear.

Achill

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Achill's then sat down, and *Chalchas* rose,
That was of great renown for Augury,
And any thing was able to disclose
That had been, is, or should hereafter be;
And guided had the *Greeks* to *Ilium*;
Achilles (said he) since you me command
To tell you why this Plague is on us come,
Swear you will save me both with word and hand,
Of all the *Greeks* it will offend the best;
Who though his anger for a while he smother,
Will not, I fear, long time contented rest,
But will revenged be some time or other.
Chalchas (reply'd *Achilles*) do not fear,
But what the God has told you bring to light:
By *Phœbus* not a man shall hurt you here,
As long as I enjoy my life and sight;
Though *Agamemnon* be the man you dread,
Who is of all the Army most obey'd.
The Prophet by these words encouraged,
Said what before to say he was afraid.
'Tis not neglect of Vow or Sacrifice
That doth the God *Apollo* thus displease;
But that we do his Priest so much despise,
As not his Child for ransome to release.
And more, till she be to her Father sent,
And with a *Hecatombe*, and Ransomless,
The anger of the God will not relent,
Nor will the Sickness 'mongst the people cease.
This said, he sat. The King look'd furiously,
And anger flaming stood upon his eyes,
While many black thoughts on his heart did lye;
And to the Prophet *Chalchas* thus replies.
Unlucky Propher, that didst never yet
Good fortune prophecy to me, but ill,
And ever with a mind against me set
Inventest Prophecies to cross my Will;
And now again you fain would have it thought,
Because I would not let *Chryseis* go,
The Gifts refusing which her Father brought,
Therefore this Plague was sent amongst us now.

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With *Clytemnestra* she may well contend
For Person, or for Beauty, or for Art.
Yet so, to send her home I do intend.
For of our loss I bear the greatest part.
But you must then some prize for me provide.
Shall no man unrewarded go but I?
This said, *Achilles* to the King reply'd,
Atrides, that on booty have your eye,
You know divided is, or sold the prey
Which never can resumed be again.
But send her home. When we shall have sack'd *Troy*
Your loss shall be repaid with triple gain.
No, said *Atrides*, that I never meant;
D'ye think 'tis fit that you your shares retain?
And only mine unto the God be sent,
That unrewarded none but I remain?
I thought it reason th' *Argives* should collect
Amongst themselves the value (how they list)
And give it me before they did expect
This Prize of mine should be by me dismist.
If they'l do that, 'tis well. If not, I'le go
To your, or *Ajax*, or *Ulysses* tent,
And take his prize, and right my self will so,
Wherewith I think he will not be content.
But since there's time enough to speak of this,
Let's ready make a Ship with able Row'rs,
And th' *Hecatombe*, to go with fair *Chryseis*,
And (to direct) one of the Counsellors;
Ajax, *Idomeneus*, *Ulysses*, or
Your self may go, *Achilles*, if you please,
And do the bus'ness you are pleading for,
And if you can th' offended God appease.
O impudence (*Achilles* then reply'd)
What other of th' *Achæans* willingly
Will when you only for your self provide,
Go where you bid, or fight with th'enemy?
Against the *Trojans* I no quarrel have.
In *Pthia* plundring they were never seen,
Nor ever thence my Kine or Horses drave,
Nor could; the Sea and great Hills are between.

Only

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Only for yours and *Menelaus* ſake,
To honour gain for you we came to *Troy*,
Whereof no notice (Dogſhead) now you take,
But threaten me my prize to take away;
Which by my labour I have dearly bought,
And by th' *Achæans* given me has been.
And when the City *Troy* we ſhall have got,
Your ſhare will great, mine little be therein.
For though my part be greateſt in the pain,
Yet when unto diviſion we come,
You will expect the greateſt part o'th' gain,
And that with little I go weary home.
Then farewel *Troy*. To Sea I'le go again,
And back to *Pthia*. Then it will be ſeen
When you without me ſhall at *Troy* remain,
What Honour and what Riches you ſhall win.
Go when you will, (ſaid *Agamemnon*) fly,
Ile not entreat you for my ſake to ſtay.
When you are gone more honour'd ſhall be I,
Nor *Jove* (I hope) will with you go away.
In you I ſhall but looſe an enemy
That only loves to quarrel and to fight.
The Gods have giv'n you ſtrength I not deny.
Go 'mongſt your *Myrmidons* and uſe your might.
I care not for you, nor your anger fear,
For after I have ſent away *Chryſeis*,
And ſatisfi'd the God, I'le not forbear
To fetch away from you the fair *Briſeis*,
And that by force. For I would have you ſee
How much to mine inferior is your might,
And others fear t'oppoſe themſelves to me.
This ſwell'd *Achilles* choler to the height.
And made him ſtudy what to do were beſt,
To draw his Sword and *Agamemnon* kill,
Or take ſome time his anger to digeſt.
His Sword was drawn, yet doubtful was his Will.
But *Juno*, that of both of them took care,
Sent *Pallas* down, who coming ſtood behind
Achilles, and laid hold upon his Hair.
Whereat *Achilles* wondring in his minde,

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Turn'd back, and by the terror of her eyes
Knew her; but by none elſe perceiv'd was ſhe.
Come you (ſaid he) to ſee the injuries
That are by *Agamemnon* done to me?
So great (O Goddeſs *Pallas*) is his pride,
As I believe it coſt him will his life.
I hither came (*Athena* then reply'd)
To put an end to this unlucky ſtrife.
From Heaven I hither was by *Juno* ſent,
(That loves you both, and of you both takes care)
Drawing of Swords and Blood-ſhed to prevent.
But as for evil words you need not ſpare.
For the wrong done you he ſhall trebly pay
Another time. Hold then. Your Sword forbear.
I muſt (then ſaid *Achilles*) you obey, [hear.
Though wrong'd. Who hears not Gods, the Gods not
This ſaid, his mighty Sword again he ſheath'd,
And *Pallas* up unto *Olympus* flew.
Achilles ſtill nothing but Choler breath'd,
And *Agamemnon* thus revil'd anew.
Dogs-face, and Drunkard, Coward that thou art,
That hat'ſt to lead the people out to fight.
Nor yet to lye in ambuſh haſt the heart,
And painfully watch in the field all night.
But thou to take from other men their due
(Safe lying in the Camp) more pleaſure haſt.
But fools they are that ruled are by you,
Or elſe this injury had been your laſt.
But this I'le ſay, and with an Oath make good.
(Now by this Scepter, which hath left behind
The ſtock whereon it once grew in the wood,
And never more ſhall have nor leaf nor rind,
And by *Achaan* Princes now is born
By whom *Jove's* Laws to th' People carried be.)
You hear now what a great Oath I have ſworn:
If ere the *Achæans* ſhall have need of me,
And *Agamemnon* cannot them relieve.
When *Hector* fills the field with bodies ſlain,
And *Agamemnon* only for them grieve,
They my aſſiſtance wiſh for ſhall in vain.

This

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This said, *Achilles* threw the Scepter down
That stuck all over was with Nails of Gold;
And *Nestor* rose, of *Pyle* that wore the Crown,
Wise and sweet Orator and Captain old.
His words like Honey dropped from his tongue.
Two ages he in battle honour gain'd.
For all that while he youthful was and strong,
And with the third age now in *Pyle* he reign'd.
What grief t'*Achæa* coming is, said he,
O Gods, what joy to *Priam* and his Seed,
How glad will all the *Trojans* be to see
You two that all the rest in pow'r exceed,
With your own hands shed one anothers blood!
I elder am, do then as I advise.
For I conversed have with men as good,
That yet my counsel never did despise.
Perithous and *Dryas* were great men,
And *Polyphemus* and *Exadius*,
Such as for strength I ne'er shall see agen;
And so were *Caneus*, and *Theseus*.
The strongest of mankind were these, and slew
The strongest of wild beasts that haunt the Wood.
These strong men I convers'd withal and knew;
And with them also I did what I cou'd.
With these no other could contend in fight.
Yet they from *Pyle* thought fit to call me forth
Far off; nor ever did my counsel slight.
Think not therefore my counsel nothing worth.
Atrides take not from him, though you can,
The Damsel which the *Greeks* have given him.
Forbear the King *(Pelides.)* For the man
Whom *Jove* hath crown'd is made of *Jove* a limb.
Though you be strong, and on a Goddess got,
Atrides is before you in command.
Atrides, be but you to peace once brought,
T'appease *Achilles* I will take in hand,
Who is (while we are lying here) our Wall.
To this *Atrides* answered again,
I nothing can deny of this at all.
But he amongst us thinks he ought to rain,

And

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And give the Law to all as he thinks fit.
But I am certain that shall never be.
He well can fight; the Gods have granted it,
But they nere taught him words of infamy.
Then interrupting him *Achilles* said,
I were a Wretch and nothing worth indeed,
If I what ever you command obey'd.
I will no more to what you say take heed.
But this I tell you, if you take away
The Damsel which is mine by your own gift,
I do not mean for that to make a Fray
Amongst the *Greeks*, or once my hand to lift.
Fetch her your self *Atrides*, but take heed
Against my will you nothing else take there.
Try; that th'*Achæans* may see how you speed,
And how your black blood shall run down my Spear.
Thus in disorder the Assembly ends.
Achilles to his own Ships took his way,
Patroclus with him and his other friends.
And *Agamemnon* then without delay
Lanched a Bark, and in go Row'rs twice ten.
Aboard the Maid and th'*Hecatombe* they lay.
Ulysses went Commander of the men.
And swiftly then the Ship cuts out her way.
And then *Atrides* th'Army purify'd,
And threw into the Sea the Purgament.
Then sacrific'd o'th'sands by the Sea side
A *Hecatombe*. To Heaven went up the sent.
And busie were the people. But the King
Still on his quarrel with *Achilles* thought,
And how *Briseis* from his Tent to bring.
For what he threatn'd he had not forgot,
But sent *Talthybius* and *Eurybates*
T'*Achilles* Tent to fetch *Briseis* thence.
(Two publick servants of the King were these
Ordain'd to carry his commandements.)
If he refuse (said he) to let her go,
I'le thither go my self with greater force
And take her thence, whether he will or no.
Which, angry as he is, will vex him worse.

The

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The Messengers, though not well pleased, went
Unto the Fleet o'th' *Myrmidons*, and there
They found *Achilles* sitting by his Tent.
Well pleas'd he was not. And they silent were,
And stood still, struck with fear and reverence.
Achilles seeing that, spake first, and said,
Come near. To me you have done no offence.
Go you *Patroclus* and lead forth the Maid,
And give her to these men, that they may be
To Gods and Men, and to th'unbridled man
My Witnesses, when they have need of me
To save th'*Achæans*, which he never can.
For what can he devise of any worth?
Or how can he the *Greeks* in battle save?
This said, *Patroclus* led *Briseis* forth,
And to *Atrides* Messengers her gave.
She with them went, though much against her heart.
Achilles from his friends went off and pray'd.
And sitting with his face to th' Sea apart
Weeping, unto his Mother *Thetis* said,
Mother, though *Jove* have given me so small
A time of life, I could contented be,
Had I not been dishonoured withal,
And forc'd to bear such open injury.
Thetis in th'inmost closets of the Deep,
Sat with the old God *Nereus*, and heard.
And not enduring long to hear him weep,
Above the Sea like to a Mist appear'd,
And by him sat, and stroak'd his head, and said,
Why weep you Child? What is't that grieves you so?
Tell me, speak out. Of what are you afraid?
Come, whatsoever 'tis let me it know.
Mother (said he) 'tis not to you unknown,
When we took *Thebe*, and had brought away
The Captives and the Riches of the Town,
Chryseis fell t'*Atrides* for his prey.
And how her father *Chryses* came to th' Fleet
With Ransome great his Daughter to redeem,
And having in his hands the Ensigns meet
Which did his Priestly dignity beseem,

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A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays,
Unto the Princes all made his requeſt.
But to the two *Atrides* chiefly prays,
Who of the *Argive* Army were the beſt.
O Sons of *Atreus*, may the Gods grant you
A ſafe return from *Troy* with Victory;
And you on me compaſſion may ſhew,
Receive theſe Gifts, and ſet my Daughter free;
And have reſpect to *Jove*'s and *Leto*'s ſon.
To this the Princes all gave their conſent,
Except King *Agamemnon*. He alone,
And with ſharp language from the Fleet him ſent.
Away the Old-man goes, and as he went,
Againſt the *Greeks* he to *Apollo* pray'd;
Who heard him, and the Plague amongſt them ſent,
Which dayly multitudes of men deſtroy'd.
Of which the Prophet, being ask'd the cauſe,
Said, 'was for th' injury to *Chryſes* done.
I mov'd to ſend her back. Then angry was
Atrides, though beſide *Atrides*, none.
And though he too has ſent her now away,
Yet what he threat'ned he has brought to paſs,
His Officers from me have forc'd my prey,
And *Agamemnon* now *Briſeis* has.
And now, if ever, let me have your aid,
If you have holpen *Jove* with word or deed;
(For in my Fathers houſe you oft have ſaid,
That heretofore you ſtood him in great ſtead,
When other Gods to bind him had decreed,
Juno and *Neptune*, *Pallas* and the reſt,
You to him came and from his bonds him freed.
For up you fetch'd *Briareus* the beſt
Of *Titans* all, whom men *Ægeon* call,
The Gods *Briareus*, with a hundred hands,
And ſet him next to *Jove*. No God at all
Then durſt to *Jupiter* approach with bonds)
Put *Jove* in mind of this, and him intreat
The *Trojan* hands to fortifie in fight,
And to repel the *Greeks* with ſlaughter great,
That in their goodly King they may delight,

And

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And *Agamemnon* count what he hath won
By doing such dishonour to the best
Of th'*Argives*, and that has such service done.
Ay me, (said *Thetis*) would you could here rest
Unhurt, ungriev'd. For I have born you to
Short life. And not far from you is your Fate.
And grievous 'tis to be dishonour'd too.
But I to *Jove* will all you say relate
When I go to *Olympus*. Till then stay,
And angry though you are, from war forbear.
To Blackmoor-land the Gods went yesterday,
And twelve daies hence agen they will be there.
This said, the Goddess went away, and left
Her Son *Achilles* with his Anger striving,
For that he had been of his prize bereft.
And then *Ulysses* at the Port arriving
Of *Chryse*, first his Sails he furl'd, and stow'd
Them on the Deck together with the Mast;
And with their Oars their Ship ashore they row'd,
And out their Anchors threw; and ty'd her fast.
And on the Beach the men descending laid
The *Victims* in good order on the Sand.
When this was done, they disimbark'd the Maid.
And then *Ulysses* took her by the hand,
And brought her to the Altar, where the Priest
Her Father stood, and to him spake, and said,
O *Chryses* see, *Atrides* hath dismist
Your Daughter, and this *Hecatomb* hath paid.
By *Agamemnon* we are hither sent
The same to offer, and t'*Apollo* pray,
That he accept it will, and be content
The Sickness from the *Greeks* to take away.
This said, he put *Chryseis* to his hand,
And he with great contentment her receiv'd.
Then all with Salt and Barley ready stand,
And *Chryses* pray'd with hands to Heaven upheav'd.
Hear me *Apollo* with the Silver Bow,
That dost in *Tenedos* and *Cylla* reign,
And heardst my Pray'r against the *Greeks*, hear now,
And from them send the Pestilence again.

When

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When *Chryſes* had thus to *Apollo* pray'd,
Then pray'd they all; and Salt and Barley threw
Upon the Victims; which they kill'd and flay'd.
But from the Altar firſt they them withdrew.
And then the Thighs cut off they ſlit in twain,
And round about they cover them with fat,
And one part on the other laid again.
The Prieſt himſelf came when they had done that,
And burnt them on a fire of cloven wood;
And as they burning were pour'd on black Wine.
Young men with Spits five-branched by them ſtood.
When burnt the Thighs were for the Pow'r divine,
And Entrails eaten, the reſt cut in joynts
Before the fire they roaſted skillfully,
Pierc'd thorow with the Spits that had five points;
And took it up when roaſted thorowly.
When ended was their work, began the Feaſt;
Where nothing wanting was of what was good.
And having thirſt and hunger diſpoſſeſt,
And filled with ſweet Wine the Temp'rers ſtood.
Then round the Cups were born; and all day long
Sitting they celebrated *Phœbus* might,
And magnifi'd his goodneſs in ſweet Song,
And he in his own praiſes took delight.
But when the Sun had born away his light,
Upon the Sands they laid them down to ſleep.
And when again *Aurora* came in ſight,
Again they lanch their Ship into the deep.
A good fore-wind *Apollo* with them ſent.
Then with her breaſt the Ship the water tore
(Which by her down on both ſides roaring went)
And ſoon arrived at the *Trojan* ſhore.
And there they drew her up again to Land,
And ev'ry man went which way he thought beſt.
Achilles yet not able to command
The anger that ſtill boyled in his breaſt,
No longer would the *Greeks* at Councel meet,
Nor with them any more to battle come;
But ſullen ſat before his Tent and Fleet,
Wiſhing to ſee the *Argives* beaten home.

Twelve

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Twelve times the Sun had risen now and set,
The Gods t' *Olympus* all returned were;
Thetis her Sons complaints did not forget,
But up she carried them to *Jupiter*.
Upon the highest top alone sat he
Of the great many-headed Hill, and laid
One hand on's breast, th'other on his knee.
And in that posture thus unto him said,
O Father *Jove*, if for you I have done
Service at any time by word or deed,
Repay it now I pray you to my Son
Whom *Agamemnon* hath dishonoured.
Short time the Fates have given him to live.
Atrides taken from him hath his prey.
Now Victory unto the *Trojans* give
Till *Agamemnon* for his fault shall pay.
Thus prayed she. But *Jove* made no reply.
Nor took she off her hands; but pray'd anew;
O *Jove* my Prayer grant me, or deny,
That I may know what power I have in you.
Then *Jove* much grieved, spake to her, and said,
'Twixt me and *Juno* 'twill a quarrel make.
For she before the Gods will me upbraid,
When she shall know the *Trojans* part I take.
But go, lest she observe what you do here.
I'le give a Nod to all that you have spoken,
That you may safely trust to and not fear.
A Nod from me is an unfailing token.
This said, with his black Brows he to her nodded,
Wherewith displayed were his Locks divine;
Olympus shook at stirring of his God-head;
And *Thetis* from it jump'd into the Brine,
And *Jupiter* unto his house went down.
The Gods arose and waited on him thither:
But unto *Juno* it was not unknown
That he and *Thetis* had conferr'd together,
Who presently to *Jove* her husband went,
And angry him rebukt with language keen.
You that still in my absence tricks invent,
What God hath with you now in counsel been?

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Though unto me you hate to tell your mind.
Juno (said *Jove*) you must not hope to hear
All whatsoere it be, I have design'd.
But what I mean shall come unto the ear
Of all the Gods, you first of all shall know.
But what from all together I shall hide
Ask me no more, I will not tell you, though
My Wife you be. *Juno* then thus reply'd.
Harsh *Chronides*, what words of yours are these!
To ask you questions I'le henceforth forbear,
And quietly let you do what you please.
But one thing I must tell you that I fear.
Thetis I fear has gotten your consent,
For her Sons sake the *Argives* to oppress.
Suspect you can (said *Jove*) but not prevent,
Which doth but give me cause to love you less.
Though it be true, 'twas I would have it so.
Therefore sit still and do as I would have you,
Lest when my mighty hands about you go,
Not all the other Gods in Heav'n shall save you.
Then *Juno* silent sat with grief and fear;
And all the Gods i'th' House of *Jove* did grieve.
But *Vulcan* the renown'd Artificer
Stood up his Mother *Juno* to relieve.
O what will this come to at last, said he,
If you for mortals thus shall be at odds!
The tumult than the chear will greater be.
What pleasure can be this unto the Gods?
And though my Mother wiser be than I,
Yet thus much I'll not doubt her to advise,
That with my Fathers Will she would comply,
That no such quarrel may hereafter rise.
For by the roots he can the World pluck up.
Therefore I pray you Mother speak him fair;
He'll soon be pleas'd. Then filled he a Cup
Of *Nectar* sweet, and bore it to her Chair;
And to her said, Mother, I pray you hold,
And do no more my Fathers choler move.
If you be beaten I shall but behold,
And grieve I am not strong enough for *Jove*.

I

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I would have helpt you once, when by the foot
He threw me down to *Lemnos* from the skie.
All the day long I was a falling to't,
Where more than half dead taken up was I.
And there by th' *Sinctans* I was taken up.
When *Vulcan* had his History told out,
His Mother on him smil'd, and took the Cup,
And to the Gods he *Nectar* bore about.
And then the Gods laught all at once outright
To see the lame and sooty *Vulcan* skink.
And all the day from morning unto night
Ambrosia they eat, and *Nectar* drink.
Apollo played, and alternately
The *Muses* to him sung. When night was come,
Then gently Sleep sollicited each eye,
And to his house each God departed home.
And *Jupiter* went up unto the bed
Where he at other times was wont to lye
When sleep came on him, and laid down his head
To take repose; and *Juno* lay him by.

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ILIAD.

LIB. II.

THe Gods, and Princes of the *Argive* Hoaſt
Slept all night long. *Jove* only waking lay,
And many projects in his mind he toſt,
To grace *Achilles*, and the *Greeks* annoy.
At laſt a Dream he call'd. Falſe Dream, ſaid he,
Go, hye to *Agamemnons* Tent, and ſay,
Diſtinctly as you bidden are by me.
Bid him bring up his Army now to *Troy*;
For now the time is come he ſhall it take.
The Gods no more thereon deliberate,
But all conſented have for *Juno*'s ſake,
No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.
Then with his errand went the Dream away,
And quickly was at *Agamemnons* Tent.
And finding him as faſt aſleep he lay,
Up preſently unto his head he went.
And in the ſhape of *Neſtor* to him ſpake.
Sleep you, ſaid he, *Atrides*? 'Tis not fit
For him from whom the people counſel take,
That ſleep all night upon his eyes ſhould ſit.
But *Jove* looks to you. Liſten then to me.
For 'tis from *Jove* that I am to you come.
He bids you lead the Army preſently
Up every man to th' Walls of *Ilium*.
For now the time is come you ſhall it take.
The Gods no more thereon deliberate.
But all conſented have for *Juno*'s ſake,
No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.
And therefore when you wake forget it not.
This ſaid, the Dream departed. And the King
Believ'd it as an Oracle, and thought
To take *Troy* now as ſure as any thing;

Vain

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Vain man presuming from a Dream *Jove*'s will,
Who meant to th' *Greeks* and *Trojans* yet much wo,
And with their carcasses the field to fill
Before the *Greeks* should back to *Argos* go.
The King awak't, and sat upon his Bed,
Puts on his Coat and a great Cloak upon,
Handsome and new; his Dream still in his head;
And then his Silver-studded Sword puts on.
And then he took his Scepter in his hand
Which formerly his Ancestors had born;
And went to th' Ships whereof he had command.
And to the Gods with light then came the Morn.
Then *Agamemnon* bids to Counsel call.
The Cryers call'd, the *Greeks* together went.
But first he had with the old Captains all
Consulted what to do at *Nestors* Tent,
And said he dream'd that one like *Nestor* spake
To him and said, *Atrides* 'tis not fit
For one of whom the People Counsel take
That sleep upon his eyes all night should sit.
But *Jove* secures you. Listen then to me,
For 'tis from him that I unto you come.
He bids you lead the Army presently
Up every man to th' Walls of *Ilium*.
For now the time is come you shall it take.
The Gods thereon no more deliberate,
But all consented have for *Juno*'s sake,
No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.
And therefore when you wake forget it not.
This said, the Dream went off again, and I
How to th'assault the Army may be brought
As far as we can safely fain would try.
I'le first give them advice to go away,
As if there were no hope to gain the Town.
But you must then be sure to make them stay.
This said, King *Agamemnon* sate him down,
And *Nestor* rose. Captains of th'Hoast, said he,
This Dream had it been told b' another man,
Feigned and foolish would have seem'd to me.
But since the King is th'Author (if we can)

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Let us perſwade the people to take Arms.
And having ſaid, began to lead away.
And now the People coming were in ſwarms.
For as the Bees in a fair Summers day
Come out in cluſters from the hollow rock,
And light upon the flow'rs that honey yield;
So to th'Aſſembly did the People flock,
And briſtling ſtood with expectation fill'd
When they ſat down, it made the ground to ſigh.
The Lords nine Cryers then amongſt them ſent
To make them ſilent, or to drown their cry,
And from the preſs their chairs to defend.
With much ado at laſt they ſilent were.
Then *Agamemnon* took into his hand
His Scepter (which was made by *Mulciber*
For *Jove* to carry when he did command.
Jove gave it afterward to *Mercury*;
And *Mercury* to *Pelops* gave the ſame.
From *Pelops* it went down ſucceſſively
To *Atreus*, and to *Thyeſtes* came.
From him it came to *Agamemnons* hand,
Who many Iſlands and all *Argos* ſway'd.
And leaning now upon it with his hand,
Unto the Princes of the Army ſaid.
Servants of *Mars*, Commanders of the *Greeks*,
O what great trouble *Jove* involves me in!
Diſgracefully to ſend me home he ſeeks,
Although he told me I the Town ſhould win,
And now (when I have loſt ſo many men)
It ſeems to play with men he takes delight.
What Towns has he deſtroy'd, and will agen
Deſtroy ſtill more to exerciſe his might?
For both to us and our poſterity
'Twill be a great diſgrace to go to *Troy*
With ſo great multitudes, and baffled be,
And nothing done again to come away.
If we and they ſhould on a Truce agree,
And one by one they muſter up their men;
And we ſhould count how many tens we be,
And make one *Trojan* fill out wine for ten,

Many

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Many a Ten would want a man to ſkink.
So much in number we the Town exceed.
But when upon their many Aids I think,
I wonder leſs that we no better ſpeed.
Nine Years are gone; our Cordage ſpoil'd with rain;
Our Ships are rotted, and our wives at home,
And Children dear expect us back again.
Nor know we of the War what will become.
Come then and all agree on what I ſay,
Let's put to Sea, and back to *Achæa* flie.
We ſhall not win the Town although we ſtay.
This ſaid, the Army with applauſes high
Conſented all (ſave thoſe that had been by
In Counſel of the Princes of *Achæa*)
And moved were like to the billows high
That rolled are by ſome great Wind at Sea.
Or as, when in a field of well-grown Wheat
The Ears encline by a ſharp wind oppreſt;
So bow'd the heads in this Aſſembly great
When their conſent they to the King expreſt.
Then going to the Ships cry'd *Ha la la.*
Great duſt they raiſed, and encouraged
Each other to the Sea his Ship to draw,
And cleans'd the way to th' water from each bed;
And ſtreight unpropt their Ships; and to the ſkie
Went up the noiſe. Then *Juno* ſent away
Pallas. *Pallas* (quoth ſhe) the *Greeks* will flie,
And *Helen* leave behind, for whom at *Troy*
So many of the *Greeks* their lives have loſt;
And ſtay'd ſo long in vain before the Town.
And then will *Priam* and the *Trojans* boaſt,
Unleſs you quickly to the Ships go down.
Go quickly then, try if you can prevail,
With hopeful words to ſtay them yet aſhore,
And take away their ſudden liſt to ſail.
And let the Ships lye as they did before.
This ſaid, the Goddeſs leapt down to the ground,
From high *Olympus*, and ſtood on the ſand.
Where lay the *Greeks*. *Ulyſſes* there ſhe found
Angry to ſee the people go from Land.

Ulyſſes

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Ulysses, said she, do you mean to fly,
And here leave *Helen* after so much cost
Of time and blood, and shew your vanity;
And leave the *Trojans* of their Rape to boast?
Speak to each one, try if you can prevail
With hopeful words to stay them on the shore,
And take away this sudden list to sail,
And let the Ships lye where they lay before.
Ulysses then ran t' *Agamemnons* Tent,
And took his staff (the mark of chief command)
And laying by his Cloak to th' Ships he went
Amongst th' *Acheans* with that staff in's hand.
And when he met with any Prince or Peer,
He gently said, Fear does not you become.
You should not only you your self stay here,
But also others keep from flying home.
Atrides now did but the *Argives* try,
And those he sees most forward to be gone
Shall find perhaps least favour in his eye.
For of the Secret Counsel you were none.
Deep rooted is the Anger of a King,
To whom high *Jove* committed has the Law,
And Justice left to his distributing.
But when a common man he bawling saw,
He bang'd him with his staff, and roughly spake.
Be silent, and hear what your betters say.
For who of you doth any notice take
In Counsel or in Martial Array?
Let one be King (we cannot all be Kings)
To whom *Jove* gave the Scepter and the Laws
To rule for him. Thus he the people brings
Off from their purpose, and to counsel draws.
Then to th' Assembly back again they pass'd,
With noise like that the Sea makes when it breaks
Against the Shore, and quiet were at last.
Thersites only standeth up and speaks.
One that to little purpose could say much,
And what he thought would make men laugh, would say.
And for an ugly fellow none was such
'Mongst all the *Argives* that besieged *Troy*.

Lame:

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Lame of one leg he was; and lookt asquint;
His shoulders at his breast together came;
His head went tapering up into a point,
With stragling and short hair upon the same.
Ulysses and *Achilles* most him hated,
For these two Princes he us'd most to chide;
And *Agamemnon* now aloud he rated,
And thereby anger'd all the *Greeks* beside.
What is't *Atrides* (said he) stays you here?
Your Tent is full of Brass; Women you have
The best of all that by us taken were,
For always unto you the choice we gave.
Or look you for more Gold that yet may come
For ransome of some prisoner whom I
Or other *Greek* shall take at *Ilium*,
Or for some young maid to keep privately?
But Kings ought not their private ease to buy
With publick danger and a common woe.
Come women of *Achaia*, let us fly,
And let him spend his gettings on the Foe.
For then how much we help him he will know,
That has a better than himself disgrac'd.
But that *Achilles* is to anger slow,
That injury of his had been his last.
This said, *Ulysses* straightway to him went,
And with sour look, and bitter language said,
Prater, that to thy self seems eloquent,
How darest thou alone the King t'upbraid?
A greater Coward than thou art there's no
'Mongst all the *Greeks* that came with us to *Troy*.
Else 'gainst the King thy tongue would not so run.
Thou seek'st but an excuse to run away.
Because we know not how we shall come off
As yet from *Troy*, must you the King upbraid,
And at the Princes of the Army scoff,
As if they too much honour to him paid?
But I will tell you one thing, and will do't.
If here again I find you fooling thus,
Then from my Shoulders let my Head be cut,
Or let me loose my Son *Telemachus*,

If

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If I not strip you naked to the skin,
And send you scundly beaten to the Ships
With many stripes and ugly to be seen.
This said, he basted him both back and hips.
Therſites shrug'd, and wept, sat down, and had
His shoulders black and blew, dy'd by the staff.
Look'd scurvily. The people that were sad
But just before, now could not chuse but laugh.
And, Oh said one t'another standing near;
Ulysses many handsome thing has done,
When we in Councel or in Battle were,
A better deed than this is he did none,
That has so silenced this railing knave,
And of his peevish humour stay'd the flood,
As he no more will dare the King to brave.
And then to speak *Ulysses* ready stood.
Where *Pallas* like a Crier did appear,
And standing by him silence did command,
That also they that sat far off might hear.
Then spake he, with the Scepter in his hand.
The people, O *Atrides*, go about
To put you on an act will be your shame,
Forgetting what they promis'd setting out,
Not to return till *Troy* they overcame.
But now like Widow-women they complain,
Or little Children longing to go home.
To be from home a month, it is a pain
To them that to their loving Wives would come.
To Sea they'ld go though certain to be tost
By many a sturdy wind upon the same.
But they have now lyen here Nine Years almost;
I cannot therefore say they are to blame.
But certainly after so long a stay
'Tis very shameful empty back to go.
Let us at least abide till know we may
Whether what *Chalchas* said be true or no.
For this we all know and are witnesses
(Excepting only those that since are dead)
When we from *Aulis* went to pass the Seas,
And by contrary winds were hindered,

That

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That there we to the Gods did sacrifice.
Upon an Altar close unto a Spring,
That of a *Plane*-tree at the root did rise;
And how we saw there a prodigious thing.
A mighty Serpent with a back blood-red
From out the Spring glided up to the Tree,
The boughs whereof were every way far spread.
On th'utmost chanc'd a Sparrows nest to be.
Young ones were in it eight, with th'old one nine;
The old one near the Nest stay'd fluttering,
And grievously the while did cry and whine.
At last the Serpent catcht her by the wing.
And when the Serpent had devour'd all nine,
He presently was turn'd into a stone;
That we might see from *Jove* it was a Signe
Of what should afterward at *Troy* be done.
We were amaz'd so strange a thing to see,
Till *Chalchas* rose and did the same explain.
This is a certain Sign from *Jove*, said he,
That he intends to do the like again.
For as the Snake devour'd nine birds in all;
So nine years long we shall make war at *Troy*,
And after nine years *Ilium* shall fall.
But in the tenth year we shall come away.
This then said *Chalchas*; and all hitherto
Is come to pass. Therefore *Achæans* stay,
Since nothing here remaineth now to do,
But overcoming the old Town of *Troy*.
This said, the people made a mighty noise
(Which bounding from the Ships was twice as great)
Sounding of nothing but *Ulysses* praise.
And up then rose old *Nestor* from his Seat.
Fie, Fie, (said he) why sit we talking here?
VVhere are your Promises, and whither gone?
Our Oaths and Vows? To what end did we swear?
VVhere be the hands that we rely'd upon?
VVhat good will't do to sit upon the Shore,
How long soever be our time to stay?
Hold fast, *Atrides*, as you did before
The power you have; and lead us up to *Troy*.

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A man or two you safely may neglect,
Though they dissent and secret counsel take.
For they'l be able nothing to effect,
Before to *Argos* our retreat we make,
And know if *Jove* have spoken true or no.
For when we went aboard to go for *Troy*,
Jove lightned to the right hand, which all know
A sign of granting is for what we pray.
Let none of you long therefore to be gone,
Till of some *Trojans* wife he hath his will,
And ta'ne a not unfit revenge upon
The *Trojans* that have *Helen* us'd as ill.
But he that for all this is fiercely bent
On going home, and thinks that counsel best,
And laies hand on his Ship, let him be sent
Down into *Erebus* before the rest.
But you, O King, think well, and take advice
First into Tribes the Army to divide,
And Tribes again into Fraternities,
That Tribe may Tribe, and Fellow Fellow aid;
The Leaders and the Souldiers then you'll know
Which of them merits praise, and which is naught.
And if the Town you do not overthrow,
VVhether on us or *Jove* to lay the fault.
To this *Atrides* answer made and said,
O *Nestor*, Father, you exceed all men
In giving Counsel. VVould the Gods me aid
VVith Counsellors such as you are but ten,
The Town of *Priam* we should quickly win.
Nor had we now so long about it staid,
If *Jupiter* had not engag'd me in
A quarrel with *Achilles* for a Maid.
But if we come but once more to agree,
The evil day from *Troy* will not be far.
Now take your food that we may ready be,
And able to endure the toil of war.
Let every man now sharpen well his Spear,
His Buckler mend, and give his Horses meat,
And look well to his Chariot every where,
That we may fight all day without retreat.

For

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For we shall fight I doubt not all day long,
And never cease as long as we can see.
Of many a Shield sweaty will be the Thong,
And Spear upon the hand lye heavily;
And many Horses at the Charret sweat.
But he that willingly to avoid the fight
Shall stay behind, or to the Ships retreat,
His body shall be food for Dog and Kite.
This said, the People pleas'd with what was spoken,
Approv'd the same with Shouts, as loud as when
Betwixt great waves and rocks the Sea is broken.
Then from the Assembly they return agen.
And at their Ships they sacrifice and pray
Each one to th' God in whom he trusted most,
That he might by his favour come away
Alive, with whole Limbs from the *Trojan* Hoast.
But *Agamemnon* sacrific'd a Steer
To *Jove*, of five years old, and to the Feast
Call'd such as in the Army Princes were,
Or held to be for Chivalry the best,
Nestor, *Idomeneus*, two *Ajaces*,
And the Son of *Tydeus Diomed*,
The sixth *Ulysses Laertiades*,
And *Menelaus* thither came unbid.
For well he knew his brother would be sad.
About the Victim then the Assembly stands,
And in their hands they Salt and Barley had.
Then pray'd *Atrides* holding up his hands;
Great, glorious *Jove*, that dwellest in the Sky,
O let not *Phœbus* carry hence the day
Till *Priam*'s Palace proud in ashes lye,
And *Hector* sprawling in the dust of *Troy*,
And many *Trojans* with him. So pray'd he.
And *Jove* was with his Sacrifice content.
But unto all his Pray'r did not agree,
Intending still his labour to augment.
When all had pray'd, they Salt and Barley threw
Upon the Victim which they kill'd and flay'd.
But from the Altar they it first withdrew.
The Thighs they slit, and fat upon them laid.

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And burnt them in a fire of cloven wood;
The Entrails ore the fire they broyled eat,
The reſt they roſt on Spits that by them ſtood;
And when they roſted were, fell to their meat.
When the deſire of meat and drink was gone,
Neſtor ſtood up, and to *Atrides* ſaid,
Let us no longer leave the work undone,
Which *Jupiter* himſelf has on us laid.
Let's call the *Greeks* together out of hand,
That we may make them ready for the War.
Atrides then to th' Cryers gave command
Taſſemble them. They ſoon aſſembled are.
And then the Princes went into the field,
And them in Tribes and in Fraternities
Diſtinguiſhed. And *Pallas* with her Shield,
(An undecaying Shield and of great price,
Rais'd at the brim with orbs of beaten Gold
An hundred, worth an hundred Cows at leaſt.)
With this the Goddeſs went, to make them bold,
Courage inſpiring into ev'ry breaſt.
And now their hearts are all on fire to fight,
And vaniſht is the thought of their returning.
And ſuch as of a Mountain is the ſight
Upon whoſe top a large thick Wood ſtands burning;
Such (as they marching were) the ſplendor was,
And ſeemed to reach up unto the Sky,
Reflected from ſo many Arms of Braſs
Bright and new poliſhed unto the eye.
As when of many ſorts the long-neckt Fowls
Unto the large and flow'ry Plain repair
Through which *Cayſters* water gently rolls
In multitudes high flying in the Air,
Then here and there fly priding in their wing,
And by and by at once light on the ground,
And with great clamour make the Air to ring,
And th' Earth whereon they ſettle to reſound;
So when th' *Acheans* went up from the Fleet,
And on their march were to the Town of *Troy*,
The Earth reſounded loud with hoofs and feet.
But at *Scamander*'s flow'ry bank they ſtay,

In

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In number like the flowers of the field,
Or leaves in Spring, or multitude of Flies
In some great Dairy 'bout the vessels fill'd,
Delighted with the milk, dance, fall and rise.
The Leaders then amongst them went, and brought
Them quickly into Tribes and Companies,
As ev'ry Goat-herd quickly knows his Goat
Whether it be another mans or his.
And *Agamemnon* there amongst the rest
Was eminent. Like *Jove* in head and face;
Belted like *Mars*; like *Neptune*'s was his breast.
Such beauty *Jove* upon the man did place.

NOw, *Muses*, ye that in *Olympus* dwell,
(For Goddesses you are, and present were,
And all that pass'd at *Troy* can truely tell,
And we can nothing know but what we hear,)
Who of the *Greeks* at *Troy* commanded men?
The common Souldiers you need not name.
For I should never say them ore agen,
Although I had as many tongues as Fame.
Boetia, wherein contained be
Eteonus, and *Schœnus*, and *Scolus*,
Aulis, *Thespeia*, *Græa*, *Hyrie*,
Harma, *Eilesius*, and *Mycalessus*,
Erythræ, *Elion*, *Ocaliæ*,
Hylæ, *Eutresis*, *Thisbe*, *Peleon*,
Platæa, *Aliarcus*, and *Copæ*,
Coronia, *Glisse*, *Thebe*, *Medeon*,
Onchestus Neptune's Town, *Nissa* divine,
And *Midias*, and utmost *Anthedon*,
And *Arne* that great plenty has of Wine.
The which in all made fifty Ships. And those
Commanded were by *Archesilaus*,
And *Prothoenor* and *Peneleos*,
And *Leitus*, and with them *Clonius*.
The Seamen in each one to fiscore rose.

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Aſpledon and *Orchomenus* beſides
Did ſet forth twenty good black Ships to Sea.
Aſcalaphus and *Ialmenus* were guides,
Begot by *Mars* upon *Aſtyoche*.
The Towns of *Phocis*, *Criſſa*, *Panopea*,
And *Cyparisſus*, *Pytho*, and *Daulis*,
And on the brook of *Cephiſus Lilæa*,
And *Anemoria*, and *Hyampolis*,
And other Towns o'th' bank of *Cephiſus*,
Made ready forty good Ships for the Seas,
Ruled by *Schedius* and *Epiſtraphus*
The Sons of *Iphitus Naubolides*.
The *Locrians* the leſſer *Ajax* led,
Of King *Oileus* the valiant Son.
(For he was lower more than by the head
Than th'other *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*)
A linnen Armour he wore on his Breaſt.
But underſtood as well to uſe a Spear,
Or better, than could any of the reſt
That in the Army of th' *Acheans* were.
There went with him from *Cynus* and *Opus*,
From *Beſſa*, *Scarphe*, *Thronius*, *Aygia*,
Tarphe, *Calliarus*, *Boagrius*,
Forty good Ships well fitted for the Sea.
Th'*Eubœans* were by *Elephenor* led,
That dwell in *Chalcis* and *Eretriæ*,
Cerinthus, *Dion* (that holds high her head)
Caryſtus, *Styra*, and in *Iſtiæa*.
And by the name *Abantes* they all go,
Goodmen, and that in battle uſe the Spear,
And love to pierce the Armour of a foe.
And theſe on forty Ships embarqued were.
From *Athens* (who *Erectheus* people were)
Aurora's Son, by *Pallas* nouriſhed
In her own Temple, in which ev'ry year
Many good Bulls and Lambs are offered,
Under *Meneſteus* fifty Ships did paſs,
Who for the ord'ring of a battle well
Of Horſe or Foot the beſt of all men was,
Save *Neſtor*, who in age did him excel.

From

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From *Salamis* came to the *Trojan* Shore,
And by the greater *Ajax* govern'd were,
The Son of *Telamon*, twelve good ships more,
And lay at anchor to th' *Athenians* near.
Argos, *Tyrinthe*, *Troezen*, *Asine*,
And *Epidaurus*, and *Hermione*,
Mases and *Ægina*, and *Eione*,
Amongst them all put fourscore Ships to Sea.
Of which there were three Captains, *Diomed*,
Euryalus, and *Sthenelus*. But they
By *Diomed* were chiefly governed.
For him they all commanded were t'obey.
And from *Mycenæ*, *Corinth*, *Cleonæ*,
And *Orthe*, and *Hyperesie*,
From *Sicyon*, and *Arethuree*,
And *Gonoessa*, and from *Helice*,
Pellenæ, *Ægium*, and all that Shore,
An hundred Ships were laid upon the Seas;
And with King *Agamemnon* passed ore,
And his peculiar command were these.
Amongst them he puts on his Armour then,
Proud that he was of all the Hero's best.
For of his own he thither brought most men,
And chief Commander was of all the rest.
From *Sparta*, *Phare*, *Messa*, *Bryse*,
From about *Otylus*, with those from *Laus*,
Helos, *Amyclæ*, and from *Augiæ*,
Went thirty good black Ships with *Menelaus*.
Which from his Brothers forces stood apart,
And he amongst them heartning them to fight,
And breathing courage into every heart.
For to the *Trojans* he bare greatest spight.
Pylus, *Arene*, *Cyparisseis*,
Amphigenia, *Æpy*, and *Thryon*,
(Whereat a Ford i'th' stream *Alpheus* is)
Elos, and *Pteleus*, and *Dorius*.
(Here 'twas the *Muses* met with *Thamyris*
The *Thracian* Fidler which their Art did slight,
And said their Skill was not so good as his,
And they depriv'd him both of Art and Sight.)

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The number of the Ships those Towns set forth,
In all amounted to fourscore and ten;
And led were by a Captain of great worth.
'Twas *Nestor* the command had of these men.
From *Phene*, *Ripe*, and *Orchomenus*,
And from *Enispe*, and from *Stratie*,
Tegea, *Mantinea*, *Stymphalus*,
And those that dwelled in *Parrhasia*,
(*Arcadians* all, and in sharp War well skill'd)
Came sixty Ships by *Agapenor* led,
And ev'ry Ship sufficiently fill'd.
But them the Ships *Atrides* furnished:
The men of *Helis*, and *Buprasium*,
And all the ground enclos'd by *Hyrmine*,
Myrsinus, *Olene*, *Alisium*,
Amongst them all put forty Ships to Sea,
Led by *Amphimachus* and *Thalpius*,
Diores, and *Polyxenus* the Son
Of martial *Agasthenes*, and then
Ten good Ships were commanded by each one.
Dulichium, and th'Isles *Echinades*,
Sent forty Ships. *Meges* Commander went
The Son of *Phyleus*, who for his ease
Liv'd from his Father there in discontent.
Ulysses also brought out twelve good Ships.
From *Ithaca*, *Neritus*, *Cephalonia*,
From *Same*, and from *Zant*, and *Aegilips*,
And from *Epirus*, and *Crocylia*.
Th' *Aetolians* with *Thoas Andraemon*'s Son
Sent from *Pylene*, and from *Chalcis*, and
From *Olenus*, *Pleuron*, and *Calydon*
Sent forty Ships, whereof the sole command
In *Thoas* was. For *Oeneus* was dead,
And *Meleager*; all the Royal race.
Andraemon's Son their men to *Troy* to lead
By suffrage of the Cities chosen was.
From *Cnossus*, *Gortys* (in the Isle of *Creet*),
Lictus, *Miletus*, *Phaestus*, *Rycius*,
Lycastus, and some others went a Fleet
Of eighty Ships with King *Idomeneus*.

And

And valiant as *Mars Myrmidones*.
And nine good Ships went with *Tlepolemus*
(That was the Son of mighty *Hercules*)
From *Lindus*, *Camirus*, *Ialissus*.
For *Hercules Tlepolemus* begat
On *Astyochia* whom in war he won,
And for her many Cities had laid flat.
But after *Hercules* was dead and gone,
Tlepolemus now grown a man, and bold,
Licymnius (his Fathers Uncle) slew
By th'Mothers side, a branch of *Mars*, but old.
Then cuts down Trees, and rigs a Navy new,
And many men together gathered,
And wandred till to *Rhodes* he came at last,
And there dwelt in three Tribes distributed.
Fear of his Kindred made him go in haste.
And mightily in little time they throve,
And ev'ry day in wealth and power grew,
And favour'd were continually by *Jove*.
For dayly he unto them riches threw.
From *Syme* went with *Nireus* Ships three,
Nireus that was the fairest man of all
(*Achilles* alwaies must excepted be)
But weak was *Nireus*, and his number small.
From *Casus*, *Carpathus*, and *Nisyrus*,
Calydnæ Islands, and the Isle of *Cous*
Went thirty Ships. Two Sons of *Thessalus*
The Son of *Hercules* commanded those.
And the *Pelasgique Argives* sent to Sea
From *Trechis*, and from *Hellas*, and *Halus*,
From *Pthia*, and the Port of *Alope*,
Commanded by the Son of *Peleus*,
Fifty good Ships of *Myrmidons*, which some
Achæans, others *Helleis* use to call.
But these would not to any Battle come.
For sullen sat ashore their General,
Because *Briseis* they had forc'd away,
Which when he won *Lyrnessus*, was his prize,
And did *Epistrophus* and *Mynes* slay.
There save he then, but shall again arise.

From

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From *Inon*, *Phylace*, and *Pyrasus*,
From *Pteleus*, and *Antron* on the Sea
Went forty Ships with *Protesilaus*,
Which he commanded while alive was he.
But he was dead. For as he leapt to land
From out his Ship, he was the first man slain
Of all th'*Acheans* by a *Trojan* hand,
And left his wife to tear her hair in vain,
His house at *Phylace* half finished.
His Souldiers chose *Podarces* in his place,
His younger Brother, who at *Troy* them led.
A Captain good; but th'Elder better was.
And they that dwelt about *Boebeis* Lake
Iaolcus, *Boebe*, *Phere*, *Glaphyre*,
Put all together Ships eleven make.
Under *Eumelus* there were put to Sea.
From rugged *Olizon* and *Melibœa*,
The towns *Methone* and *Thaumacia* sent
Seven Ships of fifty Oars apiece to Sea,
And *Philoctetes* their Commander went.
But him the *Acheans* left in *Lemnos* Isle,
In cruel torment bitten by a Snake.
And of his Ships *Medon* took charge the while.
But better care of him the *Greeks* will take.
From *Tricca* then, and from *Methone* steep,
And from *Oechalia* (Seat of *Eurytus*,)
Thirty good Ships to *Troy* went ore the Sea,
By *Machaon* led and *Podalirius*,
Two skilful Sons of *Æsculapius*.
From chalky *Titanus Hyperia*, and
Asirius, and from *Ormenius*,
Eurypilus did forty Ships command.
And from the Towns *Argissa* and *Gyrtone*,
From *Olooßon*, *Orthe* on the Hill,
With those that sent were from the Town *Elone*,
So many were as forty Ships did fill.
And had two Leaders. *Polypœtes* one,
Son of *Pirithous* the son of *Jove*,
And gotten by him was the day whereon
He and the *Lapithæ* gainst the *Centaurs* threw,

And

And drave them from the Mountain *Pelion*.
The other Leader was *Leontius*,
Whose Father was *Capaneus*, who the Son
Was of the valiant *Lapith Caneus*.
The *Æsians* and *Perrhibeans* bold
Did two and twenty good black Ships set out,
From hollow *Cyphus*, and *Dodona* cold,
And other habitations about.
The pleasant River *Titaretius*,
That into *Peneus* runs, but doth not mix,
But glides like Oyl at top of *Peneus*.
For *Titaretius* is a branch of *Styx*.
These *Gouneus* led. Then the *Magnesians* sent
From Towns upon the banks of *Peneus*,
And sides of *Pelion* mountain eminent,
Forty good Ships under swift *Protheus*.
These were the Leaders of th' *Achean* forces.
O Goddess tell me now who was the best
In Battle of the Leaders, and whose Horses
In swiftness and in force excell'd the rest.
Eumelus his two Horses did surpass
(Though they were females) all the rest for speed.
Their colour, age, and stature equal was,
Sprung in *Pieria* from *Apollo*'s Breed.
That terrour drew about as swift as wind.)
'Mongst *Greeks* the greater *Ajax* had no Peer,
(For now *Achilles* had the War declin'd,
Whom none in Prowess equall'd or came near,
Nor other Horses could with his compare.)
But at his Ships he discontented staid,
And full of spight which he t' *Atrides* bare,
Whilst on the Beach idle his Soldiers plaid
At who can furthest throw a Dart or Stone.
The Horses loosly wandred here and there
Amongst the people, and had Riders none,
Or upon Lote and Cinquefoil feeding were.
But the *Acheans* to *Scamander* march'd
Swiftly as when a fire runs ore a Plain
Which *Phœbus* had with a long Summer parch'd,
And going made the ground to groan again,

As

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As when *Jove* angry lasheth *Arimy*,
Which men say of *Typhæus* is the bed,
The earth therewith is made to groan and sigh,
So groan'd the ground when they to *Troy* were led.
Then *Jove* unto the *Trojans Iris* sent,
Who old and young were then at *Priams* gate
Assembled with the King in Parliament.
Over their heads stood *Iris* as they sate.
Her voice was like to that of *Priams* Son
Polytes, that was watching at the Tomb
Of old *Æsuites*, there to wait upon
The coming of the *Greeks* to *Ilium*.
Old man (said he) you love to hear men preach
As in a time of Peace. But now 'tis War.
The *Greeks* no more lye idle on the Beach,
But at your Gates, and numberless they are,
As sands by the Sea-side, or leaves in Spring.
And to the City now they bring the War.
Hector to you this counsel now I bring.
Within the City many people are
To aid you come of divers Languages.
Let them that hither led them lead them here,
Arm, and command them each one as he pleases.
When she had done, dismist the people were.
Hector to open all the Gates commands,
And with great clamour Horse and Foot come out.
Before the City a high Pillar stands,
To which the field lyes open round about.
And *Batiea* called was by men;
Which 'mongst the Gods another name did bear,
Myrinna's Sepulcher. And there agen
The *Trojans* and their Succours muster'd were.
The *Trojans* were by *Hector* led. The best
In battle, and in number most were these,
With Spear in hand, and Brass on Back and Breast.
The *Dardans* were commanded by *Æneas*,
(*Anchises* Son; but *Venus* was his Mother;
Amongst the Hills of *Ida* got he was)
And joint Commanders with him were two other,
Brave men, *Archilochus* and *Acamas*.

And

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And of *Zeleia* the Inhabitants,
Which of Mount *Ida* lyeth at the foot,
And on the River of *Æsepus* ſtands,
Under command of *Pandarus* were put,
Son of *Lycaon*, and that well knew how
To make an Arrow in the Air fly true.
Phœbus himſelf had given him a Bow,
And how to uſe the ſame none better knew.
Th'*Adraſteians* and the men of *Apæſus*,
Of *Pityeia* and *Terea* Hill.
Were by *Adraſtus* led and *Amphius*,
Two Sons of *Merops*, that had mighty ſkill
In Prophecy, and both of them forbad
Themſelves to venture in the War at *Troy*.
But Fate a greater power with them had,
And made them go, but brought them not away.
The People of *Percoſia*, and they
That dwell upon the Banks of *Practius*,
Arisbe, *Seſtus*, *Abydus*, obey
The orders of their Leader *Aſius*
The Son of *Hyrtacus*, whoſe Chariot
By Horſes great and black as any coal,
And on it he to *Ilium* was brought.
And of *Selleis* race each one a foal:
Lariſſa was *Pelaſgique* by deſcent.
Under *Pylæus* and *Hyppothous*,
Two ſtout *Pelaſgique* Leaders theſe were ſent,
Who both the Grandſons were of *Teutomus*.
The *Thracians* on this ſide *Helleſpont*,
Were led by *Piros* and by *Achamas*.
O'th' *Cycons* who do theſe oppoſe in front
Trœzenus Son *Euphemus* Leader was.
From *Amydon* that ſtandeth on the ſide
Of *Axius* the faireſt Stream that flows,
The *Pœons* came. *Pyrechmus* them did guide,
And arm'd they were with Arrows and with Bows.
The *Enneti* in *Paphlagonia*,
From whence proceedeth of wild Mules the race,
Parthenius Brook and the Town *Cerenia*,
Cytorus, *Seſamus*, and the high place

Of

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Of th'*Erithins*, and of *Aegialus*
The charge was given to *Pylomenus*,
And of the *Halizons* t'*Epistrophus*,
But not alone; joyn'd with him was *Dius*
Of *Alybe*, where is a Silver Mine.
The Leaders of the *Mysians* were *Chromis*,
And *Enomus*. Both of them could divine
By flight of Birds, though they foresaw not this
That in *Scamander* Stream they both should dye,
Slain by *Achilles* who there massacred
Many a *Trojan*, many a good Ally,
Which to the Sea the River carried.
The *Phrygians* from *Ascania*, far off,
Were led by *Phorcys* and *Ascanius*;
And Battle lov'd. But the Commanders of
The *Maeones*, *Mesthles* and *Antiphus*
The two Sons were of old *Pylomenes*,
Both of them born upon *Gygea* Lake,
(At th' foot of *Tmolus* dwell the *Maeones*.)
Amphimachus and *Nastes* charge did take
Of those of *Caria*, people of rude tongue;
And of *Miletus*, and the Hill *Phtheiron*,
And of the Towns that seated are among
The windings of *Maeander*, and upon
Mount *Mycale*. And *Nastes* carry'd Gold
Unto the Battle, like a Child or Sot;
Wherewith his Life he did not buy but sold.
For slain he was; his Gold *Achilles* got,
And left him lying at the River dead.
The Succours by the *Lycians* sent to *Troy*,
By *Glaucus* were and King *Sarpedon* led.
Far off they dwelt, and a long march had they.

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ILIAD.

LIB. III.

When both the Armies were prepar'd for fight,
The *Trojans* marched on with noise and cry.
As in the air of cackling fowl a flight,
Or like the Cranes when from the North they fly,
The Army of *Pygmean* men to charge,
And shun the Winter, with a mighty cry
Fly through the Air over the Ocean large;
So swiftly march'd the *Greeks*, but silently
Resolved one another to assist.
And such a dust between both Hosts did rise,
As when upon the Mountains lies a Mist,
Which to a stones cast limiteth the eyes.
(Which good for Thieves is, but for Shepherds not)
So great a dust the middle space possest.
When they were near to one another got,
Came *Alexander* forth before the rest.
A Leopards skin he wore upon his Shoulders,
Two Spears in hand, his Sword girt at his side,
Bow at his back, and brave to the beholders;
And any of th'*Achean* hoast defi'd.
And glad was *Menelaus* to see this.
As when a Lion finds a lusty prey,
A wild Goat or a Stag, well pleased is,
And hungry seizes him without delay,
Although by Hunters and by Hounds pursu'd;
So glad was *Menelaus* him to see.
And soon as he his person had well view'd,
Arm'd from his Charret to the ground leapt he.
Assured (as he thought) revenge to take.
But soon as *Alexander* once saw that,
He fled into the throng, as from a Snake
Seen unawares, trembling and pale thereat.

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Then *Hector* him with words of great disgrace
Reprov'd and said, Fine man and Lover keen,
Cajoler, that confidest in thy face,
I would to God thou born hadst never been,
Or never hadst been married. For that
A great deal better had been of the twain,
Than to be scorn'd of men, and pointed at
For one that durst not his own word maintain.
O how the *Greeks* are laughing now to see
That so absurdly they themselves mistook,
Supposing you some mighty man to be
That are worth nothing, judging by your look.
Was't you to *Lacedæmon* pass'd the deep,
And fetch'd fair *Helen* thence (the bane of *Troy*)
And now when it concerns you her to keep,
You dare not in her husbands presence stay?
For you would quickly know what kind of man
You have bereav'd unjustly of his wife.
Neither your Cittern, nor your Beauty can,
Nor other gifts of *Venus* save your life.
Were not the *Trojans* fearful more than needs,
You had a Coat of stones by this time had,
A fit reward for all your evil deeds.
This answer then to *Hector*, *Paris* made.
Hector, since your reproof is just (said he)
And your hard language (as when help't by Art
A Shipwrights Ax strikes deep into a tree)
Like riggid Steel has cut me to the heart.
If with *Atrides* you would have me fight,
Object not *Venus* favours ('tis unfit
The Gifts of the immortal Gods to slight)
But make the *Greeks* and *Trojans* both to sit.
And in the midst set me and *Menelaus*,
And which of us shall have the Victory,
Helen be his, and all the Wealth she has,
And 'twixt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* Amity.
Let this be sworn to, that we may remain
At *Troy* in quiet, and the *Greeks* repass
To *Argos* and *Achæa* back again.
At this brave proffer *Hector* joyful was;

And

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And stepping forth the *Trojan* Ranks kept in
With both his hands o'th' middle of his Spear.
And to shoot at him then the *Greeks* begin,
And many took up stones and hurling were.
But *Agamemnon* with a voice as high
As he could raise it, to the *Greeks* cry'd, Hold.
Throw no more Stones, let no more Arrows fly.
Hector to us has somewhat to unfold.
This said, they held their hands, and silent were;
And *Hector* both to *Greeks* and *Trojans* spake.
May you be pleased on both sides to hear
The motion I from *Alexander* make.
Let Arms (said he) on both sides be laid by,
And in the midst set him and *Menelaus*.
And which of them shall have the Victory,
Be *Helen* his, with all the wealth she has.
And let the rest an Oath on both sides take
The Pacts agreed on not to violate.
When this was said, then *Menelaus* spake.
And both the Armies with great silence sate.
Hear me too then, said *Menelaus*, who
By *Alexander* have been most offended.
If you'll do that which I advise you to,
The quarrel he began will soon be ended.
Which of us two shall fall in single fight,
Let him dye only, and the rest agree.
Bring forth two Lambs, one black, another white,
To th'Earth and Sun a Sacrifice to be.
Another we will sacrifice to *Jove*.
And let the old King *Priam* present be,
(His proud Sons think themselves all Oaths above)
That what is sworn he may performed see.
No hold is to be taken of an Oath [wind.
Which Young-men make, whose likings change like
But Old-men can foresee what's good for both.
'Tis good for both that makes a Contract bind.
These words did to both Armies sweetly sound;
They thought the worst was past; and up they ty'd
Their Horses; and their Spears stuck in the ground,
With spaces left between them, but not wide.

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Then *Hector* to the King two Heralds sent,
To fetch the Lambs, and *Priam* to implore
To take the Oath. From *Agamemnon* went
Talthybius to the Fleet to fetch two more.
Mean while to the fair *Helen Iris* came,
So like t'*Antenor*'s wife *Laodice*,
King *Priam*'s daughter, that she seem'd the same.
Quickly she found her; for at work was she
Upon a double splendid Web, wherein
Many a cruel Battle she had wrought
The *Trojans* and th'incensed *Greeks* between,
That for her own sake only had been fought.
Come Nymph, said *Iris*, see one Battle more
Between the gallant men of *Greece* and *Troy*.
They fight not altogether as before,
But silent sit, and from their Arms away.
Shields are their Cushions, planted are their Spears;
Paris and *Menelaus* only fight.
Save these two no man any Armour wears;
And you his Wife are, that has greatest might.
Thus *Iris* said, and her inspir'd anew
With love to *Menelaus* as before.
Then ore her Head a milk-white Scarf she threw,
And out went weeping at the Chamber-door,
But not alone; two Maidens follow'd her,
Fair *Æthre Pittheus* child, and *Clymene*.
And quickly at the *Scæan* Gate they were,
Where *Priam* sate; and in his company
Were the old Lords *Lampus* and *Clytius*,
And *Icetaon*, and *Ucalegon*,
Antenor, *Thymetes*, and *Panthous*,
Whence both the Armies they might look upon.
Old men they were, but had brave Captains been,
And now for consultation prised were.
Assoon as *Helen* came into their sight,
They whisper'd one another in the ear,
I cannot blame the man that for her strives.
Like an Immortal God she is. Yet so,
Rather than we should hazard all our lives,
I should advise the King to let her go.

Thus

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Thus said they one t'another. But the King
Call'd her and said, Daughter, sit down by me,
(Not you, but the Immortal Powers bring
Upon the *Trojans* this calamity.)
And tell me who that great *Achean* is.
I see some higher by the head than he,
But comelier man I never saw than this,
Nor liker to a King in Majestie.
O King (then answered *Helen*) to whom I
Of all men owe most reverence and fear,
Would I had rather chosen there to dye,
Than to your Sons ill counsel given ear,
Leaving my House, my Child, and Brothers two,
And all my sweet companions for his sake.
But since I cannot what is done undo,
Unto your question I'll now answer make.
The man you point to *Agamemnon* is,
A good King, and a valiant Man in fight,
And Brother to the Husband is of this
Unworthy woman me that did him slight.
And *Priam* then the man admiring said,
Happy *Atrides*, great is thy command,
Whose Soldiers though now very much decay'd,
In such great multitude before us stand.
At a great fight I was in *Phrygia*,
And brought to *Otreus* and *Mygdon* aid
Against the *Amazons*. I never saw
Till then, so many for a Fight array'd,
As were the *Amazons*, upon the Banks
Of *Sangareus*, and yet they fewer were,
Than are contained in the brisled Ranks
Of th'armed *Greeks* that stand before us here.
Again *Ulysses* coming in his sight,
Tell me (said he) sweet Daughter, Who is this?
He wants the head of *Agamemnons* height,
But at the Breast and Shoulders broader is.
His Arms lye still upon the ground; but he
In no one certain place himself can keep,
But through the Ranks and Files runs busily,
Just as a Ram runs in a Fold of Sheep.

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To this *Jove*'s Daughter *Helen* thus replies.
Ulysses 'tis, the old *Laertes* Son
Of *Ithaca*; to counsel and devise,
In all the Army like him there is none.
O *Helen* (said *Antenor*) you say right;
On your affair he once came into *Troy*
With *Menelaus*. I did them both invite
To sup with me; and in my house they lay.
I them compar'd. When at their Audience
They both stood up, *Atrides* taller seem'd;
Sitting *Ulysses* won most reverence,
And was amongst the people most esteem'd:
And when they were Orations to make,
Atrides words went easily and close.
For little he, but to the purpose spake,
Though th'younger man. But when *Ulysses* rose,
Upon the ground a while he fix'd his eyes,
Nor ever mov'd the Scepter in his hand;
You would have thought him sullen or unwise,
That did not yet his business understand.
But when his voice was raised to the height,
And like a Snow upon a Winters day
His gentle words fell from him, no man might
With him compare; so much his words did weigh.
Then *Priam* seeing *Ajax*, askt agen,
What *Greek* is that, that taller by the Head
And Shoulders is than all the other men?
And *Helen* to the King thus answered,
Great *Ajax*. Who of th'*Argives* is the Sconce,
And he o'th'other side *Idomeneus*,
Who was the guest of *Menelaus* once,
And lodg'd at *Lacedemon* in his house.
And now I see the rest, and could them name:
But *Castor* I and *Pollux* cannot see.
Two Princes are they, and well known by Fame,
And by one Mother Brothers are to me.
Did they not pass the Sea? Yes sure they did
Come with the rest; but are asham'd of me.
And in the *Argive* Fleet lye somewhere hid,
And will not of my shame partakers be.

Thus

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Thus *Helen* said, becauſe ſhe could not tell
Whether her Brothers were alive or dead.
But dead they were; and (where they both did dwell)
In *Lacedemon* they were buried.
The Heralds now the two Lambs had brought in,
That for their Sacrifice appointed were,
And full of noble Wine a great Goats ſkin.
Idæus with the Golden Cups ſtood near,
And pray'd the King to go down to the Plain
There ſtay for you the *Greeks* and *Trojans* both;
A Peace agreed on is; but all in vain
Unleſs you alſo go and take the Oath.
For *Paris* muſt with *Menelaus* fight,
And he muſt *Helen* and her wealth enjoy
Upon whoſe ſide the Victory ſhall light;
The *Greeks* return; and Peace remain at *Troy*.
Theſe words to th'Old mans heart came cold as Ice.
But ſtreight he bad his Coach made ready be.
The Servants made it ready in a trice,
And up into 't *Antenor* went and he;
And paſt the *Scæan* Gate into the Plain.
And when they came near to *Scamander* Banks,
From out the Coach alighted they again,
And ſtood between the adverſe Armies Ranks.
Then *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes* came,
And to the Contract for the *Greeks* did ſwear.
And *Priam* and *Antenor* ſwore the ſame.
The Heralds mix the Wine with Water clear;
And poured water on the Princes hands.
Atrides at his Sword a Knife did wear,
And as he near unto the Victims ſtands,
Cuts with it from their foreheads locks of Hair,
Which by the Heralds were diſtributed,
Till ev'ry Leader part had of the hair.
The Ceremonies being finiſhed,
Atrides to the gods then made this Prayer.
O mighty *Jove*, the Monarch of the Gods,
O glorious Sun with thy all-ſeeing Eye,
O Streams, O Earth, O you that hold the Rods
Beneath the Earth, ſcourges of Perjury,

Hear

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Hear me, and be you witneſſes of this.
If *Menelaus* be by *Paris* ſlain,
Let *Helen* and the wealth ſhe has be his,
And to *Achæa* we return again.
If ſlain by *Menelaus Paris* be,
Let *Helen* with her wealth to *Greece* be ſent
With ſome amends made for the injury,
To be of th' wrong done an acknowledgment.
If ſuch amends the *Trojans* will not make,
I will purſue the War, and here abide,
Till I the Town of *Ilium* ſhall take,
Or till the Gods the quarrel ſhall decide.
This ſaid, the Victims with his Knife he ſlew.
And ſprawling there upon the place they lay.
Then into Golden Cups the Wine they drew,
And pour'd it on the Lambs. Then prayed they
Both *Greeks* and *Trojans*; *Jove*, and Pow'rs divine,
Who firſt to break this peace ſhall go about,
As poured on the Victims is this Wine,
So they, and their Sons Brains be poured out.
Thus prayed they. But *Jove* that Pray'r did ſlight.
Then *Priam* ſaid, To *Troy* return will I.
It cannot pleaſe me to behold the Fight.
For none but Gods know which of them ſhall dye.
And then into the Charret went again
He and *Antenor*, and drave t'*Ilium*,
And with them carried their Victims ſlain.
Then in *Ulyſſes* and great *Hector* come,
And having meaſur'd out the Liſts, wherein
They were to fight, then the two Lots they drew
For who to throw his Spear ſhould firſt begin.
And then the *Greeks* and *Trojans* pray'd anew.
O glorious *Jove*, whom all the Gods obey,
Let him that of the War the Author was
Be ſlain, and all the reſt firm peace enjoy.
Then mighty *Hector* ſhook the ſkull of braſs.
The Lot that was the firſt drawn out, was that
Which gave to *Paris* the right to begin.
Then down upon the ground the people ſate
In order as their Armours plac'd had been.

And

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And *Paris* arm'd himself, and first puts on
His Leg-pieces of Brass, and closely tyes,
That silver'd over were at th' Ancle-bone.
And then his Breast-plate to his Breast applyes.
Lycaons Breast-plate 'twas, but ev'ry whit
As just upon him sat, as it had done
Upon *Lycaon* when he used it.
And next to this his good Sword he puts on.
And then his broad Shield and his Helmet good.
And last of all a Spear takes in his hand.
And in like Armour *Menelaus* stood.
Then come they forth, and in the Lists they stand.
And one did on another fiercely look.
(The people stupid sat 'twixt hope and fear.)
And when they come were nigh, their Spears they shook.
But *Paris* was the first to throw his Spear,
And threw, and smote the Shield of *Menelaus*,
But through the Mettle tough it passed not,
But turn'd, and bended at the point it was.
Then *Menelaus* was to throw by Lot.
But first he prayed. Grant me, O *Jove*, (said he)
That this my Spear may *Alexander* slay,
Who was the first that did the injury.
That they who shall be born hereafter may
Not dare to violate the Sacred Laws
Of Hospitality. Having thus said,
He threw his Spear, which *Paris* Shield did pass,
And through his Breast-plate quite, and there it staid;
But tore his Coat. And there he had been dead,
But that his Belly somewhat he drew back.
Then with his Sword *Atrides* smote his head
Which arm'd was, and the Sword in pieces broke.
Then *Menelaus* grieved at the heart,
Looking to Heaven did on *Jove* complain.
O *Jove* that of the Gods most cruel art,
Broken my Sword, my Spear is thrown in vain.
Then suddenly laid hold on *Paris* Crest,
And to the *Greeks* to drag him did begin,
And *Paris* then was mightily distrest,
Choakt by the Latchet underneath his Chin.

And

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And to the *Greeks* had drag'd been by the Head,
If *Venus* to his aid had not come in,
Who broke the string and him delivered.
Atrides conquest else had famous been.
Then to the *Greeks* the empty Cask he threw.
But *Venus* snatcht him from him in a Mist.
And whither she convey'd him none there knew.
A God she is, and can do what she list.
When *Paris* to his Chamber was convey'd,
His Chamber which of Perfumes sweetly smelt,
Then puts she on the form of an old Maid
That *Helen* serv'd when she at *Sparta* dwelt.
And in that shape went to call *Helen* home,
That stood with other Ladies of the Town
Upon a Tow'r. When she was to her come,
She gently with her finger stir'd her Gown.
Helen (said she) *Paris* has for you sent,
And on his glorious bed doth for you stay,
Not as a man that came from Fight, but went
To Dance, or from it were new come away.
Helen at this was mov'd, and mark'd her Eyes,
And of her lovely Neck did notice take,
And knew 'twas *Venus* though in this disguise;
And troubled as she was, thus to her spake.
Venus, why seek you to deceive me still,
Since *Menelaus* has the Victory?
Though I have wrong'd him, he receive me will,
And you come hither now to hinder me.
Whither d'ye mean to send me further yet?
To *Phrygia* or to *Mœonia*;
That there I may another Husband get?
You shall not me to *Alexander* draw.
Go to him you, and Heaven for ever quit;
Grieve with him; have a care the man to save,
And by his side continually to sit,
Till he his Bride have made you, or his Slave.
I will not to him go (for 'twere a shame)
Nor any longer meddle with his Bed,
Nor longer bear the scorns, nor mocks, nor blame
Which from the wives of *Troy* I suffered.

Then

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Then *Venus* next, Hussie (said she) no more
Provoke my anger. If I angry be,
And hate you as I loved you before,
The Armies both will to your death agree.
This said, the beauteous *Helen* frighted was,
And with the Goddess went, who led the way,
And by the *Trojan* Wives did quiet pass
Unto the house where *Alexander* lay.
I'th' Roomes below at work her women were.
But up went *Helen* with the Goddess fair.
And when to *Alexander* they were near,
The Goddess unto *Helen* fetcht a Chair.
Then sat she down, and look'd at him again.
You come from Battle. I would you had there,
And by my former Husbands hand, been slain.
You brag'd you were his better at a Spear.
Go challenge him again, and fight anew.
But do not though, for fear you should be kill'd.
But rather when you see him, him eschew,
Lest he should leave you dead upon the field.
To *Helen Alexander* then reply'd.
Forbear; though he have now the Victory
By *Pallas* help; there are Gods on our side,
And they another time may favour me.
Let's go to Bed, and in sweet Love agree.
Your Beauty never did me so much move,
At *Lacedæmon*, nor in *Crania*;
Where the first blessing I had of your Love.
This said, to bed they went, first he, then she.
Atrides then sought *Paris* in the throng
O'th' *Trojans* and their Aids; but could not see
Nor hear of him the company among.
They would not have conceal'd him though they might;
But had to *Menelaus* him betray'd.
So hateful to the *Trojans* was his sight.
Then stood King *Agamemnon* up and said,
Hear me you *Trojans* and your Aids. 'Tis plain
That *Menelaus* has the Victory.
Let *Helen* therefore rendred be again,
And pay your Fine, 'Tis Right, the *Greeks* all cry.

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ILIAD.

LIB. IV.

MEan while the Gods at Counsel drinking sat.
Hebe the *Nectar* carry'd up and down.
And *Jove* amongst them present was thereat,
And sitting had his eyes upon *Troy* Town.
Then *Jupiter* puts out a word, to see
What *Juno* would unto the same reply.
Two Goddesses assistants are (said he)
To *Menelaus*, but sit idly by,
Pallas and *Juno*; but on th'other side
Venus gives *Paris* aid, and really
Has helpt him when he thought he should have dy'd.
Though *Menelaus* have the Victory.
But let us now think which the best will be,
To suffer war to make an end of *Troy*,
Or let *Troy* stand and make them to agree,
And *Helen* with *Atrides* go her way.
Juno and *Pallas* that together sat,
Grumble and plot; *Pallas* her spite kept in.
But such of *Juno* was the choler, that
Had she not spoke, her heart had broken been.
Harsh *Jove* (said she) what do you mean by this?
Shall I with so much sweat, and labour spent,
And Horses tyr'd, now of my purpose miss?
Do. But the other Gods will not consent.
Devil, said *Jove*, what hurt is done to you
By *Priam* and his Sons, that you should so
Fiercely the ruine of the Town pursue?
I think if you int' *Ilium* should go,
And eat up *Priam* and his Children all,
And every *Trojan* in the Town beside,
Man, Woman, Child alive within the wall,
Your anger will at last be satisfi'd.

Do

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Do as you please. It shall breed no contention
'Twixt you and me. But then remember this,
When I to raze a City have intention
That yours, and greatly in your favour is,
To let me do't without Plea or Request;
Since to give you your will I loose my own.
For *Ilium* I love above the rest,
Though under Heav'n be many a goodly Town.
For I by *Priam* and his people still
Have honour'd been, my Altars richly serv'd
With Wine and Sacrifices to my will,
Which is the honour to the Gods reserv'd.
To this the Goddess *Juno* then reply'd,
Three Cities I prefer before the rest,
Argos and *Sparta*, and *Mycenæ* wide.
Destroy you may which of them you think best,
If you see cause; I'll not stand in your way.
Or if I do, what friends can I have so?
For since your Pow'r does mine so much outweigh,
It will be done whether I will or no.
But you ought not t'undo what I have done.
For I a Goddess am, and have the same
Parents, of whom you boast to be the Son.
And further of your Wife I bear the name,
Whom Mortals and Immortals all obey.
Then let us not in such things disagree.
But I to you, and you to me give way.
For of our two minds all the Gods will be.
Let *Pallas* to the Army streight be sent
To make the *Trojans* first the Peace to break.
And *Jupiter* to do so was content,
And did (as he was bid) to *Pallas* speak.
Pallas, said he, down to the Armies go,
Let not this Peace be by the *Trojans* kept.
When *Pallas* heard her Father *Jove* say so,
Glad of the Errand, from the Sky she leapt.
Just like a falling Star, which *Saturn* sends
To Armies or unto Seafaring men;
Which change of Fortune, commonly portends.
The Goddess through the Air descending then,

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Splendid and ſparkling on the ground did light.
The Armies that were in the field array'd,
Both *Greeks* and *Trojans* wondred at the ſight;
And one unto another next him ſaid,
This bloody War will ſure return again,
Or elſe the Peace be ſurer made than 'tis.
But which o'th' two *Jove* has not yet made plain,
Who both of Peace and War diſpoſer is.
Pallas the form took of *Laodocus*
Antenor's Son, and went into the throng
O'th' *Trojans* to inquire for *Pandarus*.
At laſt ſhe found him his own Troops among,
That were of *Lycaonia* the Bands,
And from *Zeleia* led by *Pandarus*
To *Ilium*. There *Pallas* by him ſtands
Like to *Antenor*'s Son; and to him thus:
Lycaon's Son, ſaies ſhe, dare you let fly
A Shaft at *Menelaus*? For I know
The *Trojans* all would thank you, ſpecially
Paris the Son of *Priam*, and beſtow
Great Preſents on you if you ſhould him kill.
Shoot at him then, and to *Apollo* pray
The God of Archers that he help you will.
And vow a *Hecatombe* of Lambs to pay,
When to *Zeleia* ſafely you come home.
For there your people to *Apollo* vow.
When this was ſaid, the vain man overcome,
From off his Shoulders taketh down his Bow
(Which did a luſty Goats-head once adorn,
Which with a Shaft he killed had among
The Rocks, and taken from his head the Horn,
Which was no leſs than ſixteen handfuls long.
And to a Fletcher gave it to be wrought,
Shaven, and Poliſht, and Guilt at the hand)
This Bow he bent; and leſt the Foe ſhould know't,
He crouched down, and laid it on the ſand.
But leſt the *Greeks* ſhould ruſh on him, before
He ready were to ſhoot, they that ſtood near,
Before him with their Bucklers ſtood good ſtore.
And being now delivered of that fear,

From

From out the Quiver takes an Arrow keen,
And new, well wing'd to carry miſchief true,
Which ſhot before that time had never been.
But yet his Vow before his Arrow flew.
Phœbus (ſaid he) if I *Atrides* ſlay;
Aſſoon as I ſhall to *Zeleia* come,
I vow unto your Deity to pay
Of my firſt yeaned Lambs an *Hecatombe*.
Then to his breaſt he drew the leather ſtring,
And to the Bow return'd the Arrow head.
Out leapt the Shaft, and as it went did ſing
Amongſt the throng, as pleas'd mans blood to ſhed.
And (*Menelaus*) now the Gods you bleſt,
And chiefly *Pallas* that before you ſtood;
And turn'd the deadly Arrow from your breaſt,
About as much as a kind Mother cou'd
From her Childs face divert a buſie fly;
And made it on the Golden Buckle fall,
Where of his Breaſt plate double was the ply.
And though it paſt through Buckle, Plate and all,
And Girdle which his Coat unto him bound,
The Shaft into his Body penetrated,
And made (though not a great one) yet a wound,
The force it went with being much abated.
Yet out the blood ran. As when Ivory
Is ſtain'd with Crimſon, to adorn the Cheeks
Of the proud Steeds, and pleaſe the Drivers eye,
Many a Cavalier to have it ſeeks.
The Dame that ſtain'd it then holds up the price,
And keeps it by her as a precious thing;
So lovely ſeems the Colour to her eyes,
As to be ſold to none but to a King.
So look'd his body when the ſtreams of Blood
His Iv'ry Legs and Inſteps did defile.
But *Agamemnon* ſtiff with horror ſtood;
And ſo did *Menelaus* for a while.
But when he ſaw the Arrow Barbs appear
Above the Nerve, his courage came again.
But *Agamemnon* not yet out of fear,
Did on the *Trojans* Perjury complain.

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Brother (said he) and took him by the hand,
Dear Brother, 'tis the Oath that has you slain,
Making you thus before the *Trojans* stand.
But sure I am the Oath cannot be vain,
Confirmed with so great solemnity.
They shall (though late) pay for it with their lives.
(For *Jove* ne're fails to punish Perjury)
Both they themselves, their children and their wives:
For I well know the fatal day will come
To *Priam* and to *Priam's* people all.
Jove will his black Shield shake ore *Ilium*,
And for this ugly action make it fall,
This (*Menelaus*) is a thing to come.
But what if of your wound you chance to dye?
The *Argives* streight will think of going home.
How by the *Greeks* then scorned shall be I!
How proud will *Priam* and the *Trojans* be,
When *Argive Helen* shall be left behind,
And your bones rotting in the ground they see,
Without effecting what they had design'd?
Some trampling on you Grave perhaps will say,
Would *Agamemnon* thus would always vent
His Choler, as he now has done at *Troy*,
Now gone with empty Ships back to repent,
Leaving his Brother *Menelaus* here.
Then should I wish the earth would swallow me.
But *Menelaus* to displace that fear,
Fright not the Army Brother, thus said he.
Not mortal is the wound. 'Twixt me and death
My Armour and the Clasps stood, all of Brass;
Besides a good tough Girdle underneath.
Pray God't be true (said he to *Menelaus*.)
But we must send for a Chyrurgeon
To mitigate with Lenitives the pain.
Talthybius (said he) call *Machaon*,
And having found him quickly come again.
Tell him he must to *Menelaus* come,
Who by a Foe is with an Arrow shot,
Trojan or *Lycian*, I know not whom,
That with great grief to us has honour got.

This said, the Herald went, and look'd about
Amongst the Troops of *Tricca* which he led.
Nor was it long before he found him out
With many Targetiers environed.
You must (said he) to *Menelaus* come,
Who by some Foe is with an Arrow shot,
Trojan or *Lycian*, I know not whom,
That (with great grief to us) has honour got.
'Tis *Agamemnon* calls you. Then they pass
Together through the Hoast, and hastened
Till they were come where *Menelaus* was
With many other Lords encompassed.
There *Machaon* the Arrow first pulls out.
(The Barbs were broken as they came away)
Then took he off his Armour and his Coat.
Then sucked he the wound the blood to stay;
And laid on Unguents to allay the pain.
Mean while the *Trojans* arm'd were coming in.
And then the *Greeks* were forc'd to arm again.
And *Agamemnon*'s vertue now was seen.
He did not at their coming sleep nor start,
But speedily prepared for the fight,
And of a Chief Commander did the part,
His own Commanders first to disaffright.
His Horses and his Chariot he sent off.
T'*Eurymedon* the Son of *Ptolemy*
The Son of *Pirus* he gave charge thereof,
And bad him with it alwaies to be nigh,
To use when labour tired had his Knees.
Through the great Army then on foot he went,
And where them hasting to the Fight he sees,
He gives them in few words encouragement.
On *Argives*, and be sure *Jove* never fights
Against good men for such perfidious knaves,
But leave them will for food to Dogs and Kites,
And to their Foes their wives and children Slaves.
But where he saw the Soldiers negligent,
His admonition was then severe.
Fie *Argives*, what d'you fear? To what intent
Stand you thus staring like a herd of Deer?

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Just like so many Deer that had been chased
Ore some great Plain looking about they stay,
So stand you here like frighted Deer amazed,
Till to our Ships come down the Troops of *Troy*,
To try if *Jove* will help you there or no.
Thus he commanding went the Hoast throughout.
And when the martial *Cretans* he came to,
Where armed stood *Idomeneus* stout.
(*Meriones* the Rear led, he the Van)
And *Agamemnon* look'd on them with joy;
And to *Idomeneus* thus began.
Of all the *Greeks* that me assist at *Troy*
I value you the most, both in the War
And otherwise. And when at Feast we drink,
Other mens Cups by measure stinted are,
But yours, as mine, stands alwaies full to th'brink.
The King of *Creete* reply'd, I shall, said he,
Continue still your good Confederate,
As heretofore I promis'd you to be.
But go, and th'other Leaders animate,
That we may with the *Trojans* quickly fight.
Then wo be to them, sure they are to die
Who of the Gods and Sacred Oaths make light.
Then on went *Agamemnon* joyfully;
And came to th' Quarters of the *Ajaxes*,
There armed both compleat, and followed
With a huge multitude of *Greeks* he sees,
And ready to the Battle to be led.
As when a Shepherd from a Hill espies
A full-charg'd Cloud march tow'rds him in the Deep,
It seems as black as Pitch unto his eyes,
And makes him seek a shelter for his Sheep;
So black the Squadrons of the *Ajaxes*,
And horrible with thick and upright Spears
T'*Atrides* seem, and well it did him please,
And both of them he thus commends and chears.
O *Ajaxes* expect not I should bid
You hearten up your Army for the fight;
'Tis done so well already there's no need.
O *Jove*, *Apollo*, *Pallas*, that I might

Find

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Find all the other Leaders such as you,
We should not need from *Argos* long to stay
Ere we the Town of *Priam* should subdue
And rifle. And this said, he went away,
And came to *Nestor*, who was ordering
His Troops and Bands of Horse and Foot, each one
Against the Enemy encouraging.
And with him stood *Alastor*, *Pelagon*,
Hemon, and *Chromius*, skilful men in War.
I'th' Front the Charrets and the Horsmen were,
The most and best. Infantry placed are
(A Hedg unto the Battle in the Rear.)
The middle Ranks were filled up with those,
Upon whose courage he did least rely.
For these would fight because they could not chuse;
Since they could neither back nor forward fly.
And *Nestor* to the Horsmen spake. Let none,
Said he, before another go, to shew
His Manhood or his Skill. But all go on
At once. To single is to weaken you.
Further, If any of you should have need
To mount into anothers Chariot,
There let him use his Spear; but still take heed
That with the Horses Reins he meddle not.
Our Fathers have before us us'd these Laws,
And thereby many Cities level laid.
Thus *Nestor* taught them. Glad *Atrides* was,
And with great approbation to him said,
O *Nestor*, that your Arms were but as strong
As is your Mind! But they're decay'd by age.
Or could you give your age to some man young,
And with the youngest of the Foes engage.
Atrides (then said *Nestor*) so wish I,
Would I were as when *Ereuthalyon*
I slew. But Gods gifts come successively.
I then was young; and age is now come on:
But as I am I'le ride amongst my horse,
And as becomes an Old-man, give advice,
While they that may presume upon their force,
With Spear in hand charge on their Enemies.

Atrides

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Atrides pass'd on to th' *Athenians*!
That by *Menestheus* commanded were.
And by these stood the *Cephalonians*
Ulysses Bands. Neither of these did hear
The clamour of the Battle new begun,
But stood unmov'd, because they did expect
Some greater Troop of *Greeks* should first fall on.
For this *Atrides* grievously them chock't.
Menestheus (said he) Son of a King,
And you the crafty man *Ulysses*, why
When you your men should to the Battle bring,
Stand you here shrinking from the Enemy?
You hear the first when there will be a Feast,
And stay for no man. For your Messes are
Greater than other mens; your Wine the best,
And without stint. And therefore in the War
You should strive who should be the first to fight.
But now though ten Troops were before you there,
You would not be displeased with the fight.
These words came hatefully to *Ulysses* ear,
And with a frowning look, What's this (said he)
Are we not making all the haste we can?
Telemachus his Father you shall see
By and by fighting in the *Trojan* Van,
And that this reprehension needless was.
But *Agamemnon* smiling then reply'd,
(Seeing his Censure did not kindly pass)
Noble *Ulysses*, I meant not to chide,
Nor to direct you, that so skilful are.
For we are both of us of the same mind.
What's said amiss I shall again repair.
But let it now away go with the wind.
Then on he went and came to *Diomed*,
Whom mounted on his Chariot he found
With *Capaneus* Son accompanied,
And other Lords that him encompass'd round.
Ay me, *Tydides*, wherefore stand you thus,
As if you for some Bridge did look about.
You do not as your Father *Tydeus*,
Who still before his fellows leaped out.

So,

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So said they that had seen him at the War,
Which I did not, but take it upon fame,
Which him above the rest preferred far.
But certain 'tis he to *Mycena* came
With *Polynices* to desire their aid
Against the *Thebans*. And they willingly
Had granted it, but that they were afraid.
For *Jove* forbad them by a Prodigy.
Then to the Brook *Asopus* back they went,
Which doth the *Theban* Territory bound.
To *Tydeus* the *Greeks* a letter sent
To enter *Thebes*, and terms of Peace propound.
To *Thebes* he went, and with *Eteocles*
He found the chief o'th' *Thebans* at a Feast.
And at all manly Games the Prize with ease,
By *Pallas* help, he carry'd from the best.
And when for spight they sent out Fifty men
With *Maon Hemon*'s Son, and *Lycophon*
To murder him as he went back again,
Slain by *Tydeus* they were all but one.
For he (av'd *Maon* (warned by the Gods)
Such *Tydeus* was, but left a Son behind
That less could do, but for words had the odds.
But valiant *Diomed* Reply declin'd,
Who gave t'*Atrides* what respect was due.
The other answer'd him with language rude.
You say, said he, what you know is not true.
We than our Fathers there more manhood shew'd.
For we with fewer men proud *Thebes* did gain,
By *Jove*'s help, and Observances divine,
Whilst the *Cadmeans* for their pride were slain.
How from our Fathers then do we decline?
But streight reprov'd he was by *Diomed*.
My friend (said he) are you more griev'd than I?
Would you not have the Army ordered?
Atrides both i'th' loss and victory
Is most concern'd. Let us of Battle think,
And down he leapt, assoon as that was said,
In compleat Arms, with such a sudden chink,
As might a constant man have made afraid.

As

As when the Billows of the Sea rais'd high
By some great wind go rolling to the Shore,
And follow one another to the Dry,
There stop'd and broken are, and foam and roar:
So then the *Greeks* up to the *Trojans* come,
Obeying each his Leader silently.
(You would have thought them, though so many) dumb,
In glittering Arms, and glorious to the eye.
On th'other side the *Trojans* made a noise,
Like Ews a milking kept off from their Lambs
When in the field abroad they hear their cries,
And they again bleat back unto their Dams.
But did not one another understand;
For few there were whose Language was the same.
Some were of one, some of another Land,
And most of them from far off thither came.
Pallas the *Greeks*, *Mars Trojans* favoured.
Then Fright came in, with (*Mars* his sister) Strife,
Little when born, but grew until her Head
Was in the Clouds; for she grows all her life.
But when the Armies were together near,
Then Man to Man came close, and Shield to Shield,
And mingled in the Front was Spear with Spear,
And horrible the noise was in the field;
Whilst some insult, and others groaning dye.
And th'earth they stood on cover'd was with blood.
As when great Torrents from the Mountains high
Pour down into the Valley a great flood;
The Streams through thousand Channels falling roar;
The trembling Shepherds hear it to the Hills.
So much the noise o'th' Battle the Air tore,
And all the Region with terror fills.
A *Trojan* was the first man that was slain;
Echepolus Son of *Thalysias*.
He smote was with a Spear into the Brain;
Antilochus the man that smote him was.
His Armour ratled on him as he fell,
As if some Tow'r had fall'n. But then *Elphenor*
(To strip him of his Arms that hoped well)
Dragging him off was killed by *Agenor*.

For

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For whilst in stooping he his Flank unhides,
Agenor quickly his advantage spyes,
And pierc'd him with his Spear through both his Sides.
Then down he fell, and darkness seiz'd his eyes.
And then about his body rose great strife,
And one upon another falling on,
Anthemion's Son, a fair youth lost his life,
Slain by great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*,
And *Simoisius* called was by name,
'Cause born upon the Bank of *Simois*,
Whither from *Ida* both his Parents came
To view their Flocks, lest ought should be amiss.
But had no joy of him. He was unblest
To be the first that came in *Ajax* way,
Who smote him with his Spear quite through the breast.
There dead he fell, and by the River lay.
As when a man has fell'd a Poplar-Tree
Tall, streight and smooth, with many fair boughs on,
Of which he meant a Cart-wheel made shall be,
And leaves it on the Bank to dry i'th' Sun;
So lay the comely *Simoisius*
Slain by great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*.
At *Ajax* then a Spear threw *Antiphus*,
Bright-armed *Antiphus*, King *Priam*'s Son.
Death the Spear carries, but of *Ajax* misses,
And deadly wounds the Groin of *Leucus* bold,
And well beloved Soldier of *Ulysses*,
Who dragg'd the dead, but now lets go his hold.
Ulysses angry that his friend was slain,
Went out before the rest, and coming close
To th' *Trojan* front, some fit revenge to gain.
Democoon, King *Priam*'s Son he chose,
(A lawful Son where Nature is the Law)
The *Trojans* when they saw him look about,
Into the shelter of the Ranks withdraw.
Then soon his Spear *Democoon* pickt out.
And through both Temples forward went the head.
Then heavily he falls, his Armour chinks,
His Eyes with endless night are covered,
And *Hector* with his *Trojans* from him shrinks.

The

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The *Greeks* then shouted, and drew off their slain,
And on the *Trojans* pressing further were.
But then *Apollo* cryed out again
From *Pergan* Tow'r, O *Trojans*, what d'ye fear?
Go on upon the *Greeks*; no more give way,
Their Bodies neither are of Stone nor Steel,
Nor able are the force of Brass to stay.
No less than you the wounds it makes they feel.
Nor fights *Achilles* here, but angry lyes,
And wishes that the *Greeks* were overthrown.
So *Phœbus*. 'Mongst the *Argives Pallas* flies,
Through Ranks and Files encouraging each one.
And then *Diores* slain was with a stone,
By *Pyrgs* whom the *Thracians* obey'd.
Crusht of his Right Leg was the Ankle-bone,
And in the dust upon his Back was lay'd
Unto his fellows holding up his hands.
Ready to dye he for assistance cries.
Piros comes quickly in, and ore him stands,
And wounds him in the Belly. Then he dies.
But *Thoas* then slew *Pyros* with his Spear,
That pass'd his Breast till in his Lungs it stopt.
Then coming in he drew his Sword, and there
His Belly ript till out his Bowels dropt,
But to disarm him could not stay, because
So many *Thracians* about him stood.
Then back resir'd he, and well pelted was,
Leaving two Leaders wrapt in dust and blood,
One an *Epeian*, th'other *Thracian*,
And many others lying by them dead.
This Battle was well fought. Although a man
Through both the Armies safely had been led
By *Pallas*, and protected by her Shield,
He had no want of courage seen that day.
So many *Greeks* and *Trojans* in the field
Depriv'd of life by one another lay.

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AND *Pallas* now t'ennoble *Diomed*
Amongst the *Greeks*, with force did him inspire,
Whereby his heart and hands were strengthened;
And on his Shield and Helmet stood a Fire
Bright as th'*Autumnal* Star above his Head
And Shoulders flaming. And straightway he runs
(Set on by *Pallas* and encouraged)
Into the throng, where were the two good Sons
Of *Dares*, who was *Vulcan*'s Priest. Well skill'd
They both were in the War. *Idæus* one,
The other *Phegus*. These seeing him i'th' field
On foot, and not far from them, and alone,
Met him; and *Phegus* threw, but hit him not.
For ore his shoulder flew the Spear in vain.
Then *Diomedes* threw, and *Phegus* smote,
Clean through the Breast. When *Phegus* thus was slain
Down leapt *Idæus* from the Chariot;
But durst not by his Brothers body stay.
For if he had, the like Fate he had got.
But *Vulcan* in a smoak took him away,
Not willing that his Priest should childless dye.
Tydides to the Ships the Horses sent.
To see these two, one slain, the other fly,
To the proud *Trojans* very hearts it went.
But *Pallas* then took *Mars* by th'hand, and said,
Mars, bloody *Mars*, to what end stay we here?
Let's Neuters be. For I am much afraid
We both shall too much anger *Jupiter*.
This said, she led him out, and set him on
Scamander bank. And then the *Trojans* fled
Before the *Greeks*. Each Leader killed one,
Pressing the rest their backs uncovered.

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Then *Dalius* first his Charret turn'd about,
And open lay to *Agamemnon*'s Spear,
Which in at's Back, and at his Breast went out.
Down fell the *Atrydan* Charioteer.
Idomeneus slew *Phæstus* with a thrust,
As up into his Charriot he went.
The Spear at the right shoulder passed just,
And back again unto the earth him sent.
And *Menelaus* slew *Scamandrius*,
That well the Art of Hunting understood.
I'th' Hills and Woods none was more dexterous.
But *Dian*, and his skill did him no good.
For *Menelaus* pierc'd him back and Breast
Between the Shoulders with a deadly Spear,
And down he tumbled of life dispossest,
His eyes with endless darkness covered were.
Meriones slew *Phereclus* the Son
Of *Harmonides* the great Architect
That (but by *Pallas*) taught had been by none.
But of his Art unhappy was th'effect.
'Twas he that built those Ships for *Alexander*,
That brought with him so much ill luck to *Troy*,
And to himself, and to his chief Commander;
Not knowing what the Oracles did say.
But he, as from the Fight he fled, was here
Oretaken by *Meriones*, and slain.
At his right Buttock entered the Spear;
And at his Groin the point came out again.
Meges Pedæus slew, *Antenor*'s Son,
Though not his Wives, yet was his Wife so kind
T'*Antenor*, that she bred him as her own,
And lookt upon him with a Mothers mind.
Him *Meges* overtaking as he fled [fighting
Slew with his strong sharp-pointed Spear, which
Behind upon the noddle of his Head,
Forward he fell the senseless weapon biting.
And then *Eurypylus Euæmon*'s Son
Hypsenor slew, new made *Scamander*'s Priest,
That from him, but not fast enough, did run.
Eurypylus shav'd off his Hand at th' Wrist.

For

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For at his Shoulder though he aim'd the stroak,
The quick Sword finding there the Brass resist,
Slipt down unto his hand, with force unbroke,
And there in streams of blood his Soul dismist.
Mean while *Tydides* like a man engaged,
Ran up and down the field, One could not know
With whom and where he was in fight engaged,
Whether amongst the *Greeks*, or with the Foe.
As when a Torrent falling from the Hills
Distends it self with fury on the Plain,
And suddenly the River overfills,
Supply'd by *Jove* with mighty showers of Rain,
And beareth down the Bridges as it goes,
No fence of Vineyard can against it stand;
But all the husbandry of men orethrows,
And uncontrolled passes ore their land:
Tydides so brake through each *Trojan* band,
And made them fly before him as he went.
And *Pandarus* then took his Bow in hand,
And a sharp Arrow from it to him sent.
Which pass'd through the right shoulder of his Coat
Of Mail, and fetcht the blood, and with great joy
Trojans (cry'd he) no more stand so remote.
For wounded is the stoutest foe of *Troy*,
And long he cannot the sore pain endure,
Unless my faith in *Phœbus* be in vain.
Thus said he boasting. For he thought 'twas sure
The wound was mortal, and *Tydides* slain.
Tydides to his Charre did then retreat,
And *Sthenelus* alighting on the ground
(For sitting he was on the Charret-seat)
Drew out the cruel Arrow from the wound.
And out the blood gusht. Then *Tydides* pray'd,
O *Pallas*, *Jove*'s all-conquering Child, said he,
If ere you did me or my Father ayd,
Within my Spears reach let me this man see,
That with his Arrow me prevented has,
And boasting says, I have not long to live.
Athena to his wish indulgent was,
And to him did more strength and courage give.

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Fear not (said she) to go into the throng,
And charge i'th' thickest of the Enemies.
For I have made thee as thy Father strong,
And taken have the mist off from thy eyes,
That thou mayst see who Gods are, who are men.
If any God oppose thee, give him way,
Except if *Venus* thou encounter, then
Spare her no more than Mortals in the Fray.
This said, away the goddess *Pallas* went,
And *Diomed* went to the fight again,
And though before he were upon it bent,
His courage now was trebled by his pain.
As when a Shepherd sees a Lion come,
And wounds him slightly as he leaps the Pen;
Then leaves his Sheep, and frighted runneth home,
And dares not in the field appear agen;
The Lion now made fiercer than before,
Laies all his Sheep one by another dead,
And back again the Pen once more leaps ore:
So rag'd amongst the *Trojans Diomed*.
Astynous there, and *Hypenor* dy'd;
One through the Breast he pierced with his Spear;
And th'others Head did from his Neck divide
With his broad Sword. And slain he left them there.
And overtook *Abas* and *Polyide*
Sons of *Eurydamas*, who could tell what
Upon a Dream should to a man betide,
And slew them both. No Dream had told him that.
Thoon and *Xanthus* then he followed
Phenops two Sons, gotten when he was old,
And of them both the vital Blood did shed.
Th'Estate to strangers came to have and hold.
Then *Chromius* and *Echemon* he slew,
Two Sons of *Priam* in one Chariot,
Whom from the seat unto the ground he threw,
And till he had disarm'd them left them not.
But to the Ships he sent away the Horses.
Æneas seeing how he disarray'd
Before him as he went the *Trojan* forces,
Sought *Pandarus*, and having found him, said,

Lycaons Son, where are thy Shafts and Bow,
And Skill, wherein the *Lycians* yield to thee?
See you the man that rages yonder now?
Aim a Shaft at him whosoere he be.
For many valiant *Trojans* he has slain.
(Unless he be one of the Gods above
Neglected by us) 'twill not be in vain.
Shoot boldly then, but first invoking *Jove*.
Then *Pandarus* replying, to him said;
'Tis *Diomed* as far as can be guess'd.
His Horses, and his Shield I have survay'd.
And pleated Horse-hair hanging at his Crest.
Though it be he, as I believe it is,
Yet sure some God does on his Shoulders sit.
For else of killing him how could I miss,
When I his Shoulder with my Arrow hit?
For I one Arrow shot at him before,
And verily believ'd I had [illegible] slain.
His Armour all besmeared was with gore,
But slew him not. Now here he is again.
I did not on a Chariot hither come,
Although *Lycaon* have eleven new;
With handsome Curtains to each one, at home,
And Horses fit to draw them not a few.
The old Knight too advis'd me earnestly
That when to Battle I the *Trojans* led,
I from a Charre should charge the Enemy;
But to his counsel I not hearkened.
(Which I repent.) It came into my head
That when within *Troy* Walls we should be pent,
My Horses, which were us'd to be well fed
Would there be useless wanting nourishment.
This made me come without a Chariot,
And march (as far as 'twas) to *Troy* on foot.
And trust unto my Bow which helps me not,
But faileth me as often as I shoot.
For two of them I have already shot,
Tydides and *Atrides*, and good store
Of blood have drawn from both, though killed not,
But made them fiercer than they were before.

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In an ill hour sure I took down my Bow
To fight for *Hector* and the *Trojan* men;
But if I safely to my Country go,
And to my House and Wife get back agen,
Let any man that will cut off my Head,
If presently my Bow I do not burn,
That never yet my hopes has answered.
For why not, when it doth not serve my turn?
To *Pandarus Æneas* then reply'd,
No, say not so, but first let's to him go.
For by th'encounter soon it will be try'd
Whether he be indeed a God or no.
Get up into the Seat, and you shall see
The vertue of my horses on the plain,
And if some God with *Diomedes* be,
How nimbly they will fetch us off again.
Come take the Whip and Reins in hand, and I
Descend will from the Chariot and fight,
Or if you please, when to him we are nigh
I'll hold the Whip and Reins, and you alight.
No, no (said he) keep you the Reins in hand,
The Horses us'd thereto will you obey.
To me, it may be, they will restive stand,
And to the Foe themselves and us betray.
Let me alight and meet him with my Spear.
This said, they mounted both; and coming on
Towards *Tydides* both observed were
By *Sthenelus Capaneus* his Son,
Who warning to *Tydides* gave. I see
Two mighty men to fight us coming on,
Of which I know th'one *Pandarus* to be,
The other *Venus* and *Anchises* Son.
Come up into your Charret and retire.
But frowning he reply'd, I'll ne'r do that.
It not becomes the Children of my Sire,
When they should fight to Double nor to Squat.
I loath to sit upon a Chariot,
And as I am I will attend them here.
For of my strength deprived I am not,
And *Pallas* has forbidden me to fear.

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I doubt not but to kill them both, or one.
If both, your Reins unto the two Wheels tie,
And to *Æneas* Horſes quickly run,
And ſeize their Reins, leſt frighted they ſhould flie.
Then ſend them to the Ships, brave Steeds, well bred;
Of heavenly race they are, and got by thoſe,
Which *Jove* to make amends for *Ganymed*,
Was pleas'd to give unto his Father *Tros*.
Anchiſes privily convey'd to theſe,
Six Mares, and had a Colt by ev'ry one;
Whereof he gave two to his Son *Æneas*.
To take theſe Horſes now were bravely done.
While they were talking, th'other two came nigh,
And then ſaid *Pandarus*, O *Diomed*,
Since my ſwift Arrow could not make you die,
I come to try now how my Spear will ſpeed.
And as he ſpake the Spear flew from his hand
And paſs'd his Shield, but in his Armour ſtaid.
Y'are hit, ſaid he, and long you cannot ſtand.
But *Diomed*, nothing at all diſmaid,
No no cry'd out, your Spear is thrown in vain.
But I believe before we have done here,
That one of you, if not both, will be ſlain.
And as he ſpake he at him threw his Spear.
Which at his Noſe cloſe by his Eye went in,
And ſtruck his Teeth out, and cut off his Tongue.
And out again it paſs'd beneath his Chin.
For *Pallas* from above it downward flung.
There dead he lay. *Æneas* to defend
His body to him came with Spear and Shield,
And 'bout him went, reſolv'd the man to ſend
To Hell, that ſhould oppoſe him in the field.
Tydides then took up a mighty Stone
Which two men ſcarce could bear ſuch as are now.
But *Diomedes* ſwinging it alone,
The ſame with eaſe did at *Æneas* throw,
And hit him on the Huckle bone, wherein
Into the Hip inſerted is the Thigh.
And torn was by the rugged ſtone the ſkin,
And Tendons broken which the Joint did tie.

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Then down upon his knees and hands he fell;
And taken from him was his sight with pain.
That *Venus* saw him lying thus 'twas well;
Else by *Tydides* he had there been slain.
For then came *Venus* down, and with the lap
Of her Celestial Robe him covered,
Lest any of the *Greeks* should have the hap
To kill or wound him as from Earth he fled.
But *Sthenelus* remembring well his Order,
Ty'd his own Steeds up to his Charret-wheels,
And led them out o'th' tumult and disorder,
And to *Deiphilus* that was at's Heels,
(His Friend) he gave the Horses of *Æneas*
To carry them unto the *Argive* Fleet.
But took *Tydides* Horses, and with these
To try went if *Tydides* he could meet.
But he in chase of *Venus* now was gone
(Knowing that she a tender Goddess was,
And for the War Commission had none,
Nor had as *Pallas* any Shield of brass.)
And had when he came to her wounded her.
For through her Robe, though by the Graces made,
Without resistance quickly pass'd the Spear,
And at her Wrist did her fair Hand invade.
And from the Wound out sprang the Blood Divine.
(Not such as men have in their Veins, but *Ichor*.
For Gods that neither eat Bread nor drink Wine
Have in their Veins another kind of Liquor,
And therefore bloodless and immortal be)
And *Venus* screaming then lets fall her Son.
But by *Apollo*'s hand preserv'd was he,
Convey'd thence in a Mist perceiv'd by none,
For fear he should be by some *Argive* slain.
To *Venus* then *Tydides* whoop'd, and said,
Away *Jove*'s Daughter, from the War abstain.
Go practise how to cosen VVife or Maid,
For I believe if here you longer stay,
(So many such as these mishaps there are)
That you therein will have but little joy,
And troubled be when men but talk of VVar.

This

This said, away she went, not knowing where
She was; and great the pain was of her hand.
But *Iris* from the Fight conducted her,
And set her hard by *Mars* upon the sand.
For there by *Pallas* placed he had been.
His Horses and his Chariot by him staid
Hid in a Mist by man not to be seen.
And *Venus* there before him kneeling said,
Dear Brother, let me your good horses have,
To bear me to *Olympus* from the Fray;
This cruel wound mad *Diomed* me gave,
And would wound *Jove* if he came in his way.
Mars presently his Horses to her sent.
Venus and *Iris* mount into the Seat.
Iris the Reins held, and away they went.
The time they spent in going was not great.
When they were there, *Iris* the Steeds unty'd,
And set them up, and gave unto them meat,
Ambrosian meat, till they were satisfy'd,
Such as immortal Horses use to eat.
But *Venus* fell into *Dione's* lap,
Her Mother, who imbraced her lovingly,
Stroakt her, and said, How came this sad mishap?
Who us'd you thus? What a rash God was he?
What more could he have done, if he had found
You doing something openly amiss?
It was a man, said she, gave me this wound,
Tydides; and for nothing else but this;
I sav'd my Son *Æneas* from his hand,
My dearest Son, whom he was going to slay.
And now the War is all (I understand)
'Twixt *Greeks* and Heaven, not 'twixt *Greeks* and *Troy*.
Daughter (reply'd *Dione* then) 'tis hard.
For we the Gods that in *Olympus* dwell
Many from men as ill as you have far'd,
And many no less wrongs have put up well.
Otus and *Ephialtes Neptune's* Sons
In a brass Dungeon once imprison'd *Mars*,
And kept him in the dark there thirteen Moons.
There like he was t'have staid till now, for scarce

Could

Could *Hermes* set him free with all his Art
And *Juno*'s help. And when to liberty
He was restor'd, he took it in good part,
Though with his chains he gall'd was cruelly.
When *Hercules* shot *Juno* in the Breast,
Though wounded sore, yet she reveng'd it not.
And *Pluto* by the same man shot did rest
Contented, and no reparation got.
But to the house of *Jupiter* he went,
And got the Arrow pluck'd out from the wound
By *Paeon*; who with gentle Plaisters sent
The pain away, and made his Shoulder sound.
But though no God of any wound can die,
Yet of *Amphitryon* the peevish Son
(Who little cares at whom his Arrows flie)
Great mischief oft unto the Gods has done.
But *Pallas* 'tis that thus has wounded you,
Though with *Tydides* Spear. Fool as he was,
What 'tis to wound a God he never knew.
Not long such wicked deeds unpunish'd pass.
Such men when they return from painful War
Shall seldom set their Children on their Knee.
Pleas'd with their half-form'd words. Let him beware
Left he provoke some stronger Deity,
And then *Aegiale Diomedes* Wife
Awake the houshold with her Lamentation,
And cry, *Tydides* thou hast lost thy life,
O my dear Husband, best of all the Nation.
This said, she wip'd the *Ichor* from her hand,
And streight her hand was well, the pain was gone.
Then *Juno* by, and *Pallas* jeering stand.
And *Pallas* thus to *Jupiter* begun.
Shall I say what I think? O Father *Jove*,
Venus some *Argive* Dame has courting been,
To take the *Trojans* part whom she doth love,
And stroaking her, her hand scratch'd with a pin.
Jove smil'd at this, and then to *Venus* said,
Daughter, I gave you no command in War.
That charge on *Mars* and *Pallas* I have laid.
Of Nuptials and Love take you the care.

While

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While they were thus discoursing, *Diomed*
Did with great speed and rage *Æneas* follow,
To gain his Armour and his Blood to shed,
Knowing he was in th'hands now of *Apollo*.
Undaunted then, with Shield before his Breast,
And Sword in Hand, struck at *Æneas* thrice,
And thrice again *Phœbus* his rage repress.
But at the fourth time gave him good advice.
Retire (said he) *Tydides*, and beware
You not your self think equal to the Gods.
They sway the Heavens, on Earth men creeping are.
'Twixt Mortals and Immortals there's great odds.
Tydides then retir'd a little way,
Not knowing what harm might from *Phœbus* come.
And *Phœbus* thence *Æneas* did convay
T'a Temple of his own in *Pergamum*.
There *Leto* and *Diana* cur'd his wound.
And then an Image *Phœbus* like him made,
And in like Arms, and set it on the ground,
For which the Foes each other then invade.
And there they one anothers Bucklers hew.
To *Mars Apollo* speaking, VVhy, said he,
Mars, bloody, murdering *Mars*, why suffer you
Tydides at the Battle still to be?
Mad as he is now, he with *Jove* would fight.
From *Venus* hand he made the blood run down,
And then at me he flew like any Sprite.
This said, he sat o'th' top of *Pergam* Town.
And *Mars* the *Trojan* Bands encouraged,
Taking the shape of valiant *Acamas*.
VVho to the VVar at *Troy* the *Thracians* led.
And as he through the armed Ranks did pass,
Children of *Priam* what d've mean, said he;
Shall the *Greeks* follow killing us to *Troy*?
Fall'n is *Æneas* the great man whom we
Like *Hector* honor'd. Come, let's if we may
This good Commander rescue. Thus said he.
Sarpedon likewise *Hector* sharpned. VVhere
Are now your Kin you said enough would be
Troy to defend? I see none of them here.

Like

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Like Hounds about a Lion off they ſtand.
VVe your Confederates the Fight maintain.
The labour lyeth all upon our hand;
And I my ſelf amongſt the reſt would fain
Make tryal of this mighty man in fight.
At leaſt I ſhall, as doth a friend become,
My peoples courage all I can excite,
Since they are here, and very far from home;
And though from me the *Greeks* can nothing get,
Neither to carry nor to drive away.
But you to th' *Trojans* have not ſpoken yet
So much as to defend their Wives in *Troy*
From being taken in the *Argives* net,
And plund'red be the ſtately Town of *Troy*.
When chiefly you on this your heart ſhould ſet,
And your Confederates perſwade to ſtay,
And not the fault on one another lay.
So ſaid *Sarpedon*. *Hector* therewith ſtung,
Upon his Charret could no longer ſtay,
But armed down unto the ground he ſprung.
And 'mongſt the *Trojan* Ranks and Files he goes,
Into their hearts new courage to inſpire.
And then they turn'd their Faces to their Foes.
Nor did the *Argives* from their place retire.
And then, as when on *Ceres* ſacred floor
The winnowed Chaff lyes heapt together white,
So white the Troops of *Argives* were all ore
With duſt their Horſes rais'd had in the Fight.
And then the *Trojans* boldly marched on,
And *Mars* to aid them dark'ned had the Field,
As he was bidden by *Latona*'s Son,
When *Pallas* from the *Greeks* remov'd her Shield.
And from the Temple fetcht *Æneas* out
Alive and whole, and bold, and made him ſtand
Amongſt the Troops, that joyful ſtood about.
But other work now lying on their hand,
(Made them by *Mars* and Strife) no time had they
To aſk him queſtions. But encouraged
The *Argives* were by th' *Ajaxes* to ſtay,
And by *Ulyſſes* and by *Diomed*.

For

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For of the *Trojans* they were not afraid.
But as a Cloud that resteth on a Hill,
Which in calm weather there by *Jove* is laid,
Till boisterous winds arise it resteth still.
Then up and down went *Agamemnon* there,
My friends, said he, be bold, and fight like men.
Of one anothers censure stand in fear.
Of them that do so fewer perish then
Of those that fly and never think upon
The loss of fame. This said, he threw his Spear
And smote *Æneas* friend *Dimocoon*,
Who was unto the *Trojans* no less dear
Than if he one of *Priams* Sons had been.
For with the foremost he was still in fight.
And at his Buckler went the Weapon in,
And through both that and Belt it passed quite.
And mortal in his Belly was the wound,
And with his Armour ratling down he fell.
Æneas then two *Greeks* laid on the ground.
The Sons of *Diocles*, descended well.
For of th'immortal and fair stream *Alpheus*,
Orsilochus a great King was the Son.
And he the Father was of *Diocles*,
And he *Orsilochus* got and *Crethon*;
Brave men, who when they came to mans estate
With *Atreus* Son, his honour to regain,
To *Ilium* sayl'd, and there they met their Fate,
And never to their Country came again.
As when two Lions in the Mountains bred
And Woods obscure, come down into the Plain,
And Sheep and Cattle in the field leave dead,
Until at last by Hunters they are slain;
So fell these two men by *Æneas* kill'd,
And like two Fir-trees straight lay on the Sand.
And *Menelaus* then with fury fill'd,
With Helmet on his Head, and Spear in Hand,
Advanced boldly to *Anchises* Son,
In hope to have deprived him of breath.
And *Mars* himself it was that set him on
To bring him by *Æneas* hand to death.

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Antilochus then *Nestor*'s valiant Son
Fearing lest *Menelaus* should be slain,
Resolv'd he should not fight with him alone,
And all their toil at *Ilium* make vain,
Went after him, and overtook him as
They ready were to fight, but nothing done.
Æneas then as valiant as he was
Retir'd, eschewing th' odds of two to one
And when they had brought off the Bodies slain,
And left them in their fellow-soldiers hands,
Unto the skirmish they return'd again,
And slew the Prince of *Paphlagonians*
Pylæmenes. *Atrides* threw the Spear
Which near the Shoulder pass'd into his Neck.
By *Nestor*'s Son slain was his Charioteer,
Mydon by name that did his Horses check,
As he his Charret turning was to fly,
Antilochus him wounded with a Stone
On th'Elbow, and benum'd his Hand, whereby
The sense he had to hold the Reins was gone.
The Reins fell down, and then with Sword in hand
Antilochus divides his Head in twain,
And headlong fell he where it chanc'd the Sand
Was very deep, and there he did remain
With Head and Shoulders sticking in the sands.
But upright in the Air were both his Hips.
The Horses laid him flat. Which by the hands
Of *Nestor*'s Son convey'd were to the Ships.
Hector saw this, and in came with great cry,
Whom Bands of lusty *Trojans* followed.
Mars and *Bellona* marching furiously
Against the *Argives* to the Fight them led.
Bellona brought in Tumult and Affright.
And *Mars* a mighty Spear had in his hand,
And sometimes after *Hector* went i'th' fight,
Sometimes before, and oft did by him stand.
Tydides when he saw him was affraid,
As when a man in haste has lost his way,
And running on is at some River staid,
That's deep and swift, he runs as fast away:

So

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So he retir'd. And to his *Argives* said,
No wonder 'tis if *Hector* valiant be;
One God or other always gives him aid,
And near him stands from death to set him free.
Now *Mars* comes with him, like a mortal wight.
Retire. But turn your Faces to the Foe,
Forbearing still against the Gods to fight.
This said he, but the *Trojans* near were now.
And *Hector* there had slain two men that sat
Together, *Anthius* and *Archilus*,
Both Warriors good. But *Ajax* griev'd thereat
(The greater *Ajax*, *Telamonius*)
Darted his heavy Spear at *Amphius*.
Rich was he both in Lands and Goods, and dwelt
At *Pæsus*. And fought here for *Priamus*.
But by the Spear which pass'd quite through his Belt
Upon his Belly took a mortal wound.
And as he fell, *Ajax* ran fiercely in
To strip him of his Armour on the ground,
And strip him had, had he not hindred been.
For from the *Trojans* came a shower of Spears,
Whereof his Shield received not a few.
Then to be hemm'd in by the Foe he fears:
His own Spear he recover'd and withdrew.
Whilst they in stubborn war thus toyling were,
Unlucky fate *Tlepolemus* brought on
To charge *Sarpedon*; and when they were near
Together come, *Jove*'s Grandson and his Son,
Tlepolemus said then, What need had you
Unskilful in the War to tremble here?
Jove's Son men say you are, but 'tis not true.
No such weak men by *Jove* he gotten were;
But such as *Hercules* is said, have been
Outragious as a Lion; with few men
In but six Ships this strong Town he did win,
And pillag'd it, and safe went off again.
But you are weak, your men a great part dead,
And can but little help afford to *Troy*.
And though from *Lycia* you were strengthened,
I mean to send you now another way.

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To this *Sarpedon* answered, 'Tis true
That *Hercules* sackt *Troy*, because the Steeds
Laomedon kept back that were his due,
And gav him evil language for good deeds.
But you from me shall present death receive,
For which I shall have honour truly paid,
And you your Soul shall now to *Pluto* leave.
And this *Sarpedon* had no sooner said,
Than from their hands their Spears together started.
Tlepolemus clean through the Neck was struck,
And from him presently his life departed.
But from *Sarpedon* *Jove* kept such ill luck;
Yet on his left Thigh he receiv'd a wound.
For through it went the Spear close by the bone.
Sarpedon by his friends born off the ground
Was plac'd apart where Battle there was none,
Tormented with the Spear still in his Thigh.
To pull it out they all had quite forgot.
In so great haste they were, the Foe so nigh,
The time so little, and the Fight so hot.
Mean while *Tlepolemus* his body dead
The *Greeks* fetch'd off. The wise *Ulisses* then
Within himself a while considered,
Whether to charge *Sarpedon* or his men.
But since by Fate *Sarpedon* was to die
By other, and not by *Ulysses* hands,
Athena made him lay that purpose by,
And turn his anger on the *Lycians*.
Alastor then he slew, and *Ceranus*,
Alcander, *Prytanis* and *Noemon*.
And *Halius* he slew, and *Chromius*,
And many *Lycians* more had overthrown.
But mighty *Hector* now approached near
In glittering Arms, and brought with him Affright.
But glad *Sarpedon* was to see him there;
And when he was come up unto him quite,
Himself lamenting thus to *Hector* said,
Leave me not *Hector* to the *Greeks* a prey,
But let my Body in your ground be laid,
Since I my Country must no more enjoy,

Nor

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Nor my beloved Wife and tender Son.
So said *Sarpedon*. *Hector* not replies,
But to the Enemy he passeth on;
And as he goes the ground with blood he dyes.
Under a Beech sacred to *Jupiter*
Sarpedon placed was upon the ground,
And gently *Pelagon* pull'd out the Spear;
The pain hereof put him into a swound.
Lost was his sight; but by a gentle wind
And cool, that from the North upon him blew,
He soon recover'd both his Sight and Mind,
And all the company about him knew.
To *Mars* and *Hector* still the *Greeks* gave way,
And still their Faces to the *Trojans* were,
But for to charge none durst advance or stay.
For *Diomed* had told them *Mars* was there.
Now tell me *Muse*, who slain by *Hector* was?
Trechus, *Oresles*, *Tenthras*, *Helenus*,
(Whose Father *Oenops* was) and *Oenonaus*.
And last of all wealthy *Oresbius*.
In *Hyla* on *Cephisis* Lake he dwelt,
The richest pasture of *Bœotia*,
And known was by the gayness of his Belt.
This slaughter of the *Greeks* when *Juno* saw,
She then to *Pallas* spake. *Pallas* (said she)
If we let *Mars* still play the madman here,
Our word to *Menelaus* false will be,
That he from *Troy* return should Conqueror.
Let's courage take, and try what we can do.
Pallas contented, 'twas agreed upon.
And *Juno* ready made her self to go,
And quickly the Coach-wheels *Hebe* fers on.
Eight spokes each wheel had, and were all of Brass,
And fixed round about at th'Axle-tree.
The Axle-tree it self of Iron was.
The Circle Gold, and wonderful to see.
But arm'd it was above with Plates of Brass.
The Naves on both sides were of Silver white,
With Gold and Silver Wire extended was
The Seat, which had two Silver rings and bright.

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In which the Beam of Silver fastned staid.
At th'other end the Golden Yoke she tid,
And on the Yoke the Golden Reins she laid.
And *Juno* then no longer could abide,
But to the Coach her self the Horses brought,
From quarrels so impatiently she staid.
Pallas threw off her Robe, and took *Joves* Coat,
And with the same she there her self arraid.
And then her Breast with Armour covered,
And on her Shoulder hung her frightful Shield,
Wherein Strife, Force, Flight, Chase were figured,
With all the Horrour of a foughten field.
And in the middle stood out *Gorgoes* head.
Then put she on her Golden Helmet, that
Ten thousand mens heads might have covered,
And to the Charret up she went, and sat,
And her great heavy Spear takes in her hands
The Spear wherewith, when she displeased is,
She scatters of proud Kings the armed bands,
Then *Juno* with the whip was not remiss.
And of it self flew open Heaven-gate,
Though to the Seasons *Jove* the power gave
Alone to judge of Early and of Late.
And out the Goddesses their Horses drave.
Jove on the highest of *Olympus* tops
Sitting alone they found, and none him nigh.
The Goddess *Juno* there her Horses stops,
And spake unto him thus, his mind to try.
Pray tell me *Jove* if you contented be,
That *Mars* thus raging in the Field remain:
For what unseemly work he makes you see,
And of brave *Greeks* how many he has slain,
While *Venus* at my grief stands laughing by,
And pleased is *Apollo* with the fight,
And set him on. But I could make him fly
(But that I fear your anger) from the Fight.
Do't then, said *Jove*; not you, but *Pallas*; she
Accustom'd is to vex him more than you.
Juno took this Commission willingly.
Feeling the whip away her Horses flew,

'Twixt

'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and went at every ſtrain
As far as coming one can ſee a Ship
That from a Hill looketh upon the Main,
So far the Horſes of the Gods can ſkip.
Arriv'd at *Troy*, on ground they ſet their feet,
And *Juno* there her heavenly Steeds unty'd
Where *Simois* doth with *Scamander* meet.
And with Ambroſia *Simois* them ſupply'd.
Then ſwift as Doves, to give the *Argives* aid
They went to where they ſaw the greateſt throng.
There was *Tydides*, and about him ſtaid
Many as Lions valiant and ſtrong.
And *Juno* there in ſhape of *Stentor* ſtood,
And ſpake as loud as any fifty men.
Argives, ſaid ſhe, Cowards, for nothing good,
Although you make a goodly ſhow. For when
Achilles went before you to the Fight,
Out at their Gates the *Trojans* durſt not peep,
So much they of his Spear abhor'd the ſight.
But from your Ships you ſcarce now can them keep.
When *Juno* thus the *Greeks* encouraged,
To *Diomed* went *Pallas*; whom ſhe found
Hard by his Horſes ſitting, wearied,
And cooling in the open air the wound
Given by *Pandarus*; which with the ſweat
Under his Belt afflicted him the more.
And lifting up his Belt, ſome eaſe to get,
He from the wound was wiping off the gore.
As at the yoke *Athena* leaning ſtood,
Like him (ſaid ſhe) your Father left no Son.
A little man was he, but Warriour good.
Though I not bad him, he went boldly on.
And when to *Thebes* alone I bad him go
Ambaſſador, and with the *Theban* Lords
To ſit at Feaſt, and not provoke the Foe,
And at their Table to forbear harſh words,
Yet he his native Courage ſtill retained,
And them defy'd at manly Exerciſes,
And from them all the Victory he gained,
And won, by my aſſiſtance, all the Prizes.

But

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But when I you, as I did him, defend,
And bid you boldly with the *Trojans* fight,
You are affraid, or wearineſs pretend.
Of *Tydeus* ſure the Son you are not right.
Tydides to her then replying ſaid,
Daughter of *Jove*, (*Pallas* I know you are)
'Tis not that I am weary or affraid,
That I ſtand here abſtaining from the War,
But in obedience to your own command,
Who gave me leave if *Venus* in the Wars
I met, to wound her; but not lift my hand
'Gainſt other Gods. Now in the field is *Mars*,
And domineering fights on *Hectors* ſide.
And that's the cauſe why I from fight abſtain,
And others by my Counſel here abide.
To this the Goddeſs then reply'd again,
Nor *Mars* nor any of th'Immortals ſpare
That ſhall advance againſt you in the field.
And for your ſafety truſt unto my care,
And know you are protected by my Shield.
But firſt to *Mars* drive up your Horſes cloſe,
And ſtrike the Blockhead with your Spear in hand,
That fights ſometimes for theſe, ſometimes for thoſe,
And with the *Trojans* now you ſee him ſtand,
And yet to help the *Greeks* he promis'd me
And *Juno*, but a little while before,
And now amongſt the *Trojans* fighteth he,
And thinks upon his promiſes no more.
This ſaid, they mount into the Chariot,
And *Sthenelus* deſcending left his Seat.
The Axtree groaned under them. Why not?
A great man he, ſhe was a Goddeſs great.
And then to *Mars* directly they drive on,
Who had but newly ſlain great *Periphas*,
Of old *Ochefius* the valiant Son,
And far the beſt of all th'*Ætolians* was.
Athena then puts *Pluto*'s Helmet on,
Leſt ſhe by *Mars* ſhould be diſcovered.
When *Mars* there ſaw *Tydides* all alone,
He *Periphas* forlook who there lay dead;

And

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And turn'd to meet *Tydides* on the way;
And when to one another they were near,
Mars making full account the man to slay,
Over the Yoke thrusts at him with his Spear.
But *Pallas* with her hand the point suppresst,
And made it light beneath the Seat in vain.
Tydides then to *Mars* a Spear addrest,
Which had he been a Mortal had him slain.
For *Pallas* in his Belly stuck the Spear,
And presently the same pluckt out again.
Mars roar'd as loud as if in battle there
Fighting had been nine or ten thousand men,
And frighted both the Armies with the noise.
Then like a black Cloud which some Wind makes rise,
He left th'unlucky field and went his ways,
And in a little time was in the Skies.
And sitting down hard by his Fathers Throne,
Shew'd him the blood that from the wound did flow,
And grievously lamenting made his mone.
Father, said he, do you such work allow?
That we the Gods such harm from Mortals take,
While some for *Trojans*, some for *Argives* fight,
And partial be for one anothers sake,
The fault is to be laid on you by right.
For you brought forth this mad pernicious Maid,
Whose study is her malice to effect,
When by us other Gods you are obey'd.
And this you saw, but never would correct.
'Twas she that on the Gods set *Diomed*,
Who wounded *Venus* first, then flew at me.
And there in pain I lien had 'mongst the dead,
Or crippled been, had not my feet been free.
Uncertain *Mars* (then *Jupiter* reply'd)
Of all the Gods most hateful to my sight,
That quarrel lov'st to make, but not decide.
Thou hast thy Mother *Juno*'s nature right,
That oft provokes me with her peevish tongue,
And by her order, I think, this was done.
But in this pain I'le not detain you long,
Seeing you are as well mine as her Son.

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But had another got you, you had sure
To *Pluto* and th'Infernal Gods be sent,
This said, to *Paeon* he commits his cure:
And *Paeon* presenly about it went.
As quickly as the Milk is turn'd to Curd,
When with a proper Rennet it is mixt,
And with a Housewifes hand together stir'd;
So quickly was the wide wound clos'd and fixt.
Then bath'd he was by *Hebe*, and new clad;
And that he so came off was well content.
Juno and *Pallas* when they driven had
Mars from the Battle, up t'*Olympus* went.

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LIB. VI.

THe Gods to neither side assistance yield,
But on his own hand each mans fortune lies.
Now here now there they skirmish in the field
Betwixt the Streams *Xanthus* and *Simois*.
And first great *Ajax* killed *Acamas*,
And for his fellows opened a door
For slaughter 'mongst the Files and Ranks to pass,
And caus'd thereby the loss of many more.
And by *Tydides Axylus* was slain,
That at *Arisbe* dwelt near the High-way,
Rich, and the *Greeks* did often entertain.
But none of them would save him in the Fray.
For slain he was by *Diomedes* there.
Together with his Squire *Calesius*,
That by him sat and was his Charioteer.
Euryalus then slew *Opheltius*
And *Dresus*. After *Pedasus* he runs
And *Æsepus* sons of *Bucalion*,
Who by *Abarbarea* had two Sons,
But he for Father had *Laomedon*,
And th'eldest was, but not in Wedlock got.
And Twins the Sons were of *Bucalion*.
But from *Euryalus* they scaped not,
Nor long they lay there with their Armour on.
Then *Polypœtes* by *Astyalus*,
Pidytes by *Ulysses*, and by *Teucr*.
Er Areton, and by *Antilochus*
Ablerus, by *Aretides Elatus*
Was slain, that the *Pedasians* led
From the delightful Bank of *Satnius*.
And *Leitus Philacus* slew as he fled.
Eurypylus then slew *Melanthius*.

And

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And then *Adreſtus* taken was alive
By *Menelaus*. For his Horſes frighted,
Whilſt to the Town they labour'd to arrive,
Upon two Branches of a Tree they lighted,
And brake the Charret pole off at the head.
The Horſes looſe away ran tow'rd the Town,
As did the reſt that from the Battle fled.
Adreſtus headlong from the Seat fell down,
And by him with a Spear *Atrides* ſtood.
Adreſtus then laies hold upon his Knee.
Save me, ſaid he, my Ranſome will be good,
At any rate I ſhall redeemed be.
My Father wants nor Iron, nor Braſs, nor Gold,
And any thing to ſet me free will give,
When he of my condition ſhall be told,
And that I am your priſoner and live.
This ſaid, *Atrides* was thereto enclin'd,
And ready for to ſend him to the Ships.
But *Agamemnon* came and chang'd his mind
Before he had confirm'd it with his lips.
Brother, ſaid he, what makes you be ſo kind
To any of theſe men? Is it becauſe
You did at home the *Trojans* faithful find,
And that they had well ſerved *Menelaus?*
No, no, we muſt no quarter give at *Troy*,
Nor ſpare the Child yet in his Mothers womb,
But utterly the Nation deſtroy,
And pluck up by the root proud *Ilium*.
Then *Menelaus* pity'd him no more,
But violently puſh'd him from his Knee,
Wherewith he backward tumbled ore and ore,
And ſoon by *Agamemnon* ſlain was he.
Then *Neſtor* to the *Greeks* with voice as high
As he could raiſe it, cried out, Let none
Yet on the Spoil and Booty ſet his eye,
But follow killing now, plunder anon.
The dead will ſtay till back again we come.
The *Greeks* by *Neſtor* thus encouraged,
Had chas'd the *Trojans* unto *Ilium*.
But that by *Helenus* was hindered.

For

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For ſtanding near to *Hector* and *Æneas*,
Since all the work, ſaid he, lyes on your hand,
And you in Fight and Counſel chiefly pleaſe
Both *Lycians* and *Trojans*, make them ſtand.
About them go, and put your ſelves between
The Gates and them, leſt followed by the Foe
They ſhould be by their loving Wives there ſeen,
And th'*Argives* ſtand triumphing in our woe.
And when you once have them encouraged,
Æneas and my ſelf will with them ſtay,
And fight againſt the *Greeks*, though wearied.
But *Hector* to the Town go you away,
And bid your and my Mother take with her
The eldeſt *Trojan* Matrons, and make haſte
To *Pallas* Temple, and preſent her there
With the beſt Robe ſhe has; and having plac't
It on her Knee, vow to her Deity
(If ſhe protect our Wives and Children will
And City from this raging Enemy,
And take off *Diomed*) that you will kill
Twelve Heifers at her Altar. For in fight
He has the great *Achilles* much outdone,
Who never did the *Trojans* thus affright,
Although they ſay he is a Goddeſs Son.
Then *Hector* armed leapt down to the ground,
And with two Spears about the Army goes,
Courage inſpiring to the *Trojans* round,
And ſtreight they turn'd their Faces to the Foes.
The *Greeks* retiring then no longer fought.
Some God from Heav'n deſcended was they thought,
And t'*Hector* and the *Trojans* aid had brought.
Then *Hector* to the *Trojans* cried out,
Trojans and Aids, ſaid he, be ſure to ſtay
And play the men, whilſt I to *Ilium*
Return, and cauſe them to the Gods to pray,
And to them ſacrifice an Hecatomb.
And as he walkt the edges of his Shield
By turns his Ankle and his Neck did ſmite.
Tydides then and *Glaucus* on the field
Met one another, and prepar'd to fight.

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Tydides speaking first, Brave man, said he,
Who are you? Let me know your Name and Race,
That dares so boldly thus advance on me.
I never yet in Battle saw your Face.
Men mortal to provoke me thus none dare,
But they whose Parents are condemn'd to wo.
But if some God come down from Heaven you are,
Do what you will I'll not return a blow.
Licurgus Son of *Dryas* chas'd the Train
Of *Bacchus* with a Goad at *Nyssa*, where
The *Menades* threw from them on the plain
Their Ivy twined staves, and fled for fear;
Bacchus himself leapt into *Thetis* lap,
Trembling and frighted, and the Goddess kind
Receiv'd him and defended from mishap.
But for this act *Jove* struck *Licurgus* blind,
Who dy'd soon after. For the Gods above
All hated him. And that's the cause that I
Dare not the anger of the Gods to move.
But if thou mortal art, come near and die.
O brave *Tydides* (*Glaucus* answer'd then)
To what end serves it you to know my race?
As with green leaves, so fareth it with men;
Some fall with wind, others grow in their place.
But since you ask me (though it be well known)
My pedegree at large I shall you tell.
Within a Creek of *Argos* stands a Town
Call'd *Ephyre*. There *Sisyphus* did dwell.
The subtile *Sisyphus* who *Glaucus* got.
Glaucus the Father of *Bellerophon*,
Than whom a fairer person there was not,
Nor valianter in all the Land, not one.
But *Prætus* sought to take away his Life.
For so enamour'd of him was the Queen
Anteia, who of *Prætus* was the Wife,
That she a Suiter to him oft had been.
But still in vain. For he would not consent.
The fury of her Love then turn'd to Hate.
And spitefully, she to her Husband went,
And weeping bitterly down by him sate,

And

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And to him said, O King, resolve to dy
Your self, or else *Bellerophon* to kill,
For he attempted has my Chastity,
And would have ly'n with me against my will.
The King incens'd, to kill him did intend,
But loath to do it there, he thought it better
Unto the King of *Lycia* him to send
(Who was *Anteia*'s Father) with a Letter,
Wherein he had declar'd his cruel mind,
And many wales to bring it to effect.
He ignorant of what was then design'd,
The Kings commandement did not neglect.
To *Lycia* he went, and coming thither,
In favour with the Gods, was honoured
And treated like a God nine days together.
O'th' tenth his Letter he delivered.
The Letter read, the King him first imploy'd
The terrible Chimæra to assail,
That by the Monster he might be destroy'd.
A Lions Head it had and Dragons Tail,
And in the midst the Body of a Goat;
A flame of burning fire was its Breath.
Bellerophon with this foul Monster fought,
And put it (by the aid o'th' Gods) to death.
The next Adventure that he set him on
Was th'Expedition 'gainst the *Solymi*.
The third when from the *Amazons* he won
(Those Martial Females) a great Victory.
And as he came from thence the King had laid
An Ambush for him on the way in vain,
Of choicest *Lycians* whom he destroy'd,
That not a man of them return'd again.
The King receiv'd him then, believing now
That he descended was of Heavenly Race,
And gave him half his Pow'r, and Land enough,
And with his Daughters Marriage did him grace.
Bellerophon by her had Children three,
Two Sons, *Isandrus* and *Hippolochus*,
And one fair Daughter call'd *Laodamie*,
On whom by *Jove Sarpedon* gotten was.

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Her Father by the Gods forsaken then
Liv'd up and down in the *Alean* Plain,
And shun'd the conversation of men.
At *Solym* Battle was *Isander* slain.
But of *Hippolochus* the Son am I,
And he of Noble Ancestors descended.
To *Troy* he sent me, and especially
Unto me th'Honour of my Race commended,
Than which in *Ephyre* none Nobler is,
Nor in the Land of *Lycia* more renown'd.
And *Diomedes* joyful to hear this
Turn'd his Spears point and stuck it in the ground,
And to him kindly spake. There is, said he,
Between your Ancestors and mine of old
A mutual bond of Hospitality.
Bellerophon, as I have oft been told,
Was by my Grandsire *Oeneus* freely treated,
And stayed with him twenty days and nights,
And when again he from his house retreated,
They Tokens gave of Hospitable Rites;
Oeneus to him a Belt most glorious,
Bellerophon to him a Golden Cup.
Which I not with me brought, but in my house
When I came thence I safely left lockt up.
My Father I remember not. For he
Left me too young when last he went from home.
Hence forth my Guest in *Argos* you must be,
I yours in *Lycia*, when I thither come.
Mean time let's one anothers Spear decline;
For many *Trojans* more I have to kill,
Unless I croft be by some Pow'r divine.
And of the *Achæans* kill you whom you will.
And that our Friendship may the more appear,
I will present you with these Arms of mine;
And you to me present the Arms you wear.
This said, they lighted and their hands did joyn.
But *Glaucus* surely here bewitched was,
Or curst by the Gods, that had forgot
His Arms were Gold, and *Diomed's* but Brass.
An hundred Ox, nine Beeves the other bought.

Hector

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Hector was now come to the *Scæan* Gates.
To him the *Trojan* Wives and Daughters run
To ask their Husbands and their Brothers Fates,
But to those questions he answer'd none.
But to the Temples bad them go and pray,
Inquire no more for what you will lament.
Then to the Royal Palace went his way.
For great the danger was and imminent.
On every side within were Galleries
Magnificent, of square well-plained Stones,
With Fifty Lodgings for the Families
(One by another) of King *Priam*'s Sons.
And for his Daughters twelve Appartments were
(In the same Court, but on the other side)
To lodge his Sons in Law when they were there,
Of the same Stone in like form beautified.
Here *Hecuba*, as she conducted home
Laodice her beautifullest Daughter,
Met her Son *Hector* that was newly come
In dusty bloody Armour from the Slaughter.
And took him by the hand, and to him said,
Why come you from the fight? Have we the worst,
And you come to sollicite *Jove* for aid,
And after that is done to quench your thirst?
A little Wine will much the strength sustain
Of one that labour'd has as you have done.
No, no, from Wine (said he) I must abstain,
Lest I forget and leave my work undone.
Besides, to *Jove* I dare not offer Wine
With bloody hands, lest I should him incense.
But, Mother, go you to *Minerva*'s shrine
With other Ladies, and with Frankincense;
And of the Robes in your perfumed Chest
Take with you that which in your judgment is
Amongst them all the largest and the best,
And lay it down upon the Goddess knees.
And vow that at her Altar you will kill
Twelve yearling Heifers of the best you have,
That your Prayer condescend she will
Your Children with yourselves and *Troy* to save,

And from the Fight this *Diomed* remove.
To th' Temple presently go you away.
But I to *Paris* now must go, and prove
If he th'advice I give him will obey.
Then *Hecuba* into the Chamber came
Where many divers-colour'd Vestures lay,
The work of many a *Sidonian* Dame,
Which then from *Sidon Paris* brought to *Troy*,
When thither he from *Sparta Helen* brought.
Of these, to give the Goddess, she took one
The largest and most curiously wrought,
And that like to a Star in Heaven shone.
And when unto the Temple come they were,
Theano opened the door; for she
(*Antenor*'s Wife) was *Pallas* Priest. And there
She took the Robe, and laid it on her Knee.
Then prayed she (whilst with a mighty cry
They to the Goddess lifted up their hands.)
Pallas (said she) Daughter of *Jove* most high,
In whose protection ev'ry City stands,
Great *Pallas*, break the Spear of *Diomed*,
And overthrow him at the *Scean* gate,
That at thy Altar may be offered
Twelve yearling Heifers; and commiserate
The Wives and Children and the State of *Troy*.
Thus prayed they; But *Pallas* would not hear.
To th'House of *Paris Hector* went away
That was unto his own and *Iriams* near,
Built by himself the Citadel within,
With all the Art the *Trojans* understood.
There *Hector* with his Spear in hand went in,
That was in length eleven Cubits good,
And pointed at the Head with polisht Brass,
Fastned into the staff with a Gold Ring.
Busy about his Armour *Paris* was,
And *Helen* work to th' Maids distributing.
Here *Hector Paris* chid. Is this, said he,
The fittest time to manifest your spite
Against the *Trojans*, when the Enemy
Under our Walls is killing them in fight?

When

When none but you the cause is of the War
And Tumult, which surrounds the Town of *Troy*.
I think it would become you better far
To rate those men that from the Battle stay.
Brother, said *Paris*, What you say is right.
But hear me too. I stayed not behind
Because I to the *Trojans* bear a spite,
But from their Slanders to avert my mind.
And now my Wife too has persuaded me,
Who of my self was ready to be gone.
Not sure to any side is Victory.
Stay only while I put my Armour on.
Or go. I'll follow you and find you out.
Thus he. But *Hector* to it nothing said.
And to be gone his Face he turn'd about.
But *Helen* saw about to speak, and staid.
Brother (said she) though I unworthy am
To call you so, I would I had been thrown
Into the Sea the same day that I came
Into the world, so many shames to own.
Or that this Husband sensible had been,
As men of Honour should be of ill fame;
But that's not now, nor ever will be seen,
He one day will (I fear) repent the same.
But Brother (pra'ye) sit down and rest a while,
That with the toil of Battle weary are;
The cause whereof am I the Woman vile,
That with me brought to *Troy* this cruel War.
Unlucky day that brought me first acquainted
With *Alexander* to our Infamy,
Which through the world hereafter will be chanted,
And make us loathsom to posterity.
Helen (said *Hector*) now I cannot stay,
The *Trojans* of my presence stand in need.
But bid you *Alexander* come away
While I am in the Town, and that with speed.
For hence unto my house I must go home
To see my Wife, my Child and Family,
An't may be never back again shall come,
But by the hands of the *Achæans* dye.

This

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This said, home *Hector* went, and there was told
His Wife *Andromache* at home was not.
For with the Nurse the Battle to behold,
Into the Tow'r on *Scea* Gate was got.
Then *Hector* of the women askt again,
Is she gone to some Sister or some Brother?
Or to the Goddess Temple in the Train
Of those that thither waited on my Mother?
To this one of the Women said again,
She neither went to Sister nor to Brother,
Nor to the Goddess Temple, in the Train
Of those that thither waited on your Mother.
But when I know not who inform'd her had
That th'*Argives* did the *Trojans* overpower,
With her young Son and Nurse as one that's mad
Ran to the Gate, and up into the Tower.
Then back went *Hector* passing the same Streets [fight,
Through which he went when he came from the
Where in the way *Andromache* he meets
That now was running home in great affright.
The Daughter she was of *Eetion*,
Who of *Cilicia* the Scepter carried,
And dwelt at *Thebe* in *Hypoplacion*.
But unto noble *Hector* she was married.
Now *Hector* met her with their little Boy
That in the Nurses arms was carried,
And like a Star upon her bosome lay
His beautiful and shining golden Head.
Scamandrius he called was by *Hector*,
Astyanax he named was in *Troy*.
Because his Father was their sole Protector,
The people from his Honour nam'd the Boy.
Then *Hector* smiling look'd upon his Son.
And to him weeping said *Andromache*,
My Dear, You'll by your courage be undone,
And this your Son a wretched Orphan be.
The *Greeks* at once on you alone will fall,
And then a woful Widow shall be I,
And have no comfort in the world at all,
But live in misery and wish to die.

Father

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Father or Mother they have left me none,
For by the great *Achilles* he was slain
When he the goodly Town of *Thebe* won.
But from disarming him he did refrain.
Together with his Arms he did him burn,
And with such Rites as did a Prince become.
And having put his Ashes in an Urn
Bury'd the same, and ore it rais'd a Tomb.
The Mountain-Nymphs Daughters of *Jupiter*
Planted about it many Elmen-trees.
My seven Brothers all were killed there.
In one day by *Achilles* slain were these,
As they defending were their Kine and Sheep.
My Mother with the Booty he brought hither,
And her he at the Ships did pris'ner keep
Until her friends her Ransome had sent thither.
Then to her Country back they sent my Mother,
Who shortly after, there fell sick and di'd.
Now *Hector* you my Father are and Brother,
Husband and Mother. In you I confide.
For pities sake then on this Turret stay,
Lest Fatherless your Son, I Widow be.
And set your armed people in array,
And those that aid you at the Sycamore-tree,
Where to the City easiest is th' access.
For there it was the *Argives* thrice fell on
Led by *Idomeneus*, and th' *Ajaxes*,
The two *Atrides*, and *Tydeus* Son.
Whether they had some God for their Director,
Or had observ'd some weakness in the place
I know not. And to this replyed *Hector*,
Dear Wife, this might be done. But what disgrace
Shall I be in? How will the *Trojans* scoff
Both Men and Women, and deride my fear,
If on the Tow'r they saw me standing off
When others fighting with the *Argives* were?
Besides by Nature I am framed so,
I am not able to abstain from fight,
But must be 'mongst the foremost, when the Foe
Invades my Fathers Honour in my sight.

And

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And yet I know the evil day will come,
That *Priam* and his people perish must,
And utterly destroy'd be *Ilium*,
And all her stately Buildings lye in dust.
Yet am not griev'd so much to think upon
The fate of *Troy*, of *Priam*, of my Mother,
Or all my Brothers, as for you alone
When by a proud *Achæan* one or other
You drag'd are weeping into Slavery,
And when t'*Achæa* he has brought you home,
To fetch in water you imploy'd shall be,
And made to labour at anothers Loom.
And one that sees you weeping, there will say,
This Woman was the Noble *Hectors* Bride,
The bravest man of all that fought for *Troy*,
And of your tears bring back again the Tide.
But dead may I be first and buried
Before I see you drag'd or hear you cry.
And when he thus had said, his arms he spread
The Child to take, who terrifi'd thereby,
And unacquainted with a glittering Crest
And Horses Mayn that nodding at it hung,
Turn'd his face crying to the Nurses breast,
And with his little arms close to her clung.
Which made his Father and his Mother smile.
Then *Hector* on the ground his Helmet laid,
And took the Child and dandled him a while,
And then to *Jove* and all the Gods he pray'd.
O *Jove* and gods, Grant that this Son of mine
No less in *Troy* may honour'd be than I,
Nor from his Fathers vertue ere decline,
But hold the reins of *Ilium* steadily.
That men may say when he hath slain his Foe,
And bringeth with him home his Spoil to *Troy*,
In Battle he his Father doth outdo,
And fill his loving Mothers heart with joy,
This said, he gave the Child t'*Andromache*,
Which she receiving hug'd, and laugh'd and cry'd.
Which *Hector* with compassion did see,
And thus with gentle words his Wife did chide.

Dear

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Dear Wife, do not afflict your self for me.
No man can die before his hour is come;
And when 'tis come, put off it cannot be
By weak nor ſtrong. Therefore I pray'e go home,
And tend your work, and give your Women theirs,
And ſit ſtill at your Spindle and your Loom,
And leave to men theſe Martial affairs,
And me that have the charge of *Ilium*.
Then up he takes his Helmet and departs,
And homewards ſhe; but often turn'd her head.
At home with grief ſhe filled her womens hearts,
And made them mourn for *Hector* not yet dead.
Nor *Paris* at his houſe did longer ſtay
Than he muſt needs his Armour to put on,
And up and down the ſtreets went every way,
To ſee if he could *Hector* light upon.
As when a Horſe i'th' Stable pampered,
And uſed to be waſhed in the River
His Headſtal breaks, or be delivered
From that which held him by what means ſoever;
Then proudly he ſets up his Tail and Head,
And beats the Plain, and with the wind he makes
His Mane play in the air diſhevelled,
Then to the Paſture known the way he takes:
So from his houſe went *Paris* through the Streets
With ſhining Arms, and Courage at his heart;
And quickly with his valiant brother meets,
Turning from where he and his wife did part.
And firſt to *Hector* *Paris* thus began.
Brother I fear I've made you ſtay too long.
No (he reply'd) your courage no man can
Accuſe, but ſuch as mean to do you wrong.
But when you, out of humour, will not fight,
The *Trojans* that much ſuffer for your ſake
Speak all the ill they can of you in ſpight.
Which when I hear, it makes my heart to ake.
But now let's go. If ere the Pow'rs Divine
Diſplace th' *Achæan* Hoſt, and give us Peace,
That freely to them we may offer Wine,
Your quarrel with the *Trojans* ſoon will ceaſe.

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ILIAD.

LIB. VII.

THis said, they went together to the Fight,
For *Paris* now no more the War declin'd,
And welcome to the *Trojans* was the sight,
As to a weary Rower a good wind.
There *Paris* slew *Menesthius*, the Son
Of the great Clubman *Areithous*
Of *Arne*. And by *Hector* overthrown
And struck clean through the Neck was *Eionus*.
Iphinous the Son of *Dexias*
As to his Charre he mounted to have fled,
By *Glaucus* through the Shoulder wounded was,
And to the ground again fell backward dead.
When *Pallas* saw the *Argives* fall so fast,
She from *Olympus* leapt to *Ilium*:
Apollo then to meet her made great haste,
That saw her from his Tow'r in *Pergamum*.
And when they were together at the Beech,
He for the *Trojans*, for the *Argives* she,
Apollo to her thus addrest his Speech:
Daughter of *Jove*, what great necessity
Brought you to *Troy*? Was it to please your mind,
Or give unto the *Greeks* the Victory?
For well I know to *Troy* you are not kind.
But for the present be advis'd by me.
Let th'Armies both give over fight to day,
And fight it out hereafter till they know
What end the Fates assigned have to *Troy*,
Since you and *Juno* needs will have it so.
Your Counsel's good (said *Pallas*) and the same
I thought upon. But tell me how to do it.
For to that end I from *Olympus* came.
Tell me but how, and I'll consent unto it.

Why

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Why then, said *Phœbus*, *Hector* I'll excite
In Duel all the *Argives* to defie;
And they some one will choose with him to fight,
And both the Armies quietly stand by.
This counsel was by both agreed upon;
And known to *Helenus* by Augury,
To *Helenus* that was King *Priam*'s Son.
And he to *Hector* did himself apply.
Hector, said he, will you do that which I
That am your Brother shall advise you to?
Go to th' *Achæan* Army and defie
The best of all the *Argives*; Boldly go;
For in this Combat you are not to die:
The Gods have told me so; Then never fear.
Then to the Front came *Hector* joyfully,
With both his hands o'th' middle of his Speat
To keep the *Trojans* back and make them stand;
And streight King *Agamemnon* seeing it,
Unto the *Argives* gave the like comand.
Then on the ground both *Greeks* and *Trojans* sit.
Phœbus and *Pallas* flew up to the Tree,
The high Beech-tree that sacred was to *Jove*,
I'th' likeness of two Vulturs, thence to see
How the two Armies looked from above.
As when a West-wind ruffled has the Main,
It black and horrid to the eye appears;
So lookt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* on the Plain,
Grisly and dark with Helmets, Shields and Spears.
Into the midst between them *Hector* stept.
You *Trojans* and well-armed *Greeks*, said he,
Since 'twas *Jove*'s will our Oath should not be kept,
But that the War continued shall be
Till either you shall win the Town of *Troy*,
Or we your Army and your Ships confound,
Fighting till one another we destroy;
I to you *Argives* somewhat will propound.
The best of all the *Greeks* are present here.
Let one of them come forth and fight with me,
On these conditions (witness *Jupiter*)
If by his hand I slain in Combat be,

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Let him do with my Armor what he will,
But send my Body into *Ilium*.
But if *Apollo* grant me him to kill,
His Armour I will have and carry home,
And in *Apollo*'s Temple dedicate.
His Body to the Ships shall rendred be,
That on his Urn the *Greeks* may elevate
A Mount of Earth for Passengers to see
Upon the Shore of *Hellespont*, and say,
Here lies a valiant *Greek* by *Hector* slain
Long since, when th'*Argives* were besieging *Troy*.
My honour thus for ever will remain.
So *Hector* said. The *Greeks* all silent were.
For shame the Challenge they could not refuse;
And to accept it ev'ry one did fear.
But *Menelaus* then his Valour shews,
And rising up in anger thus he said,
Women of *Argos* what a shame is this
That you should all of *Hector* be affraid!
What now become of all your threatning is?
There, (dust and water, heartless, nameless) sit.
My self I'll arm (for I perceive no odds)
And will this sturdy Champion *Hector* meet.
For Victory comes only from the Gods.
This said, he rose and arm'd himself; and there
Depriv'd of life had *Menelaus* been
(So much too weak he was) by *Hector*'s Spear,
But that the Princes starting up came in.
And *Aganemnon* seizing on his hand,
Why *Menelaus* are you mad, said he,
In fight you cannot against *Hector* stand,
How much soever you concerned be.
Avoid him in the Field as others do.
Achilles who than you much stronger is,
Strong as he is, considers *Hector* too,
And cooler grows as oft as he him sees.
Therefore, good Brother, sit still at your Troop.
Some other we'll oppose to *Hector*'s might,
That, haughty as he is, shall make him stoop,
And thank the Gods if safe he come from fight.

To

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To this good counsel yielded *Menelaus*.
Whereat his Servants not a little joy'd,
Came in, and soon by them unarm'd he was,
And to the *Greeks* then *Nestor* rose, and said,
O how unwelcome will this Story be
To *Greece*, and *Peleus* King o'th' *Myrmidons*,
Who at his house the names enquir'd of me
Both of your selves, your Fathers, and your Sons:
If he should know how much you *Hector* dread,
How oft would he hold up his hands, and pray
The Gods to send him down amongst the dead,
And from his body take all sense away!
O that I were as young as I was then
When war was 'twixt *Arcadia* and *Pyle*,
And at the Walls of *Pheia* stood the men
Ready for bloody fight in Rank and File!
Amongst them stood one *Ereuthalion*,
And of the great man *Arcithous*
Upon his Shoulders had the Armour on,
Who Clubman commonly surnamed was,
Because he used neither Bow nor Spear,
But with an Iron Club the Battles brake.
Lycurgus slew him though he weaker were,
(When at advantage great he did him take)
By craft, not strength. For in a narrow way
He watch'd him at a turning with his Spear,
And on a sudden took his life away,
So that the Club had nothing to do there.
Then took he off his Arms, and wore the same
In Battle when there was occasion,
But gave them when old age upon him came
To this his Squier *Ereuthalion*.
Who wearing them our Army did defie,
At which when others trembling stood and shook
Although the youngest of them all was I,
Great as he was, the man I undertook,
And slew him by the Goddess *Pallas* aid,
The strong'st and tallest that I ever slew,
As when upon the ground he stretcht was laid,
The place he covered did plainly shew.

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If I were now as young and ſtrong as then,
The *Greeks* for *Hector* ſoon a match ſhould find,
Though none of you that are their braveſt men
To try your fortune with him have a mind.
Thus *Neſtor* th' *Argive* Lords did reprehend,
And nine of them in number (all that durſt
In ſingle fight with *Hector* to contend)
Armed, and *Agamemnon* was the firſt.
And next the ſtrong and valiant *Diomed*,
And then the greater *Ajax*, then the leſs,
Then King *Idomeneus*, of *Creet* the head,
And with him his good Squire *Meriones*,
Who as the God of Battle valiant was,
Beſides *Eurypylus Euæmon*'s Son,
And of *Andræmon* the ſtout Son *Thoas*,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes* laſt of all made one.
So many *Greeks* durſt *Hector* undertake.
Bring in your Lots, ſaid *Neſtor* then, and we
Will in a Helmet them together ſhake.
And who by Lot our Champion ſhall be
S all pleaſe us all, but pleaſe himſelf much more
When back again he cometh from the fight.
Then brought they in their Lots; which ore and ore
He ſhook in *Agamemnon*'s Helmet bright.
Mean while the people lift their hands, and pray,
O *Jove*, let now the Lot to *Ajax* fall,
Or that on *Diomedes* light it may,
Or on *Atrides* our great General.
The Helmet ſhaken threw out *Ajax* Lot,
Which th' Herald took and carried about
To th' *Argive* Princes, but they own'd it not,
Till to the hand of *Ajax* it was brought,
Who ſign'd it had, and into th' Helmet thrown.
He took it, and a while conſider'd it;
And when he was aſſured 'twas his own,
Roſe up, and lets it fall before his feet.
And to the Princes ſaid, This Lot is mine,
And glad I am, and hope for Victory.
But ſend your Pray'rs up to the Pow'rs divine,
While I put on my Arms; and ſilently,

So

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So that (at leaſt) the *Trojans* may not hear.
Or (now I think on't) plain and openly.
For I ſee nothing that I need to fear.
I am not forc'd to fight unwillingly,
Nor raſhly undertook the enterprize.
For I was born and bred in *Salamis*,
And hope I am not ſo weak or unwiſe.
Aſſoon as mighty *Ajax* had ſaid this,
The people looking up to Heav'n pray'd.
O *Jove*, ſaid one, grant *Ajax* Victory,
Or if you be inclin'd *Hector* to aid,
Then let their ſtrength and glory equal be.
When *Ajax* had his Arms put on compleat,
He walkt away with a Majeſtique pace,
As *Mars* goes to the War. His ſtrides were great,
And ſcornful ſmiles with terror in his face.
And as he went he ſhook his mighty Spear,
Which joyfully the *Argives* did behold;
But by the *Trojans* lookt on was with fear;
And *Hector* at the heart himſelf was cold.
But was aſhamed back again to fly,
Since he provok'd him had into the field.
And *Ajax* now was come unto him nigh,
As from a Tower looking ore his Shield.
By *Tychius* of *Hyla* made it was,
And cover'd with ſev'n fat Bulls hides well tan'd;
And over them an eighth of ſhining Braſs,
And at his Breaſt he held it with his hand,
And threatning ſaid, *Hector* I'll make you ſee,
That in the Army many yet remain,
Though from us angry gone *Achilles* be,
And diſcontent from Battle now abſtain,
That fear not *Hector*. Do the worſt you can.
Ajax (ſaid *Hector*) I am not a Child
Nor Woman to be threatned, but a Man
That underſtands the buſ'neſs of the Field,
And can my Buckler bear from Left to Right,
And have whereon in Battle to rely,
And how to guide my Horſes in a fight,
And move my feet to *Mars* his Melody.

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But no such cunning will I use with you.
My Spear I'll send unto you openly.
And at that word the long Spear from him flew,
And pierc'd his Target to the seventh ply.
But there it staid. Then *Ajax* threw his Spear,
Which *Hector*'s Shield, Armour & Coat went through.
But *Hector* shrunk his Belly in for fear.
For else it pierced had his Belly too.
Then from their Shields the Spears they plucked out,
And them no more at one another threw,
But came unto each other close and fought.
And like two Lions on each other flew.
And *Hector* made a thrust at *Ajax* Shield
Which entred not, resisted by the brass:
But *Hector*'s Shield to *Ajax* Spear did yield,
Which pierc'd it through; and so far in did pass,
That grazing on his Neck it fetch'd the blood.
But *Hector* not dismaid took up a Stone.
Ajax took't on his Shield and firmly stood,
And with his hand took up a greater one
And rougher, which did *Hector*'s Buckler tear,
And with the weight unto the ground him threw,
But up again *Apollo* did him rear.
Then both of them (the Combat to renew)
Their Swords were drawing. But the Heralds then
Idæus and *Talthibius* came in,
The sacred Messengers of Gods and men,
And put themselves the Combatants between.
Troy's Herald then *Idæus* to them spake.
Good Sons, belov'd of *Jove*, give over fight.
For all men of your Valour notice take,
And now 'tis late; we must submit to Night.
Idæus (then said *Ajax*) let these words
From *Hector* come, from whom came the Defie.
'Twas he that Challeng'd all the *Argive* Lords.
Let him give over first, and then will I.
Then *Hector* spake. *Ajax* since you, said he,
The Gods indued have with Strength and Wit,
Let for to day the quarrel ended be.
Hereafter let the Gods determine it,

And

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And give which side they please the Victory.
For now 'tis late. To Night we must submit.
That you the *Greeks* may cheer, and specially
Your own friends, and companions at your Fleet:
And I the *Trojans* from their fear relieve,
And Wives, that for my safe return do pray.
But come, let's t'one another Tokens give,
That *Greeks* and *Trojans* seeing them may say,
These two men fought and sought each others death,
Yet parted friends. This said, he to him gave
His Belt with his good Sword and Iv'ry Sheath;
Ajax to him his shining Girdle brave.
Thus parted, *Ajax* to the *Argives* went;
And *Hector* back into the Troops of *Troy*;
Who mightily rejoyc'd at the event
That past all hope they saw him come away.
The Lords conducted him to *Ilium*,
The *Greeks* to *Agamemnon Ajax* led.
And when they all unto his Tent were come,
He for them sacrific'd a Bull well fed.
Which slay'd, divided, roasted, taken up
The Carvers into Messes cut. This done
King *Agamemnon* and the Princes sup.
The Chine at *Ajax* Table was set on.
And when their thirst and hunger was subdu'd,
Nestor whose counsel still had been the best,
What further was to be consider'd shew'd,
And to the Princes all his Speech addrest.
Atrides, and you other Princes know
How *Mars* with *Argives* strowed hath the Plain,
And sent their Souls down to the Powr's below,
Whose bloody Bodies in the Field remain.
To morrow therefore let us cease from War,
And early in the Morning fetch the dead,
And burn them somewhere from the Ships not far,
That t'*Argos* back they may be carried,
When we depart from hence; that their Bones may
By their own Friends and Children buried be.
Let's raise a Mount upon the Shore of *Troy*,
One for them all, for Passengers to see,

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And fortifie our good Ships with a Wall,
And Turrets in it, and a Ditch without,
Leſt unawares the *Trojans* on us fall,
And Gates for Charrets to go in and out.
Mean while the *Trojan* Lords at Counſel were
Loud and diſcordant. Then *Antenor* ſaid,
Trojans and Aids I pray to me give ear,
For of the worſt I greatly am affraid.
Let *Menelaus* have his Wife again,
And all the goods ſhe brought with her. Take heed;
Againſt our Oath we ſhall but fight in vain.
Then let her go, or never look to ſpeed.
Antenor (then ſaid *Paris*) this is not
The beſt advice you could have given, or
(If what you ſay diſſent not from your thought)
You are not now ſo wiſe as heretofore
Thus much to you. But to the *Trojans* this.
Her wealth Ile render, with more of mine own.
But my Wife *Helen* I will not diſmiſs.
And when he that had ſaid again ſat down.
Then *Priam* roſe: *Trojans* and Aids, ſaid he,
Now take your Supper as you us'd to do,
And Sentinels ſet ſuch as careful be;
To morrow I will ſend *Idæus* to
The *Greeks* with *Paris* anſwer, and to try
If they from Battle for ſo long will ceaſe,
That we may burn our ſlain men quietly,
And fight again hereafter when they pleaſe.
This ſaid, the *Trojans* to their Suppers went.
Next Morn *Idæus* found the *Argive* Lords
Together met at *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
And coming in, unto them ſaid theſe words.
Atrides, and you *Argives* all, I come
With Terms from *Paris*, and by *Priam* ſent,
On which you may depart from *Ilium*,
And end the War, if thereto you conſent.
The wealth which he with *Helen* brought aſhore
(I would before he brought it he had dy'd)
To *Menelaus* he will give and more.
But his wife *Helen* ſhall with him abide.

Beſides,

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Besides, the People have commanded me
To ask you if you will the War suspend,
Until our dead fetcht off and burned be;
And after fight till *Jove* the War shall end.
So said *Idæus*. The *Greeks* silent were
A while. At last *Tydides* rose and spake.
Let not the *Greeks* so much the *Trojans* fear
As *Helens* goods, or her herself to take
At *Alexander*'s hands. The hour is come
(As any Child may manifestly see)
That must orethrow the State of *Ilium*.
So said *Tydides*, and much prays'd was he.
Then *Agamemnon* answer'd to *Idæus*,
You hear what th'*Argives* say. I say the same.
As for the dead men burn them if you please;
They're good for nothing, I contented am.
And of this Truce let *Jove* a witness be.
This said, to *Jove* his Scepter up he heav'd.
Idæus back to *Troy* went speedily
The Answer to relate he had receiv'd.
Mean while the States of *Troy* in Counsel sat,
And there their Heralds coming back expected.
Idæus then went in, and told them that
The offer made by *Paris* was rejected.
But that a Truce was granted for a day.
Next Morn the *Trojans* early as they cou'd
Went some to th' field to fetch their dead away,
And others to the Hill to fetch down wood.
So did the *Argives* some to *Ida* go
For wood, and others to the bloody field.
But could not then distinguish friend from foe.
But by and by the Sun began to guild
Scamander Plain; then washt they off the gore
And dust, and laid their dead men upon Carts.
But *Priam* had forbidden them to roar,
Or cry outright, though grieved at their hearts.
When they had burnt them, back they went again.
The *Greeks* too, when they had coulum'd with fire
And done their lamentation for the slain,
Unto their Ships did back again retire.

But

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But this th'*Achæans* did at break of day,
And rais'd one mighty Monument for all.
And the incurſion of the Foe to ſtay;
Their Navy they incloſed with a Wall.
With Turrets high and a great Ditch without,
(Upon the ſides whereof ſharp Pales they fix)
And Gates for Charrets to go in and out.
And all the day thus toyling were the *Greeks*.
Mean while the Gods together ſat above,
And wondring lookt upon this work of men;
And *Neptune* then addreſt his Speech to *Jove*.
What mortals will the Gods conſult agen?
See you not what a Wall the *Greeks* have rear'd,
And what a ditch about it made, ſaid he,
The fame whereof 'mongſt people will be heard
As far as the Sun-beams extended be?
Yet to the Gods they Hecatomb gave none.
Whereas the Walls that I and *Phœbus* rais'd
About the City for *Laomedon*
Obſcur'd by this no longer will be prais'd.
Then anſwer'd *Jove*. *Neptune*, I never thought
That ſuch a word would e're have come from you
That have the pow'r to bring their work to nought.
A leſſer-God might have complain'd, 'tis true;
But of your pow'r *Aurora* ſees no bound.
Stay only till the *Greeks* be gone away;
Then break their Wall, and throw it to the ground,
And hide the place with Sand. Thus talked they.
The Sun now ſet, and finiſht was the Wall.
The *Greeks* went back then each man to his Tent,
And many good fat Beeves they made to fall;
And Wine they had great ſtore from *Lemnos* ſent.
For Ships abundance laden were come in,
Which by *Euneus* (th'Hero *Jaſon*'s Son
Got on *Hypſiphile*) thither ſent had been,
For which the Army barter'd. Hides gave one,
Another th'Ox it ſelf, another Braſs,
One Iron, and another gave a Slave,
Beſide what by *Eunëus* given was
To th' two *Atrides* of free gift to have.

When

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When Supper ready was they all sat down,
And all night long the Feast continued,
Greeks in their Tents, and *Trojans* in the Town.
And all night long aloud *Jove* thundered,
Meaning no good to th' *Greeks*. Then pour'd they on
The ground the offer'd wine, *Jove* to content.
And no man durst to drink till that was done.
And when they had well drunk to sleep they went.

ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. VIII.

THe Morning now was quite displ'd, and *Jove*
Upon *Olympus* highest top was set:
And all the Gods and Goddesses above
By his command were there together met.
And *Jupiter* unto them speaking said,
You Gods all and you Goddesses d'ye hear,
Let none of you the *Greeks* or *Trojans* aid;
I cannot do my work for you. Forbear.
For whomsoever I assisting see
The *Argives* or the *Trojans*, be it known
He wounded shall return and laught at be,
Or headlong into *Tartarus* be thrown,
Into the deepest pit of *Tartarus*,
Shut in with Gates of Brass, as much below
The common Hell, as 'tis from Hell to us.
But if you will my pow'r by trial know,
Put now into my hand a Chain of Gold,
And let one end thereof lye on the plain,
And all you Gods and Goddesses take hold;
You shall not move me howsoere you strain.
At th'other end, if I my strength put to't,
I'll pull you Gods and Goddesses to me
Do what you can, and Earth and Sea to boot,
And let you hang there till my pow'r you see.
The Gods were out of countenance at this,
And to such mighty words durst not reply,
Till *Pallas* said, Well known, O Father, is
Your mighty Pow'r. But do not us deny,
When we so many *Argives* falling see,
To show we have compassion, and grieve.
And though in fight we no Assistants be,—
Yet let us somtimes counsel to them give,

Lest

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Left in your anger they be all destroy'd.
Dear Child (said *Jove*) it goes against my mind.
I would not have my Orders disobey'd.
'Tis granted though. For I'll to you be kind.
This said, he set his Horses to his Charre,
Hard hoof'd, swift-footed Horses two. Like Gold
Their Mains profound well-combed shined farre.
Then arm'd himself, and on the whip laid hold.
No sooner had the Horses felt the Whip,
But up they start, and 'twixt the Earth and Sky
The winds themselves with swiftness they outstrip,
And came unto the top of *Ida* high
To *Gargarus*, and there *Jove* took them out,
And hiding them with air on th'Hill sate down,
And as he sat he cast his eyes about
With great content upon the Fleet and Town.
The *Argives* at their Tents short Break-fast make,
And arm'd themselves assoon as they had done.
The *Trojans*, for their Wives and Childrens sake,
(Though fewer) arm'd and made haste to be gone.
Then open'd were the Gates, and to the Field
Out came they Horse and Man; and being met,
They Man to Man came up with Shield to Shield,
And Spear to Spear; and on each other set.
Some groan'd, some vaunted, mighty was the din
Of those that kill, and those that falling cry.
And this condition they continued in
Until the Sun had mounted half the Sky.
Then *Jove* took up a pair of Scales of Gold,
And weigh'd the fates of both the Nations,
And equally suspended them did hold;
But not so equal were their inclinations.
For th'*Argive* Scale sat still upon the ground,
While th'other lifted was up to the skies.
Heaven and Earth did then with Thunder sound,
And *Jove* threw Lightning in the *Argives* eyes.
Then all the *Greeks* amazed ran away.
Idomeneus and *Agamemnon* ran;
Nor either of the *Ajaxes* durst stay:
Except old *Nestor* they fled ev'ry man.

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And *Neſtor* too had fled, had he known how:
For of his Horſes *Paris* one had ſhot,
And pierc'd his Forehead juſt above the Brow
Into the Brain, ſo that his Chariot
Now uſeleſs was, and the Horſe troubleſome.
Then cuts he th'Harneſs; but ſo long did ſtay,
That *Hector* now was almoſt to him come,
And th'Old man ſurely had been caſt away,
But that *Tydides* ſaw him in this pain,
And terribly t'*Ulyſſes* cryed our,
Whither d'ye fly *Ulyſſes?* Come again,
Help to defend old *Neſtor*; face about.
While he ſa'd this, *Ulyſſes* ſtill ran on,
Not minding what he ſaid. And *Diomed*,
To ſuccour *Neſtor*, to him went alone,
And with him ſtood before his Chariots head,
And ſaid, O *Neſtor*, youthful is the Foe
That cometh on, and you now very old,
Your Charioteer not ſtrong, your Horſes ſlow,
Come up into my Charret, and behold
My *Trojan* Horſes how well they can run
When there is cauſe t'approach or ſhun the fight.
From *Venus* Son *Æneas* I them won,
A man of much experience in flight:
Send back your Horſes, and with mine we'll go
And fight the *Trojans*. 'Twill not be amiſs
To let the mighty Champion *Hector* know,
A Spear as mad is in my hand as his.
This ſaid, both *Sthen'lus* and *Eurymedon*
With *Neſtor*'s Horſes went to *Neſtor*'s Tent:
Neſtor and *Diomed*, both mounted on
Tydides Charret, up to *Hector* went.
And when they were to one another near,
At *Hector Diomedes* threw in haſte,
And miſs'd of him, and kill'd his Charioteer;
Clean through his Breaſt the Spear well driven paſt.
Down dead he fell, but *Hector* lets him lye,
And turns aſide to ſeek a Charioteer
The place of *Heniopeus* to ſupply.
And *Archeptolemus* then being near,

Call'd

(Call'd up by *Hector*) on the Reins laid hold.
Then mighty work and slaughter there had been,
And *Trojans* shut like Lambs within a Fold
In *Troy*, but that it was by *Jove* foreseen.
For in a Clap of Thunder *Jove* down threw
His Bolt at *Diomedes* Horses feet.
And th'Earth with Sulphur flaming looked blew.
Nestor himself astonish'd was to see't;
Lets go the Reins, and down the Horses fell.
And *Nestor* then to *Diomedes* said,
'Tis *Jove* (you see) that doth our force repel,
And *Hector* (for this day) intends to aid.
Another day to us he will be kind,
If he see cause; for no man can him tie,
Nor able is to make him change his mind.
And therefore now our best course is to flie.
'Tis true, O *Nestor* (said *Tydides* then)
But what a pain then at my heart will lie,
When *Hector* speaking to the *Trojan* men,
Shall brag he made *Tydides* from him flie?
Then should I wish the Earth would swallow me.
Though *Hector* saies so (*Nestor* then reply'd)
Believed by the *Trojans* 'twill not be;
So many of them by your hand have dy'd.
And at this word his Steeds he turn'd about.
A show'r of Spears then from the *Trojans* flies,
Who them pursued with a mighty shout.
Then *Hector* loud unto *Tydides* cries,
Ho! *Diomed*, by th'*Argives* honoured
Above the most, serv'd with a greater Mess,
And higher Seat, and Wine unlimited,
You will hereafter be esteemed less.
Unmanly *Diomed*. Fly, Baggage, fly.
You ne'er shall come within the Walls of *Troy*
To fraight your Ship with Women here; for I
Intend to send you first another way.
This said, *Tydides* was a while in doubt
Whether to turn or no and *Hector* meet,
And thrice to turn his Horses was about, [Fleet,
And *Jove* thrice thund'ring turn'd them tow'rd the

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Shewing that he the honour of that day
Had granted to the *Trojans*. *Hector* then
Purſu'd them cloſe, and roaring all the way,
Trojans, ſaid he, and Aids now play the men.
For ſure I am that *Jove* is on our ſide,
And give us will the Victory this day.
And fools they are that in their Wall confide;
For through their Trench our Horſe ſhall find a way.
When we are at the Ships let one or other
Have fire to burn them ready, and then fall
Upon the Men confounded in the ſmother.
This ſaid, he did upon his Horſes call.
Xanthus, *Podargus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus*, ſee
You pay now what you owe me for your meat
Laid in your Mangers by *Andromache*,
Who alwaies ſerved you with pleaſant wheat,
And ſteep'd ſometimes (when ſhe thought fit) in Wine,
And very oft (though I her Huſband be)
Your dinner was made ready before mine
Now, now purſue the *Argives* luſtily,
That *Neſtor*'s Shield of Gold I may obtain,
Nor of *Tydides* Armour muſt we fail
By *Vulcan* wrought. If we but theſe can gain,
The *Argives* will this very night hoiſe Sail.
At *Hectors* ſpeech *Juno* upon her Throne
Unquiet ſitting made *Olympus* ſhake.
For mov'd ſhe was with his preſumption,
And looking upon *Neptune* to him ſpake.
Neptune, ſaid ſhe, are you not ſtir'd at this?
You know at *Ægæ*, and at *Helice*
Their liberality abundant is.
And ſure I am you wiſh them victory.
What! Cannot we who with the *Argives* ſide,
If we our pow'rs together join in one,
Drive back the *Trojans* and abate their pride,
And leave *Jove* here to ſit and chafe alone?
Juno (ſaid *Neptune* griev'd) theſe words are bold.
I'll not rebel. For we ſhall have the worſt;
And ſo we have by *Jupiter* been told.
Thus *Neptune* and the Wife of *Jove* diſcourſt.

And

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And now between the Walls and Ships, the place
With Horſes and with armed Men was fill'd,
And crammed were within a narrow ſpace
By *Hector* that was Maſter of the Field.
And had not *Agamemnon* been inſpir'd
By *Juno* to put courage in his men,
The *Argive* Ships had certainly been fir'd,
And never had the *Greeks* gone back again.
Then 'mongſt the Ships he went, and ſtayed at
Ulyſſes Ship, which was the middlemoſt
Of all the Navy, and the talleſt; that
He might be heard to both ends of the Hoſt,
Both to *Achilles* and to *Ajax* Tent,
Clad in th'Imperial Robe that all might ſee't.
For theſe two being the moſt confident,
Had plac'd themſelves at th'utmoſt of the Fleet.
And with a mighty voice to th'*Argives* cry'd,
Diſgrace of *Greece*, meer outſides, where are now
Your Brags, that any of you durſt abide
An hundred *Trojans*, and yet dare not ſhow
A Face to *Hector* who our Ships would fire?
But this was ſaid at *Lemnos* in your Wine,
Which rais'd your language than your nature higher;
But cooled now the Battle you decline.
Was ever King afflicted as I am,
O *Jove*, or loſt a Victory ſo near?
And yet at all your Altars as I came,
My Sacrifices duly payed were,
In hope that I the Town of *Troy* ſhould ſack.
But grant at leaſt, O *Jove*, that we may come
Our ſelves into *Achaia* ſafely back,
And not be here deſtroy'd at *Ilium*.
This ſaid, *Jove* grants them ſafely to depart.
And from him preſently his Eagle came,
And brought the tender iſſue of a Hart,
And near unto his Altar dropt the ſame.
The *Argives* when they ſaw the Bird of *Jove*,
Were to the Fight again encouraged,
And who ſhould firſt repals the Trenches ſtrove.
And he that firſt came forth was *Diomed*.

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And much before that any of the reſt
Had any ſlain, he killed *Agelaus*,
Whom with his Spear he pierc'd from Back to Breaſt,
When from him he his Charret turning was.
Then *Agamemnon* came, and *Menelaus*,
And then the greater *Ajax*, then the Leſs.
The ſixth the King *Idomeneus* was,
And with him came his Squire *Meriones*.
And next *Eurypylus Euæmon's* Son.
The ninth was *Teucer* with his Bow unbent,
Hid with the Shield of *Ajax Telamon*.
His mighty Brother to the Field he went,
Which *Ajax* lifting, *Teucer* choſe his man,
And having at him aim'd, and ſhot, and kill'd,
As Children to their Mothers, back he ran,
And hid himſelf behind his Brothers Shield.
How many were the men he killed thus?
Orſilochus, *Ophleſtus*, *Lycophon*,
And *Melanippus*, *Detor*, *Ormenus*,
And *Chromius*, and laſt *Amopaon*.
All thoſe lay dead together on the Sands.
When *Agamemnon* ſaw what work was done
By *Teucer's* Arrows on the *Trojans* Bands,
He to him came, and ſaid, O valiant Son
Of *Telamon*, ſo ſo your Shafts beſtow,
Unto the *Argives* all an honour be,
And to your Father *Telamon*; For though
Unto your Mother marry'd not was he,
Yet has he ſtill maintain'd you as his own.
And if it pleaſe *Jove* and the Pow'rs divine
To make me once the Maſter of this Town,
Your ſhare ſhall be the next ſet out to mine,
And to your honour ſhall receive from me
A Tripod, and two Horſes with the Charre,
Or if you will, your bed ſhall honour'd be
With ſome fair Woman taken in the war.
Teucer to this then anſwer made and ſaid,
Of this encouragement no need have I.
Since we came forth I have no time delaid,
But done as much as in my pow'r did lie.

Eight

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Eight Shafts already have gone from my Bow,
And in as many *Trojans* fix'd have been.
Of this mad dog I miſs I know not how.
Then took he out another Arrow keen,
And aim'd at *Hector*, but he hit him not,
But wounded on the Breaſt *Gorgythion*
Who on fair *Caſtianira* was begot,
And of King *Priam*'s valiant Sons was one.
Who falling on his knees hung down his head
Juſt as a Poppy charg'd with fruit and rain,
So had his Caſk his Head oreburthened.
And *Teucer* then at *Hector* ſhot again.
And miſs'd again. *Apollo* put it by.
But *Archeptolemus* his Charioteer
He miſſed not. *Hector* ſcap'd narrowly,
And *Archeptolemus* expired there
Shot through the Breaſt. *Hector* was ſorry, but
Leſt him. *Cebriones* chanc'd to be nigh,
And in his hands *Hector* the Reins did put,
And from his Charret leapt down ſuddenly,
And took a heavy Stone into his hand.
Teucer the while again his Bow had bent,
But drawing did ſo long, and aiming ſtand,
The Stone from *Hector* th'Arrow did prevent.
And near the Shoulder on the Breaſt him ſtruck.
And broken was the Bow-ſtring with the blow,
And his benummed Arm all ſenſe forſook,
And ſinking on his Knees he dropt the Bow.
Then *Ajax* ſtept before him with his Shield.
Meciſtheus and *Alaſtor* him convey'd
Unto the *Argive* Ships from off the Field,
Grievouſly bruiſed, groaning and diſmaid.
The courage of the *Trojans* now renew'd,
They chas'd the *Argives* back unto their Wall,
And till the Trenches they had paſſ, purſu'd,
And *Hector* at their heels the near'ſt of all.
As when a Hound purſueth a wild Boar,
Or Lion, and preſuming on his Feet
Pinches his Hanch or Side, and then gives ore,
Not daring if he turn the Beaſt to meet;

So

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So *Hector* chasing them still slew the last.
And many of them had the *Trojans* slain
Ere they the Trenches and the Pale had past.
But being in they there themselves contain.
And comfort one another all they can,
And to the Gods and Goddesses they pray,
Lifting their hands to Heaven every man,
And *Hector* then turn'd off and went his way.
Which *Juno* seeing, unto *Pallas* said,
Daughter of *Jupiter* do you not see
What *Greeks* one mad man *Hector* has destroy'd?
Shall we sit still in this extremity?
To *Juno* then *Athena* thus reply'd,
Had not my Fathers wits been at a loss,
This furious *Hector* by the *Greeks* had dy'd.
But he my counsel alwaies loves to cross.
He has forgot how oft his Son I sav'd
Oppressed by *Eurisheus* tyranny.
For alwaies when his Fathers help he crav'd,
Down to the Earth from Heaven sent was I.
But had I known as much as I do now,
When for the Dog he went to *Pluto*'s gate,
He had for me till this time staid below,
And by the odious *Styx* for ever sate.
But now he hates me. And by *Thetis* led,
He must *Achilles* honour. But my hope is,
The time will come I shall be favoured
By him again, and call'd his dear *Glaucopis*.
But make you ready now your Chariot,
While I put on my Arms; that we may see
If *Hector* will thereof be glad or not,
Or if some *Trojans* rather shall not be
Left dead for Dogs and Vulturs to devour.
Then *Juno* to her Charre the Horses brought.
To *Jove*'s house *Pallas* went, and on the floor
Threw down her long Robe, and put on *Jove*'s Coat.
And then her Breast with Armour covered,
And on her Shoulder hung her fearful Shield.
Then took her heavy Spear with Brazen head,
Wherewith she breaketh Squadrons in the Field.

Then

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Then open of it self flew Heaven-gate,
(Though to the Seasons *Jove* the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late)
And out the Goddesses the Horses drave.
Then *Jove* to *Iris* said, Go, to them speak.
Tell them an ill match they will have of me.
I'll lame their Horses and their Charret break,
Unto the ground they both shall tumbled be;
And with my Thunder wounded shall be so,
That ten years after they shall not be well.
For I would have *Glaucopis* well to know
What 'tis against her Father to rebel.
But *Juno* is so us'd to cross my will,
That towards her my anger is the less.
Then *Iris* went her way from *Ida* hill,
And near *Olympus* met the Goddesses,
And as she bidden was did to them speak,
What fury's this? Whither d'ye go, said she:
Jove will your Horses lame, your Charret break,
And to the ground you both will tumbled be,
And with his Thunder wounded will be so,
That ten years after you will not be well.
For you *Glaucopis* he will make to know
What 'tis against your Father to rebel;
But *Juno* is so us'd to cross his will
That he affronts from her can better bear;
But *Pallas*, at your hands he takes it ill
That you should dare against him lift a Spear.
Iris, her errant done, no longer stay'd,
And to *Minerva* thus said *Juno* then,
Jove shall no more for me be disobey'd,
By taking part in War with mortal men.
But let One live, and let another die,
As by the chance of War it shall fall out,
And let him do what he thinks Equity.
This said, her Chariot she turn'd about.
The Horses by the Seasons freed and fed,
The Charret was set up against the Wall,
The Goddesses themselves then entered,
And took their places in the Councel-Hall

With

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With th'other Gods. And *Jove* himself from *Ide*
T'*Olympus* came, and lighted from his Charre,
And *Neptune* from the same his Steeds unty'd,
And set them up, and of them had a care.
The Charret he set to the Altar near
Cover'd with Linnen fine. Then to his Throne,
His Throne of Gold mounted the Thunderer,
And made *Olympus* shake as he sat down.
But *Juno* and *Athena* silent sat
Together by themselves from *Jove* apart
And discontent. But *Jove* knew well for what;
And answer made to what was in her heart.
Juno, said he, and *Pallas*, why so sad?
Your fight against the *Trojans* was not long.
And more you had been vexed if it had;
So much for th'other Gods I am too strong.
The danger scarce begun was when you fled.
But had you dar'd the Battle to maintain,
You had been by my hand so thundered,
You never had t'*Olympus* come again.
Juno at this and *Pallas* grumbling sate,
And *Pallas* from replying did abstain,
Although no less the *Trojans* she did hate.
But *Juno* was not able to contain.
O cruel *Jove*, said she, what words are these?
Must we unto our friends be so ingrate,
Because we know you can do what you please,
As not the *Argives* to commiserate?
We are content since you will have it so,
No longer in the War to give them aid:
But let us give them counsel what to do,
Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd.
Juno (said *Jove*) to morrow you shall know
If you'll be pleas'd the Battle to behold,
How many martial *Greeks* I'll overthrow.
For *Hector* shall not be by me controul'd
Until *Achilles* be fetch'd back again,
And at the *Argive* Ships the Battle be
About the Body of *Patroclus* slain.
For so it is ordain'd by Destiny.

And

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And for your anger *Juno* I nor care,
Though to the end of Earth and Sea you go,
(Where pent *Iapetus* and *Saturn* are
In horrid darkneſs) and complain; yet ſo
I will not for your anger care a jot.
For you are grown extremely inſolent.
Thus *Jupiter*; and *Juno* anſwer'd not.
Then down the Sun into the Ocean went,
Drawing upon the Fields a cloudy Night,
Which gave the *Trojan* Army no content,
But to the *Greeks* more welcome was than Light.
The Army *Hector* call'd to Parliament,
And led them to a clean place free from blood,
And there they all on foot about him throng.
Hector unto them giving Orders ſtood
With Spear in hand eleven Cubits long.
Hear me you *Trojans* and you Aids, ſaid he,
I thought we ſhould have now the *Greeks* deſtroy'd,
And lodged in the Town with Victory.
But this my hope is by the Night made void,
Nor can we help it. Let us now provide
(For Supper) Beeves and Sheep, & Wine and Bread
From *Troy*; and let the Horſes be unty'd,
And care be taken that they be well fed.
Then fetch in wood, and fires abundance make,
That with the flame lightned may be the Sky,
Leſt th' *Argives* in the dark advantage take,
To go aboard and ſafe to *Argos* fly.
Let them imbark at leaſt in haſte, and bear
Along with them their wounds uncured home,
That others who ſhall ſee't may ſtand in fear,
And ſay, This 'tis to fight 'gainſt *Ilium*.
And let great Boys and old Men all night wake
Upon the Walls and Tow'rs, and Guards be ſet,
And every Wife at home a great fire make,
Leſt into *Troy* the Foe by Treaſon get.
This (valiant *Trojans*) let be done to night.
To morrow I ſhall further order give.
I doubt not but to put theſe Dogs to flight
By th' help of *Jove*, and *Ilium* relieve.

But

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But while 'tis Night have on your Guards a care,
To morrow early arm your selves for fight.
For to the *Argive* Ships I'll bring the War,
And trial make of *Diomedes* might,
If from the Ships he drive me shall away,
Or with my Spear I him shall overthrow
And send his bloody Armour into *Troy*.
To morrow he his strength will better know.
I would I were as certain not to die,
And ot old age live still free from the sorrow,
As *Phœbus* and *Athena* do, as I
Am sure we shall defeat these *Greeks* to morrow.
Thus ended he. The *Trojans* full of joy
Their sweating Horses soon took out and fed,
And some were sent into the Town of *Troy*,
To bring in Beeves and Sheep, and Wine and Bread,
While others fetcht in Wood. Then to the Sky
Arose the pleasant vapour of the Roast.
The *Trojans* confident of Victory
Sat chearful at their Arms throughout the Host.
As many Stars as in a Heav'n serene
Together with the Moon appear i'th' Night,
When all the tops of Hills and Woods are seen,
And joyful are the Shepherds at the sight:
So many seem'd the Fires upon the Plain.
A thousand Fires, and at each fifty men,
That by their Horses there all night remain
Expecting till *Aurora* rose agen.

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ILIAD.

LIB. IX.

THus Watch the *Trojans* kept. But at the Fleet
Distracted was with fear the *Argive* Host,
And their Commanders; as when two Winds meet,
The Sea between them into heaps is tost.
And *Agamemnon* grieved at the heart,
Bad th'Heralds forthwith to th'Assembly call
The prime Commanders ev'ry one apart,
And not make proclamation once for all;
And some of them himself he summoned.
When met were all the Leaders of the *Greeks*,
They sat them down with hearts discouraged,
And tears ran down on *Agamemnon*'s Checks.
As Springs of Water issue from a Rock,
So fell the tears from *Agamemnon*'s eyes,
And to th'Assembly thus he weeping spoke.
My friends what help can any man devise?
Jove told me I should conquer *Ilium*,
And unto *Argos* safe return agen,
And now deceiv'd me has, and sends me home
With shame when I have lost so many men.
And thus he loves to do to shew his might.
Therefore my Counsel *Argives* all obey:
Let's hoise our Sails and save our selves by flight;
For we shall never take the Town of *Troy*.
This said, the Princes long time silent sit.
At last *Tydides* rising thus reply'd,
King *Agamemnon* so far as 'tis fit
In such a publick place I must you chide.
Take it not ill, because not long ago
You me with want of courage did upbraid
Before the *Greeks*, as old and young well know.
Jove giv'n you has the Right to be obey'd,

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And grac'd you with the title of our King,
But has deny'd you a couragious Spirit,
Which now is the most necessary thing.
You think too meanly of your peoples merit;
As for your self, if you will needs away,
Go. That's your way. Your Ships there ready lye
That from *Mycene* brought you unto *Troy*,
But leave the rest their fortune here to try.
If none else stay, yet *Sthenelus* and I
Will not give over fighting till we know
To what side *Jove* will give the victory.
The Gods (I'm sure) will favour to us show.
This Speech the Lords commended very much.
Then *Nestor* rose and to *Tydides* said,
There is not of your age another such,
For Counsel wise, in Battle not affraid.
None will deny but what you say is right;
But you have not said all you could have done;
And no great wonder, since for age you might
(So young you are) have been my youngest Son.
Yet the advice you given have is best;
I that am elder what wants will supply,
Adding thereto what you have not exprest,
To take from *Agamemnon* all reply.
For none but such as have no Law, nor Kin,
Nor House, in civil discord can delight.
But let us first our chiefest work begin, [Night.
And make the Youngmen keep good watch all
And let them all from you (*Atrides*) take
Their Orders. For you are our General.
And for the Princes a good Supper make,
And all the eldest Captains to it call.
It best becomes you that can do it best.
For in your Tents of Wine you have good store,
And easlier provided than the rest,
So many Ships you have to bring in more.
Hear their advice, and do what you think fit.
Good Counsel now we need the most of all,
Since our insulting Foes so near us sit.
By this nights Counsel we must stand or fall.

Thus

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Thus *Nestor* said, and 'twas agreed upon:
The Captains of the Watch then streight went forth;
First *Thrasymedes* that was *Nestor*'s Son;
And after him six Captains more of worth,
Ascalaphus, and then *Ialmenus*,
Then *Aphyes*, and then *Meriones*,
And *Lycomedes*, and *Deipyrus*:
The seven Captains of the Watch were these.
And with each one an hundred Spearmen went
Betwixt the Pale and Wall, and supped there.
And the old Leaders t'*Agamemnon*'s Tent,
And by him nobly entertained were.
But when they had an end made of the Feast,
Nestor his Counsel further open laid,
Which formerly had alwaies been the best;
And looking t'*Agamemnon* thus he said.
King *Agamemnon* I'll with you begin,
And with you end, since you the Scepter bear,
And in your care it lies to lose or win.
You chiefly should good Counsel give and hear.
Hear then what now is my opinion,
Than which a better I think you'll not find,
Nor is it now the first time thought upon.
But heretofore I was of the same mind,
When from *Achilles* you *Brisis* took,
And I advised you to let her stay,
Though my good Counsel then you could not brook,
But to your own great heart too much gave way,
Dishonouring the man of greatest might
In all the Army, and most honoured
By all the Gods, and contrary to Right
Taking the Prize which he had purchased.
So that the bus'ness we have now to do
Is how to reconcile him if we can,
What Gifts to give him, who shall with them go;
And with sweet language pacifie the man.
This said, *Atrides* penitent reply'd,
O *Nestor*, all you charge me with is true,
And for *Achilles* sake ('tis not deny'd)
Jove does th'*Achean* Army now subdue.

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He whom *Jove* loves worth a whole Army is.
But since I made *Achilles* discontent,
I'll make amends for what I did amiss,
And send a noble Present to his Tent.
I'll name the Gifts I'll give him one by one.
Seven fire-new Trevets. Talents ten of Gold.
Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won
Each one their Prizes, and yet are not old.
A man that hath so many and so fleet
I think not poor, but Gold may quickly win,
When I consider with their nimble feet
How many Prizes they have brought me in.
And Women seven, the best of women kind
For Beauty and for works of Housewifery.
And unto these *Briseis* shall be joyn'd,
And I'll be sworn she goes untoucht from me.
And all this shall be sent him presently.
Hereafter, if we win the Town of *Troy*,
Let him before the prey divided be,
Come in and carry to his Ship away
As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass.
And twenty *Trojan* women which he please,
Helen except. But if it come to pass
That safe to *Argos* we repass the Seas,
My Son in Law he shall be if he will,
And as my Son *Oreſtes* honour'd be;
Within my house three Daughters I have still,
Iphianassa and *Laodice*,
And fair *Chrysothemis*, take which he list
And to his Fathers house convey. For I
On setling of estate will not insist,
But of my own do that sufficiently.
Seven Cities he shall have: *Pheræ* divine,
Enope, *Ire*, and *Cardamyle*,
And *Pedasus* that fertile is of Wine,
Anthia, *Æpia*, all on the Sea
Of sandy *Pyle*; and rich in Sheep and Kine
The people are, and will his Laws obey,
And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r divine.
All this I'll give his anger to allay.

And

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And this content him may if any thing.
Inexorable none but *Pluto* is,
But hated for't. I am the greater King,
And elder man; he should consider this.
Thus *Agamemnon*. And then *Nestor* said,
The Gifts, O King, no man can reprehend.
The next thing to be thought upon and weigh'd,
Is whom we shall unto *Achilles* send.
I think that *Phœnix* ought to lead the way,
Then *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, and with these
The publick Heralds two, *Eurybates*
And *Odius*, and here no longer stay
Than to bring water for our hands, that we
May first send up our Prayers unto *Jove*,
That our Embassage may successful be.
This said by *Nestor* all the rest approve.
When water was brought in they wash'd and pray'd;
The Youngmen fill'd the Temperers with Wine;
And round about the full Cups were convey'd,
And offer'd up unto the Powers divine.
When they had offer'd, and drunk what they would,
And parting were from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
Old *Nestor* to instruct them how they should
Achilles best persuade, out with them went.
And one by one advis'd them what to say,
Especially *Ulysses*. Then they went
Saying their Pray'rs to *Neptune* all the way
Until they came unto *Achilles* Tent.
Who sitting, in his hand had a Guitarre
To pass the time, and sung unto the same
The nob'e Acts that had been done in Warre
By th'ancient *Heroes* men of greatest fame.
Patroclus sat before him looking when
He shou'd have done. *Ulysses* then led in
Ajax and *Phœnix*. And *Achilles* then
Leapt up as one that had surprized been.
And them receiving kindly to them said,
Welcome my friends, what ere your bus'ness be.
To see you I am not a little joy'd,
Although th'*Achæans* have provoked me.

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And to his friend *Patroclus* order gave.
A larger Temperer (ſaid he) ſet up,
For theſe the deareſt friends are that I have.
Pure be the Wine, and give each man a Cup.
Patroclus did ſo. And ſets on a Pot
Upon the flaming fire, and puts into't
A good Sheeps Chine, another of a Goat,
Beſides the Chine of a fat Bore to boot.
The Blood boyl'd out *Automedon* it takes
And holds it to *Achilles* to divide,
Who of it many equal portions makes.
Patroclus makes a fire of wood well dry'd;
And when the flame was ſpent, the Coals he rakes
Till they lay even; Then the meat he ſpits
And roſtes; and when 'twas roaſted up it takes,
And on clean Dreſſer-boards the ſame he ſets;
And brought (in Baſkets) to the Table Bread;
And by *Achilles* was ſet on the Meat.
Who when he ſaw the Table furniſhed
Over againſt *Ulyſſes* took his Seat.
And bad *Patroclus* ſacrifice, who then
The firſt cut took and threw into the fire,
And freely to their meat then fell the men.
But when of food they had no more deſire,
Then *Ajax Phœnix* jog'd, which was the ſigne
When to begin, for which *Ulyſſes* ſtaid.
Ulyſſes then fill'd up his Cup with Wine,
And ſpeaking to *Achilles*, thus he ſaid.
All health t'*Achilles*. Noble is your fare,
And by *Atrides* treated well we were.
Your Tables plentifully furniſht are.
But that's not it for which we now are here.
Our Ships in danger are to be deſtroy'd;
The *Trojans* are encamped near our Wall.
Unleſs you condeſcend to give us aid,
By *Hector* they are like to periſh all;
Who threatens he will ſet them all on fire,
And is encourag'd to't by Signs from *Jove*.
To ſee the morning riſe is his deſire,
And feareth neither Men nor Pow'rs above.

And,

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And like a Dog enrag'd, and looking grim,
Assures the *Trojans* he our Ships will burn,
And either put us for our lives to swim,
Or never to *Achæa* to return.
I am affraid the Gods perform it will,
And so to perish here will be our fate.
Rise then; if but a little you sit still,
All you can do for us will come too late.
And then I am assured you will grieve
(When remedy there can be none) in vain:
Therefore, while yet you can, the *Greeks* relieve;
Your Fathers Counsel call to mind again.
My Son, said he, (when you took leave for *Troy*)
May *Juno* and *Athena* strengthen you.
But this one Lesson take from me. I pray
Remember still your Anger to subdue.
Decline all contestation of the Tongue,
And let your Conversation gentle be.
So shall you win the hearts of old and young
In the *Achæan* Host. Thus counsell'd he.
Though you have this forgot, yet now be friends,
And since he sorry is, forget th'offence
And take the Gifts he offers for amends,
Which we esteem a worthy recompence.
I'll name the Gifts he offers one by one.
Seven fire-new Trevets. Talents ten of Gold.
Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won
Their sev'ral Prizes, and yet are not old.
A man that has so many and so fleet
I think not poor, but Gold will quickly win,
When I consider with their nimble feet
What Prizes to *Atrides* they brought in.
And seven fair Women best of all the kind
For Beauty and for works of Housewifery,
And unto these *Briseis* shall be joyn'd;
And swear he will, she is from blemish free.
And all this shall be sent you presently.
Hereafter if we take the Town of *Troy*,
You may before the Prey divided be
Come in and carry to your Ship away;

As

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As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass;
And twenty *Trojan* Women which you please,
Helen except. But if it come to pass
That safe to *Argos* we get ore the Seas,
His Son-in-Law you shall be if you will,
And as his Son *Orestes* honour'd be.
Within his house three Daughters he hath still
Iphianassa, and *Laodice*,
And fair *Chrysothemis*, take which you list,
And to your Fathers house convey her; he
On setling of estate will not insist,
But of his own do that sufficiently.
Seven Cities you shall have. *Pheræ* divine,
Enope, *Ire*, and *Cardamyle*,
And *Pedasus* that fertile is of Wine,
Anthia, *Æpia*. All on the Sea
Of sandy *Pyle*; and rich in Sheep and Kine
The people are, and will your Laws obey,
And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r Divine.
All this he'il give your Anger to allay.
And though *Atrides* and his Gifts you hate,
Honour'd you are by th'other *Argives* all,
And should have pity of their sad estate,
Who in such numbers before *Hector* fall.
Whom you may have the honour now to kill;
For now he will your Spear no longer shun,
But stand you in the open field he will;
For 'mongst the *Greeks* he thinks there's like him none.
To this *Achilles* answer'd, and thus said,
Ulysses, I perceive I must be plain.
For if I be not so, I am affraid
I shall be put to speak my mind again.
But to prevent more importunity,
What once I say I'll do. Those men I hate
Whose Tongues and Hearts I find to disagree,
As much as I abominate Hell-gate.
I will no more perswaded be to fight
By *Agamemnon* or by any *Greek*,
Since they my labour do so ill requite,
And they that fight, and fight not fare alike.

For

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For good and bad are equal when they die.
Then for my pain and danger in the Wars,
What more than any other man have I?
With me as with a Bird i'th' field it fares,
That to her unfledg'd young ones bringeth meat.
She has it in her mouth and hungry is,
Yet she forbears and gives it them to eat.
With the *Atrides* twain my case is this.
In blood by day I lead a weary life,
And sleepless am the great'st part of the night,
And why? That *Menelaus* may win his Wife
Achilles must against the *Trojans* fight.
I did so; and from *Troy* twelve Cities won
Upon the Shore i'th' Land eleven more,
And all the Prey I sent to *Atreus* Son,
Wherein of precious treasure was great store.
A small part he divided 'mongst the Host.
Somewhat he gave for honour to the best;
But to himself made sure to keep the most.
And firm is whatsoere he gave the rest.
From none but me his gift he takes away.
I am content, and let him keep her still
And her enjoy. But why then came to *Troy*
Atrides with such strength? What was his will?
Was it not only for fair *Helens* sake?
What then must no man love his Wife but they?
Yes, all men of their own Wives much should make,
If they have either wit or honesty.
And I love mine as well as he loves his,
Although she be my Captive. But since she
By *Agamemnon* from me taken is,
Ne'er think *(Ulysses)* to prevail with me.
He shall not twice deceive me. But provide
(Ulysses) that your Ships not burned be.
I know a Wall, a Ditch pal'd, deep and wide
Is made by *Agamemnon* without me.
But all this will not *Hector* long keep out.
But with the *Greeks* when I went to the fight
He never durst to show his face without
The *Scæan* gate, save once. And then by flight

He

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He ſcap'd. And ſince I am no more his ſo,
To morrow to the Gods I'll ſacrifice,
And lanch and lade my Ships, and homewards go.
And you ſhall ſee me ere the Sun ſhall riſe
Upon the *Helleſpont* if you think fit.
And how my luſty *Myrmidons* can row.
And ſo (if *Neptune* pleaſe) the Wind may fit,
As in three days we may to *Phthia* go,
Where Treaſure plenty I behind me left:
And now ſhall carry thither Gold and Braſs,
Iron and Women fair, although bereft
Of her that giv'n me by *Atrides* was.
Tell him all this, and ſpeak it openly,
Leſt other *Greeks* put up the like diſgrace.
As for my ſelf, though impudent he be,
He dares no more to look me in the face.
I will no more in Battle or Advice
With *Agamemnon* joyn. Let him be glad
He could deceive me once. He ſhall not twice.
There let him reſt. The Gods have made him mad.
I hate his Gifts. And him I value not.
Though he would twenty times as much bring forth
As now he has, or to him ſhall be brought,
Or all that's at *Orchomenus* is worth,
Or *Thebæ* that *Ægyptian* Town that can
Send twenty thouſand Charrets to the field,
And all provided well with Horſe and Man,
Yet ſo I will not t'*Agamemnon* yield;
No, nor for Gold as much as here is ſand,
Till he has ſmarted for this injury,
Nor any Wife will I take at his hand
Though ſhe ſhould fairer much than *Venus* be.
Nor though ſhe could like *Pallas* work, or better,
I'll not his Daughter take. Bid him beſtow her
Upon ſome Prince he thinks more worthy. Let her
For Huſband have a King of greater power.
For if the Gods to *Hellas* bring me home,
Peleus will there provide me of a Wife.
Kings Daughters not a few there are; of whom
I ſhall chuſe one, and with her lead my life,

And

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And with my Father live contentedly.
For all the wealth of ſtately *Ilium*,
Which they enjoyed in tranquillity
When yet the *Argives* were not hither come,
And all *Apollo*'s ſacred Treaſury
Laid up at *Pytho* is not price enough
The Life of any man though poor to buy.
Horſes, and Kine, and Sheep, and Houſhold-ſtuff
May be recover'd, but mans Life can not.
My Mother *Thetis* told me has my end,
That if I fight 'gainſt *Troy* 'twill be my lot
To dye there, but that Fame would me commend.
But on the other ſide aſſured me,
That if 'gainſt *Ilium* I warred not,
But back to *Phthia* went, my Fate would be
Long time to live, and after be forgot.
And I adviſe you and the reſt to ſail
Aſſoon as may be to your native Land;
For you will not at *Ilium* prevail,
Since *Jupiter* protects it with his hand.
And now go tell the Princes what I ſay,
That they may better counſel take to ſave
Their Ships and Men by Sea, becauſe the way
Which now they take no good effect will have.
Let *Phœnix*, if he will (not elſe) ſtay here.
This ſaid, th'Ambaſſadors were mute, and ſorry
They from him could no better anſwer bear
Than a denial flat and peremptory.
At laſt unto *Achilles Phœnix* ſpake;
If you, ſaid he, reſolv'd are to be gone
And leave the War for *Agamemnon*'s ſake,
In what eſtate ſhall I be here alone?
When you to *Agamemnon* firſt were ſent,
You were a Child and underſtood not War,
Unable to ſay clearly what you meant,
Which the firſt principles of Honour are.
And by your Father I was with you ſent
To ſhow you how you were to ſpeak and do.
So that if you to go be fully bent,
You need not doubt but I ſhall be ſo too,

And

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And should be though I were as young as when
I *Hellas* left, and from my Father fled
Amyntor Son of *Ormimus*, who then
A Concubine had taken to his bed.
My Mother, to the end to make her hate
In such a way the old mans company,
Was with me oftentimes importunate
To court her, and I did thereto agree,
And got her love. Which when my Father knew,
He fell into a mighty passion,
And many bitter curses on me threw,
And pray'd the Gods I ne'er might have a Son.
His Pray'r by *Pluto* and by *Proserpine*
Was heard, and I no longer would abide
At home; but cross'd a while was my designe,
By Friends and Nephews that my purpose spy'd,
Who pray'd me and retain'd me with good chear;
Many good Kine they kill'd and lusty Sheep,
And many Swine were dayly singed there,
And much Wine spent, and nightly watch they keep
By turns nine Nights together; and fires twain,
One in the Court against my Chamber-door,
Another in the Porch they kept in vain.
For on the tenth the Court-wall I leapt ore,
And undiscerned to King *Peleus* fled
Who us'd me as a Father would his Son,
His only Son far off begot and bred;
Enrich'd and gave me the Dominion
Of the *Dolopians*, who are a part
Of *Peleus* Realm. Now no man like you is,
Divine *Achilles*, whom I love at th'heart,
And joy that I have brought you up to this,
Though painful to me were your Infancie,
Who not at Feast nor in the House would eat,
If first I did not set you on my Knee,
And into little pieces cut your meat.
And often on my Breast you puk't your Wine.
But since I knew my Line with me would end,
To take you for my Heir was my design
Who in my feeble age might me defend.

Master

Master your heart *Achilles*. For you know
The Gods, though stronger and more fear'd than you,
With Incense and with Pray'rs are made to bow,
Although from men they not receive their due.
For Prayers of high *Jove* the Daughters are;
Though lame their feet, and squinting be their eyes;
And follow wrath (though she runs faster far)
And to the hurt it does, give remedies,
And cure all those that show them due respect.
But when an angry man they cannot move
That reconcilement always will reject,
They call for Judgment from their Father *Jove*.
Therefore, *Achilles*, give respect unto
These Goddesses the Daughters of high *Jove*,
As other mighty men and Princes do.
Had not *Atrides* to redeem your love
Offer'd you Presents great, and promis'd more,
I never had advis'd you to agree
To save their Ships from burning on the Shore.
Till that were done you could not blamed be.
But since he does so amply make amends,
And chosen has good men to intercede,
Who are of all the *Greeks* your greatest friends,
Refuse them not the grace for which they plead.
Such was the Heroes custom heretofore,
When one had done another injury,
The damage they had done first to restore,
And then with Gifts and Pray'rs buy Amity,
But I will tell you how it came to pass
At *Calydon* long since, not yesterday.
War 'twixt the *Curets* and th' *Ætolians* was,
These to defend, the other to destroy.
For *Oeneus* having got his Harvest in,
To all the Gods made a great Sacrifice.
Only *Diana* had no part therein,
Forgot she was; he did not her despise.
But she in anger sent a great wild Bore,
That wasted and made havock of his field,
And up by th'roots his goodly Fruit-trees tore.
This Bore *Meleager* Son of *Oeneus* kill'd,

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Assisted by the Youth of many a State
That to the Chase with Men and Hounds came in.
Between them then *Diana* rais'd debate
About who was to have the Head and Skin.
While *Meleager* with them were to War,
The *Curets* never durst approach the Wall,
Although they were the greater number far.
But when with Choler swelled was his Gall,
(Which often happens to a man though wise)
He kept his Chamber and abstain'd from fight,
Offended with his Mothers injuries,
And of all company eschew'd the sight,
But *Cleopatra* Consort of his Bed,
Child of *Marpissa*, who (by stealth) was Bride
Of *Idas*, who at that time carried
For Strength the reputation far and wide.
This *Idas* Child was *Meleager's* wife.
But *Idas* rashly for his dear wife's sake
Against *Apollo* did engage his life,
And him at Bow and Arrows undertake.
But *Cleopatra* then surnamed was
Halcyone, that was not so, before
Her Father with *Apollo* fought, because
She did her Mother's death so much deplore.
With her now grieving *Meleager* lay,
And angry at the Curses of his Mother;
Who to the Gods continually did pray
Against his life for killing of her Brother;
And from her eyes the tears ran down her Breast,
And often with her hand the ground she smote,
Making to *Pluto* and his Queen request
To kill her Son; which they rejected not.
Mean while the uproar heard was at the Gates,
And thumping of the Tow'rs of *Calydon*.
To *Meleager* then came Priests and States
Intreating him his Armour to put on,
And save the Town, and offer'd for his pain,
As much good Land (to take it where he would,
One half for Wine, the other half for grain)
As fifty able Oxen labour could.

Then

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Then came his Father ratling at his door,
His Brothers, and his angry Mother too:
But he perſiſted in his will the more;
His deareſt friends could with him nothing do.
But when the cry and danger now was nigher,
And on the Tow'rs the *Curets* mounted were,
And ready now to ſet the Town on fire,
Then *Cleopatra* to her Huſband dear
Shew'd th'Image of a Town won by the Foe
How butcher'd are the men, the houſes burned,
Their Wives and Children drag'd away; and ſo
Her Huſband's heart again to pity turned.
Then went he and repell'd the Enemies,
Though what they promis'd him they never gave.
But that's not it to which I you adviſe;
But firſt the ſhips, and then the *Greeks* to ſave;
But not without theſe gifts to go to War:
For more unto your honour it will be
To give them aid when ſatisfi'd you are,
By *Agamemnon* for the injury.
Thus *Phœnix* ſaid. *Achilles* then repli'd,
Such honour I ſeek none. *Jove* honours me,
Since by his will I at my ſhips abide,
And will do till I dead or ſtrengthleſs be.
No more moleſt me for *Atrides* ſake;
But ſtay with me, and equal to me reign,
And ſuch as are my friends for your friends take,
And do not looſe my friendſhip his to gain.
Stay then this night, and take your lodging here;
My anſwer t'*Agamemnon* theſe will carry;
Aſſoon as morning ſhall again appear
We'll talk of whether we ſhal go or tarry.
And as he ſpake thoſe words, he winkt upon
Patroclus to give order for his bed,
That he himſelf prepare might to be gone.
Amongſt them then great *Ajax* ſpake and ſaid,
Ulyſſes come, our labour here is loſt;
Let's carry back his anſwer, ſuch as 't is
To *Agamemnon* and the *Argive* Hoaſt,
Who us expect, ſince obſtinate he is,

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And can a thought so savage entertain,
Unkind and unregardful of his friends,
When others for a Son or Brother slain
Can be contented to receive amends,
And let the man that slew him live in rest,
Assoon as they have paid for their misdeed.
But you *Achilles* harbour in your breast
An everlasting anger without need,
And hurtful to your friends no less than Foes,
For 'tis but for one maid he took away;
And for her now he seven on you bestows,
And much beside your anger to allay.
Regard your house. We your domesticks are,
Nearer than any of the *Greeks* beside,
And in your honour more concern'd by far.
Thus *Ajax* said. *Achilles* then repli'd,
O *Ajax*, noble Son of *Telamon*,
I not deny but all you say is well,
But always when that man you mention,
My choler rising makes my heart to swell:
He made me his to th' *Argives* despicable,
As if I were a Fool or Inmate who
Of honour in a Town is incapable,
And with the Publick nothing has to do.
Go therefore let *Atrides* know my mind.
I will no more against the *Trojans* fight,
Till *Hector* at my Tents and Ships I find,
And th' *Argive* Fleet be flaming in my sight.
But if he come unto my Ships, I think,
Keen as he is I shall his fury stay.
This said, unto the Gods above they drink,
And then they with his answer went away.
Patroclus then gave order for a bed
With woolly Cov'rings soft and Linnen fine
For *Phœnix*, where he lay till day was spread.
But with *Achilles* slept a Concubine,
Fair *Diomeda* whom he brought away
From *Lesbos* when he had that City sackt,
And in another part *Patroclus* lay.
Nor he a beautiful Bed-fellow lackt

Fair

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Fair *Iphis* whom *Achilles* gave him when
He newly rifled had the Town of *Scyros*,
And now th'Ambassadors were come agen,
And to them store of people flock'd, desirous
To hear the news, and Wine unto them brought.
But *Agamemnon* first inquir'd and said,
Ulysses, will he save the Fleet or not,
Or is his choler not to be allay'd?
And he *Achilles* answer then related.
The man, said he, retains his anger still,
And now 'tis greater rather than abated,
And says, to morrow put to Sea he will.
And your Alliance and your Gifts rejects,
And says he would advise us to go home,
Since *Jupiter* himself the Town protects,
He says in vain we stay at *Ilium*.
And bids you order take to save the Fleet.
Thus said he, as these know as well as I,
Ajax and both the Heralds men discreet,
Who all the while he spake were standing by,
And *Phœnix* too. But he lies there all night,
That ore the Sea together they may go,
If *Phœnix* will, assoon as it is light;
But forc't is not whether he will or no.
When thus *Ulysses* ended had his story,
All silent were a while and much dismai'd
With his denial flat and peremptory.
At last *Tydides* to them spake and said,
O King *Atrides*, we have done amiss
With Gifts and Prayers thus to seek his aid,
That proud before, by this made prouder is.
Let him go when he will. Be not afraid,
But let's refresh our selves to night with Bread
And Wine. For that gives men both strength & heart,
And see your men i'th' morn imbattelled,
And at the head of them do you your part.
This said, the Princes of the Hoast admir'd
The gallant Speech of valiant *Diomed*:
And every one unto his Tent retir'd,
With a good will to sleep, and went to bed.

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ILIAD.

LIB. X.

ALl night the Princes of the *Argives* slept,
Save *Agamemnon*, who could take no rest,
But with unquiet thoughts was waking kept,
And casting for his safety what was best.
And frequent as the Lightning flashes are
When *Jove* is making Rain or Hail th' Skies,
Or somewhere punishing the proud by War;
So frequent then were *Agamemnon*'s sighs.
And when the fires he saw upon the Plain
Made by the Foe, and th'Acclamation
And Shouts he heard, he wondred. But again
When he his Ships and People look'd upon,
Then by the roots he pluck'd off from his Head
Handfuls of Hair, and sigh'd and groaned more;
And thought it best then to be counselled
By *Nestor* how he might himself restore.
And rising up his Coat he first puts on,
And to his smooth white feet his Shoes he ty'd;
And then above his Coat, he cast upon
His Back a great and tawny Lions hide.
And *Menelaus* too that waking lay
And trembling in his bed all night, for fear
The *Greeks* that for his sake were come to *Troy*
Should fall into some great disaster there,
Rose up and to his Brothers Tent went in.
A Spear he had in's hand, and armed was,
Having upon his back a Leopards skin
And on his Head a Helmet good of Brass.
And said to *Agamemnon*, Brother, Why
So early up? Have you a mind to send
Into the Army of the Foe some Spy?
I fear you will not find so bold a friend

As

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As thither dares to go i'th' night alone.
Brother (said *Agamemnon*) you and I
Must better counsel take than we have done,
Since *Jove* now favoureth the Enemy,
And takes in *Hector*'s Sacrifice delight.
For so much harm so soon was never done
As he to us has done in one days fight;
Yet nor of God nor Goddess is the Son.
His this days Acts the *Greeks* will ne'er forget.
But go you to the Princes quickly. Run.
Call up *Idomeneus* the King of *Creet*,
And the great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*.
While I call *Nestor* up and bring him to
The place which is appointed for the guard,
T'instruct the men with what they have to do,
Because his Counsel they will most regard.
For by his Son the Watch commanded is,
And with him we *Meriones* have join'd.
Then *Menelaus* farther askt him this
(That he might fully understand his mind)
When they are call'd, what next is to be done?
Must I stay here till you come back again,
Or after you about the Army run?
No, no, said he, where you are now, remain.
But going call upon each one aloud,
And by the name he from his Father takes,
And praise them all, let them not think you proud;
Pain is no shame when 'tis for our own sakes.
This said they part, and *Agamemnon* went
To seek out *Nestor*; whom he found abed,
And all his Armour by him in his Tent,
His Shield, two Spears, and Helmet for his Head,
And Belt of many Colours finely wrought,
Which alwaies he was wont in War to use
When he his people unto Battle brought.
No Labour would he on his age excuse.
Now raised on his Elbow, Who, said he,
Are you that walk abroad when others sleep?
Stay there I say and come no nearer me,
Until your name you tell, at distance keep.

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Seek you some Officer or Camerade?
I *Agamemnon* am, said he, your friend
Whom *Jove* to bear such miseries hath made
As while I live will never have an end;
And in my bed no sleep at all I take
For fear of some unfortunate event.
Unsetled is my Heart, my Limbs all shake,
And in this plight I wandred to your Tent:
And now I pray you, since you waking lye
Come with me to the Watch; for since the Foe
Unto our Wall encamped is so nigh,
They charge us may by night for ought we know.
To this old *Nestor* answer made and said,
Think not *Atrides Jove* will all things do
As they are now in *Hector*'s fancy laid?
For harder work he would be put unto
If we *Achilles* can but once appease.
But go, I'll follow you, and call upon
Tydides and *Ulysses* if you please,
Ajax the less, and *Meges Phyleus* Son.
I wish some other man of nimbler feet
Were to great *Ajax* sent to make him rise,
And to *Idomeneus* the King of *Crete*,
Whose quarter from this place a great way lyes.
But *Menelaus* I intend to chide,
That sleeps and leaves the work to you alone.
'Tis no fit time within his Tent t'abide,
But to the Princes should himself have gone.
To *Nestor Agamemnon* then reply'd,
O *Nestor*, he is often negligent,
And often I have pray'd you him to chide.
Yet 'tis not sloth; but my Commandement
He always looks for though there be no cause.
And yet to-night he has prevented me.
For up and arm'd before me now he was;
And when he came I sent him presently
To call up *Ajax* and the King of *Creet*.
And at the Watch we both of them shall see,
Where I appointed have the rest to meet.
Nestor again reply'd, 'Tis well, said he,

The

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The *Greeks* will of him have a better thought,
And readier obedience he will find.
This said, he put himself into his Coat,
And ty'd his Shooes on, and his Cloak well lin'd,
And took his Spear in hand. Then on they went
Amongst the *Argive* Ships upon the sand.
And when they came unto *Ulysses* Tent,
To call and waken him, they made a stand.
And *Nestor* with his voice stretcht to the height
Call'd to him by his name. *Ulysses* streight
Came forth and said, Why come you in the night?
Your bus'ness sure must be of mighty weight.
O *Laërtiades*, said *Nestor* then,
Take it not ill. Such is our misery.
But come with us to call up other men,
That we may Counsel take to fight or fly.
Ulysses then return'd into his Tent,
And on his shoulder hung his painted Shield;
And with them first to *Diomed* he went
Whom they found armed in the open field,
His Soldiers sleeping lay about him round,
And on his Buckler each one had his head,
The Butt-ends of their Spears fixt in the ground,
Whereof the points like Lightning glittered.
But he himself slept on a good Cow-hide,
His Head upon a gaudy Carpet laid.
Then *Nestor* came and standing at his side
Awakt him with his foot and to him said,
Awake *Tydides*, hear you not how nigh
The *Trojans* are encamped to the Fleet?
This said, *Tydides* leapt up suddenly,
And when he raised was upon his feet,
Nestor (said he) unhappy restless man
That aged as you are take not your ease,
When younger men there are that better can
Call up the *Argive* Princes if they please.
'Tis true (said *Nestor*) I have at my Tent
Sons of my own, and others can command,
Who might upon such Errands have been sent,
But that upon the very brink we stand

Of

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Of Life and Death. And since you pity me,
Call little *Ajax* up, and *Phyleus* Son.
For young you are, and can do't easilie.
Tydides then a Lions skin puts on
Tauny and reaching to his heels, and then
Into his hand he took a heavy Spear,
And out he went and called up those men,
When to the Watch they come together were,
The Captains of the Watch were not asleep,
But all were sitting at their Arms awake.
As Dogs that guarding are a Fold of Sheep
Hearing the noise the Hounds and Hunters make
When in the Woods they chace some savage beast,
And nearer still and nearer hear the cries,
They doubt the worst, and cannot take their rest,
But list'ning stand and sleep forsakes their eyes;
So watchfully spent they the tedious night,
And ever when of Feet they heard the tread
'Twixt them and *Troy*, that way they turn'd their sight;
So much they *Hectors* coming on did dread.
When *Nestor* coming by, observ'd them had,
So, so (said he) brave Lads, continue so,
And give no cause to *Hector* to be glad.
He and the Princes then together go
(All that to Counsel had been made to rise
Except *Meriones* and *Nestor*'s Son
Whom they thought worthy with them to advise)
And part the Ditch, and sitting down upon
The place to which they were pursu'd before
By *Hector*, who retiring thence left clear
The ground from dead mens Carkasses and Gore,
Of what they next should do consulted there.
First *Nestor* spake. Who dares (said he) to go
Unto the *Trojan* Camp that lies so near,
And kill, or bring thence some outlying Foe?
Or what they shall resolve upon to hear?
Whether (since they have worsted us) to stay
So near us or retire into the Town.
If this he do and safely come away,
He to himself acquire will great Renown,

And

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And by each one that has of Ships command,
He for his service shall be well requited.
Each one an Ewe and Lamb shall give him, and
He to our publick Feastings be invited.
This said, they paus'd a while, but by and by
Tydides rising spake. *Nestor*, said he,
To go into the *Trojan* Camp dare I.
But 'twould be best some other went with me,
More hope and courage is where there are two;
What one observeth not the other may.
A man alone can little see or do,
And single Judgments see but little way.
At these words many with him would have gone,
Ajaxes both the greater and the less
And stout *Antilochus* old *Nestor*'s Son,
And *Menelaus* and *Meriones*.
But most of all *Ulysses* long'd to see
What projects in the *Trojan* Camp were laid.
For none adventure farther durst than he.
Then to *Tydides Agamemnon* said,
Tydides, whom I love, now chuse your man;
Regard not Birth nor Scepters, but the cause.
Take him that you think best assist you can.
And this he said in fear for *Menelaus*.
To this *Tydides* answer made agen,
Since of my fellow I the choice must make,
Ulysses I prefer before all men,
And him for my assistant I will take;
So much in diligence he doth excel,
And so much care *Athena* of him has,
That I believe we both should come off well
Though through a flaming fire we were to pass.
Then said *Ulysses*, Speak no more of me
Nor good nor ill. The *Argives* know me well.
Let's go. Two thirds o'th' night are spent you see,
As any man that sees the Stars can tell.
Then put they on their Arms. And *Thrasymed*
Gave *Diomed* a Sword (who had forgot
To bring his own) and to defend his Head
A leather Cap without crest, call'd a Pot.

Meriones

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Meriones unto *Ulysses* gave
His Bow and Quiver, Sword and Dogskin Cap
Pleated with thongs within his Head to save
If need should be in Combat, from mishap.
For 'twixt the leathers tough inserted were
Guards of thick felt; of Bores teeth was the brim.
Eleon was the first that did it wear,
But taken by *Autolycus* from him.
And given 'twas unto *Amphidamus*,
Which he to *Molon* gave that was his guest,
And to *Meriones* then left it was,
And now upon *Ulysses* head did rest.
And being both thus armed, forth they went
And by the way a Heron Dexter flew,
A lucky signe and by *Athena* sent,
As by the sound made by her wings they knew.
Ulysses then unto the Goddess pray'd,
Hail Virgin-Daughter of Almighty *Jove*,
That all my labour seest and giv'st me aid,
Now more than ever let me find your love.
Grant me that I some good exploit may do
To vex the *Trojans*, and come safe from thence.
And then *Tydides* pray'd unto her too.
Celestial Maid that with my Father went'st
When he Ambassador to *Thebes* was sent
With words of Peace, and coming back atchieved
By your assistance and encouragement
Such noble Acts as scarce will be believed,
If you will aid me as you aided him,
O Goddess, I will to you sacrifice
A Heifer, and with Gold her horns I'll trim.
This said, their Suit the Goddess not denies.
When their Devotion now was at an end,
Away they went 'mongst Carcasses and Blood,
Like Lions that on slaughter love t'attend.
Nor *Hector* and the *Trojans* idle stood.
But call'd a Counsel of the Chiefs, and said,
Who's he will undertake what I'll propound,
And for his pains be honourably paid,
And for his Valour far and near renown'd?

I.

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I give him will two Horſes and a Coach
The beſt that ſhall be taken from the Fo,
That will unto the *Argive* Fleet approach,
And bring me word what they intend to do;
Whether their Ships they guard as heretofore,
Or mean to quit the Siege at *Ilium*.
And beaten thus haul down their Ships from Shore,
And ere their work be finiſhed go home.
This ſaid, they ſilent ſat. But one there was
Dolon by name, the Squire *Eumedes* Son
That maſter was of ſtore of Gold and Braſs,
A ſorry fellow, but that well could run.
Hector, ſaid he, I'll to the Fleet approach.
Swear now by *Jove*, and hold your Scepter high,
I ſhall *Achilles* Horſes have and Coach,
And I for you will be a faithful Spy.
For down to *Agamemnon*'s Tent I'll go,
Where they conſult whether to Fight or Fly:
For there their reſolution I ſhall know.
Then *Hector* held his Scepter up on high.
O *Jove*, betwixt us witneſs bear, ſaid he,
No *Trojan* ſhall theſe Horſes have but you,
And yours they ſhall perpetually be.
Thus *Hector* ſwore, although it prov'd not true.
Upon his Shoulder then his Bow he hung.
His Cap of Cat, a Wolfs Skin was his Coat.
And when he gotten clear was from the throng,
With Spear in hand he fell into his trot.
And firſt *Ulyſſes* heard the ſound of feet.
I hear one come, ſaid he to *Diomed*,
Perhaps a Spy that ſent is to our Fleet,
Or one that has a mind to ſtrip the dead.
'Tis beſt t'avoid him till he paſt us be.
And then to follow him and drive him on.
But leſt he ſwifter be of foot than we,
And to the City back again ſhould run,
Riſe and be ſure to turn him with your Spear.
And when he was a lands length paſt them gone
They follow'd him. And he their feet did hear,
And thought ſome *Trojans* had been coming on

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By *Hector* sent to call him back agen.
But when they from him were scarce a Spears cast,
He knew then they were *Agamemnon*'s men,
And frighted was; and then his Feet mov'd fast.
As two Hounds in a Wood obscure and dim
Pursue a fearful Doe or Hare, just so
Tydides and *Ulysses* hunted him
When back into the Herd he could not go.
When *Dolon* to the Watch was very near,
Athena puts into *Tydides* head,
That some man else might at him throw a Spear,
And be thereby before him honcured.
To *Dolon* then *Tydides* spake and said,
Scay, or my Spear shall make you stay. For long
I am assur'd you cannot death avoid.
And as he spake the word his Spear he flung;
And miss'd on purpose, but it lighted near.
Dolon affrighted pale and trembling stands,
And in his head chatter'd his Teeth with fear.
Then in they came and seiz'd on both his hands.
And *Dolon* weeping then for Quarter pray'd,
Great Ransome for me will my Father give,
For Gold he has enough; and will, he said,
Give any price, when here he knows I live.
Then to him said *Ulysses*, Do not fear,
Nor think of death. But see you tell me true
Upon what weighty bus'ness you are here,
When others sleep, and at a time undue.
Meant you to rifle any of the dead?
Or were you sent by *Hector* as a Spy,
Or undertook the same of your own Head?
T'*Ulysses Dolon* then did thus reply.
I was by *Hector*'s promises set on,
And should have had *Achilles* Chariot
And Horses, if I to the Fleet had gone,
And good intelligence to *Hector* brought
Whether the Ships be guarded as before,
Or that the *Greeks* now beaten mean to fly,
And weary of their labour watch no more.
To this again *Ulysses* made reply,

And

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And smiling said, It was no small reward
You aimed at. *Achilles* Horses say ye?
To rule them for a mortal man 'tis hard.
The Goddess *Thetis* Son they'll scarce obey.
But tell me further; When you came away
Where you left *Hector*, where his Horses are,
And where his Arms, where other *Trojans* stay
To sleep or watch, and whether they prepare
To go into the Town, or mean t'abide
Alwaies so near our Ships as they are now.
T'*Ulysses Dolon* then again reply'd,
This also I will let you truly know.
I *Hector* left at *Ilus* Sepulcher
With other Lords in consultation,
The rest about the Bonfires waking were.
But certain Watch appointed there was none.
But those Confederates that came from far
Slept at their ease all night and watched not.
For that they trusted to the *Trojans* care,
Having no Wives nor Children with them brought.
Ulysses then examin'd him again,
How lye the Strangers? Mixt with those of *Troy*
Or by themselves? Inform me and be plain.
Nothing (said *Dolon*) but the truth I'll say.
Paons, *Pelasgians*, *Caucons*, *Leleges*,
And *Cars* lye by the Sea-side on the Sands,
The rest near *Thymbra* quarter, and are these;
The *Maons*, *Mysians*, *Lycians*, *Phrygians*.
But there's no need to tell you ev'ry thing;
For if upon our Quarters you would fall,
There lye the *Thracians* new come, and their King
Rhesus by name, and utmost lies of all.
Such Horses, yet I never did behold,
Swift as the Wind, and than the Snow more white,
With Silver cover'd is his Charre, and Gold;
Gold are his Arms and make a gallant sight,
And fitter for a God than man to wear.
But try now whether I say true or no,
And send me to the Ships, or bind me here.
Then said *Tydides* with a frowning Brow,

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Think not to ſcape though all you ſay be true.
For if I let you looſe, for ought I know
You may return agen to Fight or View;
But hurt us cannot if I kill you now.
As *Dolon* then beginning was to pray
Tydides ſword lighted on's Neck ſo juſt,
That from his Shoulders fell his Head away
As he was ſpeaking, and lay in the duſt.
And from him then they took his Cap of Cat,
His Spear and Wolfes-ſkin Coat, and Bow unbent,
And in his hands *Ulyſſes* took all that,
And to *Minerva* up his Prayer ſent.
Hail *Pallas*, whom we pray'd to for ſucceſs
Before all other Gods, receive theſe Gifts,
And us unto the *Thracian* Tents addreſs.
This ſaid, the Spoils of *Dolon* up he lifts
And laies them in a Tree; and for a mark,
They near the way laid ſtore of Boughs and Reeds
To find them coming back becauſe 'twas dark.
Then with *Tydides* onward he proceeds,
And ev'ry ſtep on Arms or Blood they tread,
And ſoon amongſt the *Thracians* they were,
That ſleeping lay as if they had been dead,
And by each one his Buckler and his Spear.
Their Horſes to the Charret-ſeats were ty'd.
Thus in three Rows the *Thracians* were laid,
Rheſus i'th' midſt; which firſt *Ulyſſes* ſpy'd,
And to *Tydides* ſpeaking ſoftly ſaid,
See there the Horſes, and ſee there the Man
Rheſus, of whom we were by *Dolon* told.
Untie the Horſes; or kill all you can,
And I upon the Horſes will lay hold.
Tydides then made by *Minerva* bold
Amongſt them killing went, and never ſtaid
(Like Lion fierce in a neglected fold)
Till he a dozen of them dead had laid.
And whomſoever *Diomedes* ſlew,
Ulyſſes following took him by the Foot
And from the place a little way him drew,
For fear the Steeds not yet accuſtom'd to't

Should

Should boggle, tremble, and refuse to pass.
To *Rhesus* last of all went *Diomed*,
And kill'd him too. So he the thirteenth was.
And panted as he slept; for at his Head
He dreamt *Tydides* all night standing was.
Ulysses to the Horses went; And now
Seiz'd, and their Heads together tyed has.
But for a Whip he made use of his Bow.
And gotten forth whistled to *Diomed*
To come away, who gave no ear thereto,
But staying with himself considered
What further hurt he might the *Trojans* do.
To draw away the Charret by the Pole,
Wherein the Golden Arms of *Rhesus* lay;
Or thence upon his Shoulders bear the whole;
Or whether he more *Thracians* should destroy.
While thus he studied *Pallas* by him stood.
Contented be, said she, with what is done.
To go unto the Ships I think it good,
For fear you thither should be forc'd to run.
Some other God awake the *Trojans* may.
This said, that *Pallas* to him spake he thought,
And from the *Thracian* Quarter came away,
And on one of the Horses backs he got,
And tow'rds the Ships at full speed then they ride,
Ulysses with his Bow still switching on.
But *Phœbus* with *Tydides Pallas* spy'd,
And angerly call'd up *Hippocoon*.
Who when he came and empty saw the ground
Where th'horses stood, & dy'd with blood the field,
And sprawling in their blood the *Thracians* found,
Ay me, said he, they have my Uncle kill'd.
The *Trojans* then in haste and frighted rise,
And at the place in great disorder meet,
And gaze upon the mischief with their eyes,
But they that did it fled were to the Fleet.
When flying they were at the Tree, where lay
The Spoils of *Dolon*, there a while they tarry,
Until *Tydides* fetch'd them had away,
And to *Ulysses* given them to carry,

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And mounted was upon his Horſe agen.
Agen *Ulyſſes* ſwitch'd them tow'rds the Fleet;
And when they near it were, Old *Neſtor* then
Who was the firſt that heard the Horſes Feet
Cry'd out, The ſound of Horſes feet I hear;
I wiſh *Ulyſſes* 'twere and *Diomed*.
But ſomewhat elſe and worſe it is I fear;
So many ſad miſhaps run in my Head.
He ſcarce had ſpoken this but they came in.
When they alighted were and welcomed
With Hands and Speeches of their Friends had been,
Then *Neſtor* thus *Ulyſſes* queſtioned.
Ulyſſes, Glory of the *Greeks*, ſaid he,
Whence are theſe Horſes beauteous as the Sun?
Won from the *Trojans?* But that cannot be.
For ſuch amongſt the *Trojans* I ſaw none,
Though I amongſt them were in ev'ry fight.
Or given by the Gods? Which may be true.
For both of you are gracious in their ſight,
And *Jove* and *Pallas* have a care of you.
O Noble *Neſtor*, ſaid *Ulyſſes* then,
Gods can give better Horſes if they pleaſe.
For richer much are they than mortal men.
Tydides from a King of *Thrace* took theſe,
Who was come newly to the *Trojans* aid;
And ſlain him has, beſides a dozen more,
And beſides theſe a Spy that them betraid,
By *Hector* ſent, your purpoſe to explore.
This ſaid, *Ulyſſes* with much people went
Triumphing, and the milk-white Horſes drave
Over the Trenches to *Tydides* Tent.
There ſets them up, and Wheat unto them gave;
But *Dolon*'s Spoils aſtern his Ship he plac'd,
Preparing for *Athena*'s Sacrifice.
And then into the Sea they went and waſh'd
The ſweat from off their Shoulders, Legs & Thighs,
And after bath, and 'noint themſelves with oyl,
That done, they ſit down to their meat and dine.
And being thus refreſhed from their toil,
Unto the Goddeſs *Pallas* offer Wine.

ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XI.

Aurora rising from *Tithonus* bed
Before both Gods and Men to hold her light,
Eris from *Jove* the Signal carried
Unto the *Argive* Fleet of bloudy Fight.
And down unto *Ulysses* Ship she went
That was the middlemost and high'st of all
That heard she might be to *Achilles* Tent,
And *Ajaxes*, that they might hear her call.
At th' outsides of the Fleet they quarter'd were;
For they upon their Prowess most reli'd:
Then *Eris* with her voice the Air did tear,
And horribly to the *Achæans* cri'd.
Come quickly forth into the Field and fight;
Be bold *Achæans*; to the Battle come.
Incourag'd thus the *Greeks* took more delight
In staying at the War than going home.
Fellows, to Arms, then *Agamemnon* cri'd,
And to put on his Arms the first man was;
His Leg-pieces he down to th' Anckles ti'd
With silver Buckles, Leg-pieces of Brass;
And then puts on an Armour on his breast,
That had been given him by *Cinyres*
(His antient acquaintance and his Guest)
Whilst he preparing was to pass the Seas:
For long before the *Greeks* for *Troy* set sail,
Their purpose was at *Cyprus* known by fame,
And thinking such a Gift might him avail,
In kindness t' *Agamemnon* sent the same.
The colour was by Pales distinguished,
Ten Black, twelve Gold, and twenty were of Tin:
And in it three black Serpents figured
As if they creeping were unto his Chin.

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Their sides like Rainbows lookt which in the Sky
Are shown by *Jove* for men to wonder at.
Then from his shoulder down upon his thigh
He hung his Sword. Studded with Gold was that.
Then took his Shield which finely varied was;
Bossed in twenty places with white Tin;
And round about them were ten Orbs of Brass;
And black the Circle was enclos'd within.
There *Gorgo* painted was with killing Eyes,
And with her standing Terror and Affright:
His Belt of silver was, and to the Skyes
Returned back agen the glittering light.
Wound up lay on it painted a great Snake,
Which had three heads, and crowned was each one,
And last into his hand two Speares did take,
Having his Helmet on his head put on.
Thus *Agamemnon* armed was. And then
Juno and *Pallas* both rais'd such a sound
(To honour him before the *Greeks*) as when
A man that's slain falls suddenly to th' ground.
Then every one unto his Charioter
Commandment gave upon the Ditch to stay
And ready be. The foot all armed were,
And forth into the Field were march'd away.
But soon again the Horses with them stood.
Then *Jove* amongst them Noise and Tumult sent;
And mingled was the Morning-dew with Bloud,
For on that day much bloud was to be spent.
Upon a rising ground now *Hector* was,
Æneas with him, and *Polydamas*,
And three Sons of *Antenor*, *Acamas*,
Agenor, *Polybus*, and th'Army was.
And *Hector* with a round Shield at their head.
As when a Star does through the Clouds appear,
And presently again is covered;
Sometimes i'th' Front was, sometimes in the Rear
Giving command; his Arms like Lightning show.
As Mowers standing one Rank 'gainst another,
A field of Barley or of Wheat to mow;
So *Greeks* and *Trojans* mow down one the other.

On

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On neither side thought any man of flight,
But like to Wolves on one another fly
In number equal; and gave great delight
To *Eris*, who (and no God else) was by.
The other Gods stay'd on *Olympus* Hill,
Within whose folds they dwell, and murmur'd at
Their Father *Jove* for bearing such good will
To *Ilium*. But he car'd not for that.
And by himself he from them went; and then
Took pride to see the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight,
And look on killing and on dying men,
And of their Arms to see the flashing light.
Now all the while that mounting was the Sun,
The number slain on both sides was the same.
But when the Woodman half his work had done,
And willingly unto his Dinner came,
The *Greeks* then brake the *Trojan* Ranks, and on
Fell *Agamemnon*, and *Bienor* slew,
Both him and *Ocles* his Companion
That drave the Horses which the Charret drew.
He lighting and assailing him was slain;
And *Ocles* had no time his Spear to throw:
For *Agamemnon*'s Spear had pierc'd his brain,
Passing both through his Helmet and his Brow.
These there he left stript both of Arms and Coat,
And *Antiphus* and *Isus* then drew near,
Both *Priams* Sons, one legal, th'other not,
Upon one Seat, and *Isus* Charretier.
Once by *Achilles* taken were these men
As they were feeding Sheep in *Ida* hills,
And for their Ransome were set free agen;
But both of them now *Agamemnon* kills.
For *Isus* Breast he pierc'd through with his Spear;
The other with his sword he overthrew,
And seen him had when he was Prisoner,
And that 'twas *Antiphus* (when stript) he knew.
As when a Lion with his mighty Teeth
Crusheth the tender issue of a Hinde,
Which the affrighted Dam stands by and seeth,
And grieveth, but no remedy can finde;

And

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And skipping in the Woods for shelter seeks
To save her own life; So the *Trojans* fled
Pursu'd by *Agamemnon* and the *Greeks*,
And thought not on their fellows they left dead.
T'*Hyppolochus* then comes he and *Pisander*,
Sons of *Antimachus*, a person noted
For having Gold receiv'd of *Alexander*,
And for it in the Common-Councel voted.
And these two *Agamemnon* took alive.
For by mischance the reins slipt from their hands;
And then they saw it was in vain to strive,
And *Agamemnon* now before them stands.
Then as they sat together on one Seat,
Save us (said they) *Atrides*, let us live,
For we redeem'd shall be with Ransome great,
Our Father for us what you please will give.
Are you *Antimachus* his Son, said he,
That gave advice to murther *Menelaus*,
Contrary to the Laws of honesty,
When of the *Greeks* Ambassador he was,
And with *Ulysses*, sent into the Town?
You for your Father's evil deed must pay.
Then from his Char *Pisander* he struck down;
With Breast pierc'd through upon his Back he lay.
Hyppolochus was lighted and on foot,
And with the sword of *Agamemnon* slain,
Who cuts his Head off, and his Hands to boot.
And then upon the *Trojans* prest again.
And great the slaughter was of them that fled,
And wonderful the Dust that raised was,
And both the Field and Army covered,
Forc'd up by Troops of Horses shod with Brass.
As Boughs fall in a Wood that's set on flame,
And shaken by the violence of wind;
So fast unto the ground the *Trojans* came,
When *Agamemnon* follow'd them behind.
And many Horses made their Charrets rattle,
Which empty ran about when no man drives.
For they that drave them slain were in the Battle,
A lovelier sight to Vulturs than their Wives.

But

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But *Hector* was by *Jove* set out of sight
Of all this dust and slaughter and disorder;
But *Agamemnon* still with all his might
Pursuing killed, and to kill gave order.
Then they that were encampt at *Ilus* Tomb
Retir'd in haste unto the Sycamore,
Half the Plain over towards *Ilium*,
And after them *Atrides* coverd ore
With Blood and Dust. But when the *Trojans* were
Got back unto the Beech near *Scæa* gate,
A while they for their fellows stayed there
Who swiftly ran fearing to come too late.
As when a Lion falleth in the Night
Upon a herd of Kine, and one must die,
And all the rest are put into a fright,
So *Agamemnon* made the *Trojans* fly.
And all the way he went the hindmost kill'd.
And from their Chars some forward fell, and some
Upon their Backs, and lay dead on the field.
But when unto the Wall they near were come,
Then *Jove* came down to *Ida* from the Sky
With Thunder in his hand, and t'*Iris* said,
Go *Iris* quick'ly, and tell *Hector* I
Command him *Agamemnon* to avoid
As long as in the Front he raging is,
And let the Fight by others manag'd be.
But when he *Agamemnon* wounded sees
And leave the Field, I'll g ve the Victory
To him, and he shall put them all to flight,
And to the Fleet go killing all the way,
Until the Sun be set, and dark the night.
This said, away she went without delay;
And down from *Ida* came to *Ilium*,
And finding him upon his Char, To you
From *Jove* (said she) O *Hector*, I am come
To warn you *Agamemnon* to eschew,
As long as in the Front he raging is.
And let the Fight by others manag'd be;
But when by Spear or Bow he wounded is
And leaves the Field, he'll give the Victory

To

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To you, and you ſhall put them all to flight,
And to the Fleet go killing all the way,
Until the Sun be ſet, and dark the night.
Having thus ſaid, ſhe did no longer ſtay.
Then *Hector* armed leapt unto the ground,
And with two Spears well pointed in his hand
Exhorting went about the Army round.
Their Faces then the *Trojans* turn, and ſtand.
The firſt that did advance *Atrides* was.
But tell me Muſe, Who firſt came in his way?
One of *Antenor*'s Sons *Iphidamas*,
That was brought up in *Thrace* (though born at *Troy*)
By *Ciſſeus* who his Mothers Father was,
From childhood till to mans eſtate he came,
And made his Son in-Law. But then, becauſe
The coming of the *Greeks* was known by Fame,
Was thence, although but new eſpouſed, ſent
To th'aid of *Priam* and his Sons at *Troy*,
And at *Percopa* landing t'*Ilium* went,
And now was ſtanding in *Atrides* way.
Firſt *Agamemnon* threw his Spear and miſt.
Iphidamas then at *Atrides* threw,
And hit his Belt which did the ſtroke reſiſt,
For maſſy Silver was the Belt and true,
And bent the point as if it had been Lead.
Then *Agamemnon* with his Sword came on,
And ſmote him on the Neck, and laid him dead.
Thus dy'd *Iphidamas Antenor*'s Son.
And much to be lamented was his caſe,
That far from his eſpouſed Virgin Wife
Without receiving from her any grace
Should fighting for his Country loſe his Life.
He given for her had a thouſand Kine,
And promis'd Sheep and Goats a thouſand more.
Now ſlain, and ſtript was of his Armour fine
By *Agamemnon* and triumphed ore.
But *Coon* then, *Antenor*'s eldeſt Son
Incenſed by his Brothers death came in,
And pierc'd *Atrides* Arm cloſe by the Bone
(Unſeen) the Elbow and the Wriſt between.

Then

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Then cold was *Agamemnon*'s heart with fear,
But gave not over. For as *Ceö* drew
His Brother off, He came on with his Spear,
And with a thrust, beneath his Shield him slew,
And (on his Brother) then cuts off his head.
Thus these two Brothers finished their Fate.
Atrides still the slaughter followed
With Spear, and Sword, and Stones of mighty weight,
Not giving over whilst the wound was warm.
But when 'twas cleans'd, and stayed was the Blood,
So cruel then the pain was in his Arm,
That on the ground no longer stay He cou'd.
Then mounted on his Chariot, he said,
Drive to the Ships. For he was in great pain.
And on the Princes then the charge he laid,
The Fight against the *Trojans* to maintain.
My friends, said he, 'tis your part now to stay
The fury of the *Trojans* from our Ships;
Since *Jove* not suffers me to fight all day.
This said, the Charioteer his Horses whips.
Which when they felt, away they swiftly went,
And stain'd with Sweat and Powder of the Plain
Brought wounded *Agamemnon* to his Tent,
From off the Field bestrow'd with Bodies slain.
Assoon as *Hector* saw *Atrides* gone,
Now *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians* (he cry'd)
Now charge the *Greeks* with resolution,
For he is gone on whom they most rely'd,
And *Jove* assures me that the day is mine.
This said, like Hounds encourag'd by the Hunter
Against a Lion or a tusked Swine,
The *Trojans* boldly marched to th'encounter,
And on them fell with *Hector* at the head.
And as a down-right Wind the Sea, so he
The *Argive* Ranks and Files disordered,
And them that fled pursued furiously.
But tell me Muse, whilst *Hector Priam*'s Son
By *Jove* assisted did the *Greeks* pursue,
And great renown amongst the *Trojans* won,
Who and how many were the men he slew.

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Asseus first, and then *Autonous*,
Oplites, *Dolops*, and *Opheltius*,
And then *Æsymnus*, and *Agelaus*;
Then *Orus*, and the last *Hipponous*.
All these were Princes in the *Argive* host.
But look how many are the drops of Dew,
When into th'Air the Sea by Winds is tost,
So many private Soldiers *Hector* slew.
And then incurable their loss had been,
And fled had to their Ships the *Greeks* dismai'd,
Had not *Ulysses* then the same foreseen,
And to *Tydides* not far from him said,
Tydides, to what purpose stand we here?
Come hither man and stand close to my side.
To let our Ships be lost great shame it were.
Tydides to *Ulysses* then repli'd.
Yes, yes *Ulysses* I will with you bide,
Though we shall take but little pleasure here.
For *Jove* I see inclineth to their side.
This said, he at *Thymbræus* threw his Spear,
Which lighting on his left Pap pierc'd him through.
Ulysses slew *Molion Priams* man;
Upon the Field unstript they left these two.
And then into the *Trojan* throng they ran,
(Whilst th'other *Greeks* from *Hector* swiftly fly)
Like two wilde Boars that turn upon the hounds
That know they may upon their strength rely,
And scatter 'mongst the *Trojans* death and wounds.
And there two valiant Sons of *Merops* kill'd
As they together on one Charriot sate.
This *Merops* was in Prophecy well skill'd,
And bad them stay, and told them had their Fate.
But the two forward Youths would not obey.
But led unto the War by Destiny
Unluckily came in *Tydides* way,
Where by his hand their Fortune 'twas to die.
Hippodamus was by *Ulysses* kill'd
As also was *Hypirochus*; and now
None knew who had the better in the Field
But *Jove*, who looked on from *Ida* Brow,

And

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And then *Agastrophus* King *Pæons* Son
Was by *Tydides* wounded in the Thigh,
And would have fled, but Horses he had none.
His man that held them for him was not nigh.
Yet fought he 'mongst the formost till he di'd.
This *Hector* saw, and towards *Diomed*
His Horses turn'd, and to the *Trojans* cri'd,
Come follow me, and they all followed.
And *Diomed* assoon as he saw this,
Though chill with fear, unto *Ulysses* said,
To us this plaguy *Hector* rolling is;
But stand, and let him see w'are not afraid.
This said, he straight at *Hector* threw his Spear,
Which hit his Helmet, but glanc'd from the Brass,
And never to his tender Skin came near.
This Helmet giv'n him by *Apollo* was.
But stun'd he was, and resting on his knees,
He kept himself from falling with his hand.
Dark are his eyes, nothing at all he sees,
And for a while unable is to stand.
But whilst *Tydides* on the plain advanced
To get into his hand agen the Spear,
Which from the place he aim'd at far was glanced,
Hector was mounted, and his Senses clear.
Tydides then upon him lookt and said,
Thou Dog escapt an evil death thou hast;
And twice been saved by *Apollo*'s aid.
But sure I shall dispatch thee at the last:
For of a God I also have the aid.
But now to other *Trojans* I'll go on
Such as shall come into my way. This said,
Away he went to strip King *Pæons* Son.
And then as *Diomed* was taking from
Agastrophus the Armour of his Breast,
Paris that leaning stood at *Ilus* Tomb,
To him an Arrow unperceiv'd addrest.
Which hit him on the Foot above the Toes,
And to the ground clean thorough went the Shaft.
Then openly into the Field he goes,
And coming nearer to him spake, and laught.

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Y'are hit, said he, *Tydides*. Wou'd it had
Been on your Belly, that you might have died,
The *Trojans* would of that be very glad,
That are so often by you terrified.
Proud boasting Archer (said *Tydides*) know
If in your Armour you before me stood
To try your Valour and your Force, your Bow
And Arrows would not do you any good.
You value such a Scratch as this too much.
The Weapons of the strengthless are blunted are:
Mine is not so; but whom it does but touch,
His Wife lamenting tears her Cheeks and Hair:
His Children Orphans are; and red the ground
Whereon he rotting lies; and Vulters more
Than Women standing by him will be found.
Ulysses then that neer him was before
Stept in, and stood betwixt him and his Foes
Whilst from his Foot the Arrow he pull'd out.
Then to his Charret up *Tydides* goes,
And left the Field where he had nobly fought.
And now *Ulysses* left was all alone,
For from him all the rest were fled for fear.
And then unto himself he made his moan.
Ay me, said he, what now shall I do here?
Though many be the Foes, 'tis ill to flie
But yet since *Jove* saves all the rest by flight,
It would be worse if I alone should die.
But why dispute I when I ought to fight?
None but a Coward from the Fight will run.
But he that Honour loves will stand his ground,
And be content with what he cannot shun,
Whether it be to give or take a wound.
While thus *Ulysses* argu'd in his minde,
Hector was near him, and enclos'd him had
With Targetiers before him and behinde,
Whereof they had no reason to be glad.
As when the Hounds by Hunters are set on
A wild Boar as he comes out from the Wood,
He whets his Teeth, they from him will not run;
Even so *Ulysses* 'mongst the *Trojans* stood;

Where

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Where by him slain first *Deiopites* was,
And *Thoon* then and *Ennomus* he kill'd;
And after these he slew *Chersidámas*
As from his Char he lighted in the Field.
Then leaving these, slew *Charops* with his Spear,
Socus his Brother, *Hippasus* his Son.
Then *Socus* to him came, and standing near
Unto *Ulysses* with a Speech begun.
Ulysses much renown'd for Craft and Pain,
This day you either must the Honor wear
Of having *Hippasus* his two Sons slain,
Or lose your own life wounded by my Spear.
Then threw his Spear and pierc'd *Ulysses* Shield.
His Breast-plate, and his Coat, and tore his Skin.
But *Pallas* him preserv'd from being kill'd;
For to the Vital parts it went not in.
Ulysses knew the wound not mortal was;
Made a step back, and then to *Socus* said,
Fool that thou art, that would'st not let me pass
On other *Trojans* hast thy self destroy'd,
I do not think you shall this hour outlive,
But from my Spears sharp point receive your death,
And unto me more Reputation give,
And leave your Soul unto the Pow'rs beneath.
Then *Socus* turn'd himself about to fly.
But overtaken by *Ulysses* Spear,
That pierc'd him Back and Breast, he fell down dead.
Then scornfully *Ulysses* did him jear.
O *Socus*, gallant man at Arms, said he,
By death prevented is your Enterprize;
Your eyes shall not by Parents closed be,
But shall be pecked out by Crows and Pyes.
Then from his Shield and Body he pull'd out
The Spear which at him was by *Socus* thrown.
The Bloud then from the Wound did freely spout.
Which when the *Trojans* saw, they straight came down,
And all together tow'rds him went the Rabble,
Then he retir'd and as he going was
Thrice called out as loud as he was able
For help; and thrice was heard by *Menelaus*,

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Who t'*Ajax* said, *Ulysses* voice I hear,
And like the voice of one that is distrest.
He hem'd in by the *Trojans* is I fear.
Come let us to him go, and do our best
To fetch him off. For valiant though he be,
I fear unless we aid him with great speed,
He by the *Trojans* will be slain, and we
Loose a good man, of whom we oft have need.
Then up they went, and found him by the Foes
Environ'd round. As when a Stag is shot
By some young man, he swiftly from him goes
Whilst strong his knees are and his bloud is hot.
But when he by the Arrow tamed is,
The Wolves feed on him in the gloomy Wood;
Then comes the Lion and the Prey is his.
About *Ulysses* so the *Trojans* stood,
Till *Ajax* with a Target like a Tower
Came to his aid; then fev'ral ways they fled.
Ulysses now no longer in their Power
Was from the Field by *Menelaus* led,
And mounted on his Chariot agen.
But on went *Ajax*, and slew *Pandocus*
King *Priams* Son, and wounded three good men,
Lisander, *Pylartes*, and *Pyrasus*.
Then as a River coming to the Plain,
And swell'd by *Jupiter* with showr's of rain
More than the Banks are able to contain,
Bears Oaks and Pines before it to the Main;
So *Ajax* charg'd the *Trojan* Troops. But this
Hector knew nothing of. For far off now
Upon *Scamander* Banks he fighting is,
And to the ground doth many an *Argive* throw.
There was the noise, there aged *Nestor* stood,
And there *Idomeneus*, with their Steeds.
And *Hector* that the ule well understood
Of Spears and Horses, there did mighty deeds.
And yet the *Greeks* retir'd not; nor had done
If *Paris* had not with an Arrow smot
Machaon on the shoulder to the Bone:
Three-forked was the Arrow which he shot.

And

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And mightily the *Argives* were afraid
Since now the Foe prevail'd, he would be slain.
To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* said,
O *Nestor* to your Charret mount again,
And with *Machaon* make haste to the Ships.
A Surgeon many other men is worth.
For many other men alive he keeps
By making Salves and drawing Weapons forth.
Then *Nestor* mounteth and the Horses whips,
Which they no sooner feel than they are gone,
And quickly brought unto the hollow Ships
Machaon Æsculapius his Son.
Mean while *Cebriones* the Charetier
Of *Hector* saw the *Trojans* were distrest,
And to him said, To what end stay we here
Sinde yonder by the *Greeks* our Friends are prest?
'Tis *Ajax* that disorders them, I see,
I know him by the largeness of his Shield.
Now where they fighting are most furiously,
Let us go down to that side of the Field.
This said, he clackt his Whip, his Horses ran
Unto the place where greatest was the Cry,
Ore many a Shield, and over many a man,
That gasping on the bloudy Field did lye.
The Horses Bellies and the Charret-wheels
And Axletrees with bloud were cover'd ore
Forc'd up in drops by the swift Horses heels.
And *Hector* rushing in, their Battles tore.
But *Hector* still took heed of *Ajax* Spear.
And fought in other places of the Field.
But *Ajax* struck by *Jupiter* with Fear
Amazed, at his shoulder hung his Shield;
And staring on the Foe a while he stood,
Then turn'd and softly from them went away.
As when a Lion coming from the Wood
Down to a Pasture on a Cow to prey,
Is hu'd by Dogs and Pesants in the night,
And hungry sometimes goes and sometimes stands,
But cannot have his Will for all his might,
So many Spears are flying from their hands,

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And flaming Brands which put him in a frigſt
(Keen as he is) then ſullenly he goes
Back to the Wood and comes no more in ſight;
So then retired *Ajax* from his Foes.
Or as an Aſs in ſpight of many Boes
Is got into the Corn, and there abides
Though they upon him fall with Blows and Noiſe,
And many Cudgels break upon his ſides
(For he the force of Boys but little feels)
He hardly will be driven out though fill'd,
And now and then kicks at them with his heels:
So *Ajax* at the laſt went off the Field
By *Hector* and the *Trojans* ſtill purſu'd
Upon his Shield received many a Spear;
Sometimes his Back ſometimes his face he ſhew'd,
So that they could not to the Ships come near.
Thus he between the *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſtands
While Spears abundance at him hurled were;
Some in his Shield ſtuck driven by ſtrong hands,
Some on the ground fell ſhort and fixt were there.
But then *Eurypylus Euæmon*'s Son
That ſaw him thus oppreſt came to his ſide,
And wounded with his Spear *Apiſaon*
The Liver through; and on the place he dy'd.
But as he ſtript him lying on the ground
Was ſhot by *Alexander* in the Thigh;
And broken was the Arrow in the wound,
And much increaſed was his pain thereby.
Then went *Eurypylus* into the croud,
And cry'd out to the Princes of the Hoſt,
Turn and ſave noble *Ajax* from this cloud
Of *Trojan* Spears, or elſe he will be loſt.
This ſaid, the beſt Commanders to him go
with Spears advanc'd, and Bucklers turn'd before,
And place themſelves between him and the Fo.
And then again the Fight was very ſore.
Mean while *Achilles* as he ſitting was
On high aſtern his Ship to ſee them fight
Perceived *Neſtor* and *Machaon* paſs,
And to *Patroclus* call'd with all his might,

Come

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Come hither friend. *Patroclus* heard him call,
For he was sitting in *Achilles* Tent,
And (which was the beginning of his fall)
Immediately rose up and to him went,
And said, *Achilles* what's your will with me?
Achilles then reply'd, *Patroclus* now
The *Argives*, I believe, will bend the knee.
For their condition never was so low.
But go to *Nestor* and informed be
Who 'tis that he brought with him from the Fight,
Machaon by his Back he seem'd to me,
But of his Face I could not have a sight,
So many Chars and Horses cross'd the way.
This said, unto the Ships *Patroclus* went;
But at the Ships arrived now were they,
Alighted and gone in to *Nestor*'s Tent:
The Horses by *Eurymedon* unty'd
Were cooled by the Sea-side in the air,
And of their sweat well cleansed were and dry'd,
And in the mean time *Ecameda* fair
That was the Daughter of *Arsinous*,
And taken by *Achilles* was when he
Conquer'd and sack'd the City *Tenedus*,
And by the *Greeks* to *Nestor* giv'n; and she
To *Nestor* and *Machaon* setteth up
A Table with a Black Foot smooth and fine,
And on it set a Basket, and a Cup,
And to each one before him set on Wine.
The Cup with nails of Gold was studded ore;
Four ears it had, and two Doves at each ear,
And those were Gold, and at the foot two more
In posture such as if they feeding were.
Nestor to *Troy* had with him brought this Cup.
Another scarce could lift it from the Table
When fill'd with Wine; Though he to take it up,
Old as he was, and easily, was able.
And in the same the Woman made the Drink,
With Goats-milk Cheese, & white flour sprinkled ore,
And left it on the Board full to the brink.
Then quenched they their thirst, and drank no more,

But

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But talking ſat, to put out of their thought
Their ill ſucceſs. Now at the door o'th' Tent
Patroclus was, and in by *Neſtor* brought,
And pray'd to ſit, but he would not conſent,
But ſaid, *Achilles* had me aſk you who
It is whom you brought with you from the Fight.
And this already I can anſwer to.
Machaon 'tis that ſits there in my ſight.
What need then is there of my longer ſtay?
Return I will with all the ſpeed I can,
For fear he ſhould ſome blame upon me lay
Though I deſerve it not. You know the man.
What makes *Achilles* (aged *Neſtor* ſaid)
Of th' *Argive* wounded men to take ſuch care?
He knows not how the Army is diſmaid,
Nor yet how many of them wounded are.
Ulyſſes wounded is and *Diomed*,
And *Agamemnon*, and *Eurypylus*,
And this man whom I with me hither led.
Achilles pity has on none of us;
Although our ſafety now lye in his hands.
Intends he to ſit ſtill till *Hector* burn
In ſpight of us our Ships upon the Sands,
And ev'ry one of us kill in his turn?
For now my ſtrength decayed is with age.
O that I were as ſtrong as I was then
When War 'twixt us and th' *Elians* did rage,
And we our Cattle fetcht from them agen,
And ſlew *Itymoneus* that took our Kine.
For I then went his Cattle to diſtrain,
And take amends for thoſe he took of mine.
There he defending them by me was ſlain,
And all his people from him ran away.
And there we took of fifty Herds of Kine
And of as many Herds of Goats a prey,
As many Flocks, as many Herds of Swine,
And Horſes three times fifty, females all
Of colour ſandy mixt with ſparks of light;
And moſt of them had Foals, and to the Wall
Of *Pyle* I brought this booty all by night.

My

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My Father *Neleus* joyful was to see't.
For yet he thought I was for War too young.
Next morn the Criers make the people meet,
(All those to whom the *Elians* had done wrong)
The Lords amongst them then divide the prey.
Many there were that had been injured,
And with their shares contented sent away,
Though *Pylus* were not well inhabited.
For *Hercules* not many years before
Had kill'd the best of them. And *Neleus* then
Had twelve good Sons, whereof he left no more
Alive but me. This made th' *Epeian* men
Despise our number small, and do us wrong.
And *Neleus* now unto himself did keep
The best Herd of the Kine, and from among
The Flocks chose one that had three hundred sheep,
And justly, since so great a loss had none.
For he four Steeds unto the Games had sent
Of value great, which all had Prizes won.
But by *Augias* his Commandement,
When for a Tripod they prepar'd to run,
Together with the Charrs were there detain'd.
The Charretiers related what was done.
And *Neleus* then the best o'th' Prey retain'd;
And ev'ry man had of the rest his share.
This done, unto the Gods we sacrifice.
Mean while the *Elians* for War prepare,
And two days after all together rise,
And forth o'th' Town went they both Foot and Horse;
And with them *Molions* two Sons, not yet
Arrived at the age of Martial Force,
And round about the Town *Colone* sit.
Colone is a Frontier-town between
Elis and *Pyle* upon *Alpheus* side;
Passing the Plain they were by *Pallas* seen.
And she aloud unto the *Pylians* cri'd,
To Arms you men of *Pyle*. Then in the night
We put on Arms, and to the Field we hi'd;
And chearfully went ev'ry one to fight.
My Horses only were convey'd aside.

For

For *Neleus* thought I was in War unskill'd:
But I at home could not be made t'abide;
But with the rest on foot went to the Field,
For on the Goddess *Pallas* I rely'd.
Near to *Arene* falls into the Main
A little Brook. All night by that we lay,
And in the Morn betime we march'd again,
And to *Alpheus* came in half a day.
And there to *Jove* his sacred Rites we paid.
To *Neptune* and *Alpheus* each a Bull;
An Heifer to the heav'nly martial Maid
We gave; and when the Bands of Foot were full,
Then supt we in our Ranks, and armed slept.
Th'*Epeians* still the Town besieging lay;
But seeing the War was now so near them crept,
They rose; then presently began the Fray.
And there the first man that was slain I slew,
Which *Molius* was *Augias* Son in-Law.
He wedded *Acameda* had who knew
As many Med'cines as the world ere saw.
Him first I slew, and to his Charret mounted.
Then fled th'*Epeians* scatter'd here and there:
For he the best amongst them was accounted.
And as they fled I follow'd with my Spear,
And fifty Charrets took, and at each one
Two men I kill'd; for like a Storm I went;
Nor had I left to *Molius* any Son,
If *Neptune* had not hindred my intent,
That took them up and sav'd them in a Cloud.
Great honour won the *Pyleans* that day;
For on the Plains we chac'd th'*Epeians* proud,
Killing and gath'ring Armour all the way
Until we came unto *Buprasium*,
Alesium, and *Rock Olene*; and there
Advis'd we were by *Pallas* to go home.
To *Pylus* then we went and welcome were.
And thanks were given to the Gods, but most
To *Jupiter* the greatest God. And then
In general were thanked all the Host,
And *Nestor* namely above other men.

Thus

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Thus I behav'd my self amongst the *Greeks*,
Whereas *Achilles* sitting in his Tent
Neglecting us his own contentment seeks;
Though if our Fleet be lost he will repent.
But, O *Patroclus*, the advice was good
Menœtius your Father gave you then
When I at *Phthia* was and by him stood,
By *Agamemnon* sent to levy men.
To *Peleus* house *Ulysses* came and I,
And there we found *Menœtius* and you.
And you upon *Achilles* waited nigh,
And *Peleus* to the Gods fat Cattle slew
I'th' Court o'th' grass (a Gold Cup in his hand).
And pour'd Wine on the burning Sacrifice.
And you then saw us in the Gate-house stand,
Though busie you were then to burn the Thighs.
Achilles to us came and led us in,
And made us sup, and Supper being done,
To tell our business then did I begin,
Which was to bring with us to *Troy* his Son.
Both he and you desirous were to go;
And *Peleus* then unto *Achilles* said,
Strive still to be the best, and let the Foe
Be always of your Spear the most afraid.
Then to you spake your Father, Son (said he)
Achilles is a better man of War
Than you, and higher in Nobility
Of Bloud; but you in age before him are.
Give him good counsel therefore and suggest
What's for his good although he see it not:
He will obey when for himself 'tis best;
Thus he advis'd you though you have forgot.
But do it now. For 'tis not yet too late.
Who knows but you may make him change his mind?
Or if he still continue obstinate,
Or in some Oracle a scruple find,
Or *Thetis* told him somewhat has from *Jove*,
Yet let him send his *Myrmidons* with you,
The *Trojans* from the Navie to remove,
And give th'*Achæans* time to breathe anew.

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But let him give you his own Arms. Then they
(When like unto *Achilles* you appear
Leading fresh Forces) fly will into *Troy*
And rid th' *Achæans* of their present fear.
This said, *Patroclus* grieved went his way,
And tow'rds *Achilles* Tent ran back apace
Passing by where *Ulysses* Vessels lay.
There were the Altars, there the Market-place,
There were the Courts of Justice. There he met
Eurypylus with th'Arrow in his wound,
And from his head and shoulders dropt the sweat,
And bled apace, but still his Sense was found.
Then pitying him *Patroclus* spake and said,
Ah poor Commanders of the *Achæan* Hoast,
Must we be all so far from home destroy'd,
And lye for Dogs-meat on the *Trojan* Coast?
But say *Eurypylus*, is there no way
To keep off *Hector*, but must perish all?
Nothing I know (said he) can *Hector* stay,
But in our flaming Ships we all must fall.
For all the best of us here wounded lie,
And still the *Trojan* power grows more and more.
But, O *Patroclus*, cut out of my Thigh
This Arrow-head. For it torments me sore;
And with warm water wash away the blood,
And Salves apply, the same that *Chiron* knew,
(The best of Centaurs) to be very good,
And taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* you.
For of two Surgeons in the Army, one
As much need of a Surgeon hath as I,
And *Podalirius* to the fight is gone.
Patroclus to him then made this reply.
How can this now be done, *Eurypylus*,
Since to *Achilles* I must go with speed
With *Nestors* Answer? yet to leave you thus
In torture, were but an ungentle deed.
Then in his arms he bears him to his Tent,
And there, upon a many Cow-hides spread
Laid him, and with his Knife to work he went,
And from his Thigh cuts out the Arrow-head.

And

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And in his hands he bruis'd a bitter Root;
And waſh'd away the bloud. when that was done,
He cleans'd the Wound, appli'd the Med'cine to't,
And ſtreight the blood was ſtop'd, the pain was gone.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XII.

THus was *Eurypylus* of pain releas'd.
Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fiercely fought,
Nor could the *Argive* Wall and Trench (unbleſt,
For on a Hecatomb they never thought)
Though made their Ships and Booty to defend,
Keep *Hector* and the *Trojans* long time out.
For very quickly cometh to an end
Whatere without the Gods Men go about.
I deed while *Hector* liv'd; and angry lay
Achilles at his Tent and would not fight,
And ſtanding were the Walls and Town of *Troy*,
The great Wall of the *Argives* ſtood upright.
But when the braveſt *Trojans* once were ſlain,
And many *Greeks*, and burnt was *Ilium*
That had almoſt ten years held out in vain,
And what remained of the *Greeks* gone home,
Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* both deviſe
The Wall to ruine, and the Rivers all
That in this ſpacious Mountain *Ida* riſe
Upon this *Argive* mighty work make fall.
Aeſius, *Rhe ſus*, *Heptaporius*,
Acesus, *Rhodius*, *Scamander*, and
Besides theſe ſix, the River *Granicus*,
And *Simoeis*, upon whoſe Banks of Sand
Many a Shield and Helmet ſcatter'd lay,
And many a Demi-God. Theſe Rivers all
Apollo turned from their wonted way,
Directing them unto the *Argives* Wall.
Nine days perpetually they thither run,
And *Jove* nine days together pour'd down rain,
To th'end the work might be the ſooner done.
And *Neptune* with his Trident from the Main

Before

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Before them went and wrenched out the Stone
And Timber which had there been laid with pain
The deep'st of all for the Foundation,
And made it to the Sea all smooth again.
And strow'd again with sand the ample shore.
And made the Brooks in their own Chanels run
No otherwise than they were wont before.
But this not yet, but afterwards was done.
For *Hector* had the *Greeks* with show'rs of Spears
Constrain'd to quit their Walls and Tow'rs so high
That rattled terribly about their Ears,
And back unto their hallow'd Ships to fly.
As when a Lion or a Boar beset
With Hounds and Hunters, this and that way tries
(Close as they stand) through them by strength to get
And passing on their Spears prevails or dies,
And as he goes still makes them to give way;
So *Hector* 'mongst his friends went here and there
Exhorting them the Trenches to assay.
The Horses when upon the Brink they were
Boggl'd and whinny'd, and refus'd to pass.
For broad it was and not to be leap'd ore;
And to descend into, too deep it was,
And on each side bristled with stakes good store
Fix'd by th' *Athæans* to keep off the Foe,
So that for Horse and Charres there was no way.
But very willing were the Foot to go,
And only to receive command did stay.
And then to *Hector* said *Polydamas*,
Hector, and you the Princes of our friends,
We strive in vain to make our Horses pass
Ore such great stakes so sharp'ned at the ends,
Having above our heads the Enemy.
Where (though we could get down) we cannot fight
Though *Jove* unto our side inclined be,
And to the *Greeks* should bear as much despite,
As I, that wish their Name were rooted out.
Yet if the *Greeks*, when we encumbred were
For want of room, should turn and face about,
And set upon us in the Ditch, I fear.

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A man of us would not be left alive
To tell at *Troy* what is become of us.
But if you mean to have the bus'ness thrive,
Then hear my Counsel, Let us all do thus,
Till of our Horse and Charrets we have need
Let Servants hold them to the Trenches nigh,
And we on foot fight; for if *Jove* indeed
Intend us Victory the *Greeks* will fly.
Thus he advis'd; and *Hector* thought it best,
And from his Charret leapt unto the Sand
Arm'd as he was; and so did all the rest,
And to their Charretiers they gave command
All in their order near the Trench to stand.
The *Trojans* in five parts themselves divide.
And *Hector* of the first took the Command.
But with himself he joyned two beside,
Polydamas and stout *Cebriones*,
And left a meaner man to hold his Charre.
Of all the *Trojan* Hoast the best were these.
O'th' second Party *Paris* had the cate
Joyn'd with *Agenor* and *Alcathous*.
The third commanded was by Leaders three,
First *Helenus*, and then *Deiphobus*,
The third was *Asius*. From *Arisbe* he
With mighty Horses colour'd like to flame
Bred on the bank of *Sellis* came to *Troy*.
The fourth Command unto *Æneas* came;
And he likewise two Seconds had, and they
Two Sons were of *Antenor* (both well skill'd
In War) *Archelochus* and *Acamas*.
Lastly, *Sarpedon* led into the field
The *Trojan* aids; and he assisted was
By valiant *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus*.
For of the *Lycians* which he led thither
The ablest and the best men he thought these.
And then with Bucklers joyned close together
Away they march directly to the Foe,
And to the Combat had a great desire.
The *Greeks* (they thought) as fast as they could go.
Would presently unto their Ships retire,

But t

But *Asius* would not his Horses leave
And Man, without the Trench, as others did.
Fool as he was himself so to deceive.
Upon his Charret tow'rds the Ships he rid.
But never came Triumphant back again
For all his flaming Horses and his Charre,
But by *Idomeneus* h's Spear was slain.
When *Hector* to the Ships had brought the War
The *Greeks* had in their Wall a Gate whereat
Their Horses to the Field were us'd to pass,
And *Asius* with his Charret drave to that.
Which now left open by the *Argives* was.
Their people chas'd by *Hector* to let in.
And all his Party with a mighty cry
Marcht after him as if they sure had been
The *Argives* to their hollow Ships would fly.
But were deceiv'd. For at the Gate they found
Two mighty men that like two great Oaks stood
With deep and large Roots fixed in the ground,
That many Winds and Storms had long withstood.
And *Lapiths* they were both; *Leontes* one,
The other *Polypœtes* gotten by
Pirithous. Both saw them coming on,
And staying on their hands and strength rely.
The *Trojans* led by *Asius* came on
With mighty noise, *Oreites*, *Adamas*,
(This *Adamas* of *Asius* was the Son)
Thoon, *Iamenus*, and *Oenomaus*,
And ore their heads they held their Shields on high,
For fear of Stones and Spears from off the Wall.
The *Greeks* within to one another cry
To save the Ships, the Tents, Themselves and All.
But when they saw the *Trojans* went about
To scale the Wall they roar'd and frighted were;
But the two *Lapiths* prelently leapt out,
And furiously fell on the *Trojans* there.
As if two Boars the Men and Hounds withstood,
You'd often hear the Boughs before them snap
While with their bended necks they tear the Wood;
So thick they did the *Trojan* Armours rap,

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For valiantly they fought, in part relying
Upon their strength, and partly on the Showrs
Of mighty Stones perpetually flying
Upon the *Trojans* from the Wall and Tow'rs
As thick as to the ground fall flakes of Snow
When by a cold wind stirred is the Cloud,
Their Weapons from their hands on both sides go,
And Shields and Helmets crack apace and loud.
But *Asius* at this vext to the heart
Then spake to *Jove*, and clapping of his thigh,
Ay me, said he, Thou too a Lyer art
That mad'st us to believe the *Greeks* would fly;
Who like so many mouly Wasps or Bees
That in the hollow way their Houses build
And for their young resist their Enemies,
Till they repel them or themselves be kill'd,
Still sharply fight and will not quit the place.
Thus *Asius* said, but *Jove* unmoved sate,
And none that day but *Hector* meant to grace.
And as at this, they fought at ev'ry Gate.
I cannot like a God relate it all;
The flaming Stones that from the *Trojans* flew
With fire divine up to the *Argive* Wall
On ev'ry side. How th' *Argives* no way knew
To save themselves but for the Ships to fight;
And how the Gods that with the *Greeks* took part
Sate discontent in Heav'n and full of spight
To see *Jove* so severely make them smart.
But for the fight without, 'twas first begun
By the bold *Lapithæ*, though but two they were.
For *Polypœtes Pirithous* Son
At *Damasus* threw first a heavie Spear,
And through his Helmets brazen cheeks it went,
And through the Bone into the Brain went on;
And when unto the Shades he him had sent,
He killed *Ormenus* and *Pyloon*.
And then a deadly Spear *Leonteus* threw,
Which through the body pierc'd *Hippolochus*.
And on *Antiphates* his Sword he drew
And killed him, and then *Menalus*,

Orestes

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Oreſtes, *Menon*, one upon another.
But whilſt they ſtay'd to ſtrip theſe and the reſt;
Hector, *Polydamas*, and many other
That of the *Trojan* Army were the beſt,
Were at the Trench, and ſtood upon the brink
The Wall to break, and ſet the Ships on fire.
But as they ſtood a little while to think
There came a Bird not ſuting their deſire.
An Eagle in his Pounces held a Snake,
And over *Hectors* Soldiers carri'd it
Alive, but that could yet reſiſtance make,
And by and by the Snake the Eagle bit.
The Eagle ſmarting cri'd and flew away,
And 'mongſt the *Trojans* lets the Serpent fall,
And there amazed they, and gaping ſtay
To ſee *Joves* Prodigy before them crall.
O *Hector*, ſaid *Polydamas*, though you
In Courts and Councils croſs whatere I ſay,
How good ſoere it for you be and true,
Unleſs in ev'ry thing I go your way,
(Which is not well done, for your Counſel ought
In Peace and War to have their Voices free,
And never give advice againſt their thought,
But always for the publick good to be;)
Yet now I'll tell you, if this Bird be ſent
Unto the *Trojans* as a Prodigy,
'T is not uneaſie to foreſee th'vent.
For this I think the end of it will be:
As th'Eagle in his Pounces bore the Snake,
But could not to her young ones bear it home;
So if the *Trojans* this attempt ſhall make,
They'll back unto the City ſmarting come,
And many good Companions leave behinde,
Whom th'*Argives* to defend their Ships will kill.
And this (I think) will any Augur finde
That in's profeſſion has any ſkill.
Then *Hector* ſowrely looking thus repli'd.
Polydamas, this counſel I like not;
You have a better which you from me hide.
But if indeed it be your very thought,

The

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The Gods have ſure depriv'd you of your Senſe,
That bid me not on *Jove* to ſet my reſt,
But feather'd Fowls, that fly I care not whence,
Nor whither, right or left, or Eaſt or Weſt.
But we to *Jove* the greateſt God will truſt,
That all the other Gods excells in might.
He one Bird has, that ſtill obſerve we muſt,
And that is, For our Country well to fight.
But why are you ſo much afraid? For though
You ne're ſo many ſee before you ſlain,
You of your ſelf will have a care I know
And not adventure where you may abſtain.
But if you ſtay or counſel other men
To ſtay behinde, my Spear ſhall ſtrike you dead.
This ſaid, he led them further on; and then
They all with mighty clamour followed.
And *Jove* a mighty wind from *Ida* ſent,
Which to the Ships directly blew the duſt,
That to the *Trojans* gave encouragement,
But to the *Argives* horror and diſtruſt.
Encourag'd thus unto the Wall they go
And brake down Battlements, and Poſts pluckt out,
And Piles that had been planted by the Foe
With Leavers ſtrong they wring up by the Root.
Thus at the Wall the *Trojans* laboured,
And hope they had the fame to overthrow.
Before the Battlements the *Argives* ſpread
Cow-hides, and thence threw ſtones on them below.
The *Ajaxes* then ran from Tow'r to Tow'r
Endeavouring to give the *Argives* heart,
Some with ſweet words, and ſome of them with ſowr,
According as they each one did his part.
Fellows (ſaid they) you that excel in War,
And you that great ſtrength have, and you that ſmall
(For well you know, all men not equal are)
Now play the men, there's buſineſs for you all.
Fear not the clamour of this threatning man;
Indure this brunt, which if you overcome,
As (if *Jove* hinder not) I know you can,
We'll courſe him to the Gates of *Ilium*.

Thus

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Thus they encouraged the *Greeks*. And now,
As when great *Jove* to ſhow his Armory
Upon a Winters day ſends down his Snow,
Innumerable are the flakes that fly
And cover Hills and Woods and Paſtures green,
And all the fruitful works of Huſbandry,
And cover would (but that the Sea comes in)
Both Ports and Shores; for there Snow cannot lye.
The Wall with Stones reſounded round about.
Yet *Hector* ne're had broken Wall nor Gate
But by the *Greeks* had ſtill been kept without,
Had not *Jove* ſent (the *Trojans* t'animate)
His Son *Sarpedon*. With his Shield of braſs
Lined with many folds of ſtrong Cow-hide,
And which with golden Circles ſtrength'ned was,
And two Spears in his hand to th'Wall he hi'd.
And as a Lion that had faſted long
Comes from the Hill upon a flock of ſheep,
Willing what he can do, for all the throng
Of Men and Dogs that them are ſet to keep;
So boldly goes *Sarpedon* to the Walls
With mighty hand the Battlements to tear.
And as he going was to *Glaucus* calls.
Glaucus, ſaid he, what cauſe think you is there
That we in *Lycia* more honour'd are
Than other men, and look't upon like Gods,
And higher ſet at Feaſts, and better Fare,
And drink beſt Wine, and more Land have by odds?
Is't not becauſe we foremoſt are in fight?
'Tis not in vain (they'll ſay) our Princes have
More honour, ſince they are of greater might,
And their lives venture other men to ſave.
Glaucus, if we could death eſchew and age
By running from the Battle cowardly,
D'ye think I foremoſt would my ſelf engage,
Or ever counſel you to follow me?
You know the ways to death are infinite.
Though we ne're fight we cannot always live.
Therefore come on and let us bravely fight,
And either honour gain or honour give.

So

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So said *Sarpedon*. *Glaucus* him obey'd;
And tow'rds the *Greeks* well followed they went.
Then *Mneſteus* was terribly afraid.
For to aſſault his Tower he ſaw them bent.
And lookt about what *Heroes* he could ſpy
On other Towers unto his aid to call.
He ſaw th'*Ajaxes* two, and *Teucer* by,
But too far off to hear. For at the Wall
Of Shields and Helmets ſo great Thumping was
That 'twas impoſſible to hear him call.
The Gates reſounded no leſs than the Braſs;
For fiercely they were fighting at 'em all.
Then *Mneſteus* to the Squire *Thootes* ſaid,
Run quickly call the *Ajaxes* to me,
Both, if they can be ſpar'd. I am afraid
Againſt theſe men I ſhall not able be
To keep my place. Keen Warriours they are,
But if they be themſelves diſtreſſed there,
Let *Telamonius* of this place take care,
And *Teucer* uſe his Bow and Arrows here.
Thootes then unto th'*Ajaxes* ran
Along the *Argive* Wall, and to them ſaid,
Mneſteus entreats both of you, if you can,
To come unto his Tow'r and give him aid.
Keen Warriours (he ſays) theſe *Lycians* are.
But if you be your ſelves diſtreſſed here
Let *Telamonius* of the place take care,
And *Teucer* uſe his Bow and Arrows there.
This ſaid, great *Ajax* ſaid unto the leſs,
Æliades ſtay here a while, till I
Deliver *Mneſteus* from his diſtreſs.
That done, I ſhall be with you preſently.
Ajax and *Teucer* then together go
Unto the Tow'r of *Mneſteus* with all ſpeed,
Pandion with them carry'ng *Teucers* Bow,
And at their coming found him in great need.
The *Lycians* like a black and lowring Cloud
Aſcended to the Wall and fiercely fought.
The *Greeks* reſiſt. The noiſe is mighty loud.
And with a heavy Stone ſtood *Ajax* out

That

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That two men scarce could carry, such as now
The Earth brings forth, and with the same he stroke
Epicles on the Helmet such a blow
As Head and Helmet both in pieces broke.
Down like a Diver from the Wall fell he
Headlong, and dead upon the ground he lay.
At *Glaucus* *Teucer* lets an Arrow flee
Which through his Arm unarmed made its way.
Glaucus no longer able now to fight,
Leapt from the Wall unseen unto the ground,
For fear, if of his hurt they had a sight,
The *Greeks* would make a Triumph of his wound.
Griev'd was *Sarpedon* to see *Glaucus* gone,
But not so grieved but that still he fought,
And fixt a heavie Spear in *Alcmaon*,
And with the same his life and all pluckt out.
Sarpedon then tore down a Battlement,
And wider for the *Lycians* made the way.
But *Teucer* then an Arrow to him sent.
But *Jupiter* to save his Son that day
The Shaft unto his Shield and Belt directed,
So that it passed not unto the skin.
The Shield and Belt together him protected.
And then with Spear in hand came *Ajax* in,
And with a Push that pierc'd his Shield clean through
His coming on a little while he stay'd.
But with *Sarpedon* that could little do,
That honour fought. Then to his friends he said,
Ye *Lycians* what makes you thus remiss?
Can I make way unto the Ships alone?
Strong as I am, impossible it is.
For many hands much better are than one.
This said the *Lycians* heavier than before
(To please their Prince) upon the *Argives* lay.
The *Greeks* within their broken Ranks restore,
And terrible the Battle was that day.
For neither could the *Lycians* passage make
Unto the Ships and break the *Argives* Wall,
Nor *Greeks* compel the *Lycians* to forsake
The battlements, so fiercely fought they all.

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As two men on the Confines of their ground
At two ends of a measure tugging stand,
Contending earnestly about their bound,
And each of them would fain enlarge his land:
So for the Battlement they striving stood,
And wounded one another Back and Brest,
And sprinkled was the Battlement with bloud,
Nor was it certain yet who had the best.
But as a woman that is fain to spin
To find her self and Children sorty food,
In one scale Wooll, in th'other Weight puts in
Till they hang ev'n, so ev'n the Battle stood
Till *Hector* came, to whom *Jove* chiefly meant
To give the honour of the Victory.
Then *Hector* up the Wall the formost went,
And thence unto his *Trojans* loud did cry,
Trojans come on, and break me down this Wall,
And set the *Argives* hollow ships on flame.
This said, he he heard was by the *Trojans* all,
And streight unto the Battlements they came.
Then *Hector* at the Gate took up a stone
Great and sharp-pointed; two men such as now
Could scarce have lifted up so great a one:
But *Hector* with one hand the same could throw;
For *Jupiter* to him had made it light.
And as unto a Shepherd is a Fleece
Of Wooll, that to be born needs little might;
So eas'ly born the stone by *Hector* is;
And standing at the Gate well fortifi'd
With Planks well joyn'd, and two cross-bars within,
And taking with his right foot back a stride
Out flew the stone and at the Gate went in.
The Gate then roar'd; the Hinges broken were;
The Bars upon the ground asunder lay;
And pieces of the Planks flew here and there;
And to the Ships now open was the way.
And *Hector* with a countenance like night
Flew in. And fire appeared in his eyes:
His Armour as he marched shined bright,
And light reflected up unto the Skies;

And

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And two good Spears he graſped in his Fiſt.
And then the *Greeks* were mightily afraid;
For none except a God could him reſiſt.
And then unto the *Trojans* turning ſaid,
Now *Trojans* to the Wall. And preſently
Great numbers of the *Trojans* that way paſs,
And others at the Gate. The *Argives* fly
Unto their ſhips. And great the Tumult was.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XIII.

When *Jove* had to the Ships the *Trojans* brought,
He left them fighting there, and turn'd his face
(Thinking th'Immortals would no more have fought)
And lookt upon the fields and men of *Thrace*,
And *Mysians*, and *Hippomolgi* (men
That live on Milk the goodly Mothers give
Of lusty Steeds, and are more honest than
The rest of Mortals, and do longer live.)
While *Neptune* from a hill in *Samothrace*
Lookt down and saw the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight.
For thence of *Ida* hill and all the space
'Bout *Troy* and th'*Argive* Fleet he had a sight.
And grieved was to see the *Argives* slain,
And mightily offended was with *Jove*,
And from the Hill in haste came down again,
On foot; and ever as his feet did move,
Under the same the haughty Mountains shook,
(And the thick Woods,) and unto *Ægæ* came.
Thither to come four steps he only took.
There stands a Temple sacred to his name,
Of glistering Gold and never to decay.
And there he puts his Horses to his Char.
Long Mains of Gold they had, and swift were they.
And then in Gold himself array'd for War.
And mounted on his Char ore Sea he drives.
The Whales on both sides from the bottom rise
Their King to see. The Sea her bosome rives,
But not a drop up to the Axtree flies.
Thus quickly to the *Argives Neptune* came.
Half way 'twixt *Tenedus* and *Imbrus* is
In the deep Sea a Cave, and in the same
(Lest coming back his Horses he should miss)

He

He sets them up and laid before them Meat,
And ty'd them there with Foot-locks at their feet,
Strong Locks of Gold, that loose they could not get.
Then up he went unto the *Argive* Fleet,
And there he found the *Trojans* like a Flame
At *Hector*'s heels with mighty noise and cry,
Greedy and full of hope the *Greeks* to tame,
And then in flames to make their Ships to fry.
Then *Neptune* speaking to th'*Ajaxes* two
In *Chalchas* shape, You two (said he) can save
The Ships, if you but set your selves thereto.
For of the Foe no fear at all I have
In other parts. Defended they will be
By other *Greeks*. The danger all is here
Where *Hector* like a flame you leading see,
That would be thought the Son of *Jupiter*.
If you but think some God bids you resist,
And stand your ground when *Hector* cometh on,
And chear your fellows; though *Jove* him assist,
He quickly from your good Ships will be gone.
This said, he on them both his Scepter laid.
And presently themselves they stronger find;
Their Thighs and Legs and Hands much lighter weigh'd.
And *Neptune* suddenly rose from the ground.
Just as a Hawk from off a Rock flies at
Some other Fowl; so quickly *Neptune* rose.
The lesser *Ajax* first observed that,
And to the greater did the same disclose.
Ajax (said he) this was some Deity
That in the shape of *Chalchas* bad us fight.
For 'twas not *Chalchas* I am sure. For I
As he went off had of his Legs a sight,
And of his Feet and Steps. For marks there are
To know a God by from a man. Withal
I finde my self much more inclin'd to War.
Methinks my hands and feet for Battle call.
And so do mine (said *Telamonius*)
And fain I would with *Hector* have a bout.
While they together were discoursing thus,
Neptune behinde them busie was about.

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Confirming those that to the Ships were gone
A little to refresh themselves. For they
Had long and painful labour undergone,
And heavie at their hearts the danger lay
When *Hector* and his Troops had pass'd the Wall,
And of their safety were in great despair.
But *Neptune* coming soon confirm'd them all,
And gave them hope their Fortune to repair.
To *Teucer* first he came and *Leitus*,
To *Deipyrus* and to *Meneltos*,
Meriones and stout *Antilochus*,
And standing near addrest his Speech to those
Fie *(Argives)* fie young men; what shame is this?
Upon your hands I chiefly did rely
To save our Ships. If you be so remiss,
The day is come in which we all must die
By *Hector*'s hands. O strange! I never thought
The *Trojans* durst to th'Ships have come so neer
That heretofore peep out o'th' Town durst not,
But like to Hindes that hide themselves for fear
Of Leopards, Wolves, and other Beasts of Prey.
For so at first they did. But you'll not fight:
For anger that the King had sent away
Dishonoured the man of greatest might.
But what though *Agamemnon* have indeed
Dishonour'd *Thetis* Son, must we therefore
Give over fight? Or rather with all speed
Endeavour all we can to cure the Sore?
But howsoere, you that excuseless are,
And of the *Argive* Army all the best,
And Bodies have and Hearts well made for War,
I needs must reprehend you. But the rest
That weak or wretched are I cannot blame.
Fond men, this negligence may bring forth yet
Some greater ill: Then come away for shame.
For never were the *Greeks* so hard beset.
Hector has broken both the Bars and Gates,
And now hard by our Ships he fiercely fights,
And with great noise his *Trojans* animates.
Thus *Neptune* the dismayed *Greeks* excites.

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At th'*Ajaxes* the Ranks ſtood firm and cloſe,
Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could a fault have ſpi'd.
They choſen were the *Trojans* to oppoſe
Whom *Hector* led. And ſtanding ſide by ſide,
Shield Shield, and Target Target, and Man Man
Suſtain'd, and Spear by Spear aſſiſted was.
So cloſe they ſtood, and labour all they can
Leſt *Hector* to their hollow Ships ſhould paſs.
And *Hector* with his Troops went ſwiftly on.
As when a Torrent ſwell'd with ſhowers of rain
Breaks from the hill a round and heavie ſtone,
It makes the Wood reſound, till at the Plain,
Swift as it thither roll'd, it rolls no more;
So *Hector* marching made account to paſs
Through th'*Argive* Fleet and Tents to the Sea-ſhore.
But at th'*Ajaxes* Battle ſtopt he was.
And forced back a little to recoile,
Reſiſted by ſo many Spears and Swords,
And ſpeaking to his *Trojans* ſtood a while,
And *Lycians*, and *Dardans* in theſe words.
Ye *Trojans*, *Lycians*, *Dardans* do not fly.
I know they cannot long maintain the Fight,
If we upon *Jove*'s promiſe may rely,
Who all the other Gods excells in might.
This ſaid, *Deiphobus* went tow'rds the Foe,
Holding his Buckler out before him high,
So that it cover'd him from Head to Toe.
Meriones that on him had his eye,
His Spear threw at him, which no harm did do.
For though upon the Buckler fell the ſtroke,
It carri'd not th'intended miſchief through,
But in the tough Bull-hides the Spear he broke.
Then back unto the throng he went, and ſum'd
Both for the loſs of the good Spear he brake,
And of the Victory he had preſum'd,
And went to th'Ships another Spear to take,
The reſt fought on, and mighty noiſe there was.
There *Teucer* with his Spear ſlew *Imbrius*
The Son of *Mentor*, till the *Greeks* did paſs
The Sea to *Troy* he dwelt at *Pedaſus*,

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And to *Medesicaste* there was wed.
But when the *Argives* came to *Troy*, he then
Dwelt in King *Priams* Court, much honoured
Both by the King himself and by his men.
But now by *Teucer*'s Spear was slain. And as
Upon a Hill a goodly Ashen Tree,
Unto the ground (cut from the roots with brass)
Brings down its boughs; so to the ground fell he.
To strip him of his Arms then *Teucer* goes;
Which *Hector* seeing, at him threw his Spear,
And misses him; yet not in vain he throws;
But kills another man that stood him near,
Amphimachus, that newly to the fight
Was from the Ships come back t'assist the rest;
And scarcely of the Skirmish had a sight,
When *Hector*'s Spear he felt upon his breast.
Then to *Amphimachus* came *Hector* near,
Meaning his Helmet from his head to take.
Which *Ajax* seeing at him threw his Spear
That hit his Shield, but passage could not make.
Yet with such strength the Spear fell on his Shield,
That backward he was driven from the dead;
So that the *Argives* bore them off the Field.
Amphimachus to th' Ships was carried
By *Mnestheus* and *Stichius* that led
Th'*Athenian* Troops. But the *Ajaxes* two,
One at the Feet, another at the Head,
Bore *Imbrius* from off the ground into
The throng of *Greeks* like hungry Lions two
That carry in their Jaws a Goat which they
Had snatched from the Dogs, and were to go
Through many Shrubs to carry it away.
Him they disarm'd, and to let *Hector* know it,
The lesser *Ajax* cutteth off his head,
And turning round with all his strength doth throw it,
And unto *Hector*'s feet 'twas carried.
Now *Neptune* for *Amphimachus* thus slain,
Who from his Loins descended, vexed sore,
Went to the *Argive* Ships and Tents again
To chear the *Greeks*, and hurt the *Trojans* more;

And

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And with *Idomeneus* met as he went,
That had a wounded friend brought from the fight,
And streightway back again to go he meant
To them that fought and help them all he might.
And *Neptune* like unto *Andremons* Son
Thoas, whose Father all th'*Ætolians* swai'd
Like *Jove* in *Pleuron* and in *Calydon*,
Unto *Idomeneus* then spake and said,
O King *Idomeneus*, what is betide
Of th'*Argive* threats that *Ilium* they would tame?
O *Thoas* (then *Idomeneus* repli'd)
I know not any man that we can blame.
There's none of us but understands the War,
Nor any that betray themselves with fear,
Nor that for sloth to fight unwilling are.
But *Jove*, it seems, will have us perish here.
But *Thoas*, you that always heretofore
Have fought so well, and set on other men,
Still hold that purpose never giving ore.
T'*Idomeneus* then *Neptune* said agen,
Idomeneus may that man ne're come back,
But in the Field lie for the Dogs a Prey,
That at this time is negligent or slack.
But now put on your Arms and come away,
And quickly. For although we are but two,
Yet since conjoyned force of men not strong
Can do as much as one good man, let's go.
This said, up *Neptune* went into the throng.
Idomeneus then goes into his Tent
And arm'd himself, and took in's hand two Spears,
And out again he came like Lightning sent
To men from *Jove* to fill their hearts with fears.
And scarce come forth, he met *Meriones*
That to his Tent was going for a Spear,
And speaking to him said *Idomeneus*,
Meriones my friend what make you here?
What are you wounded that you leave the Fight?
Or bring you me some news? For I to hide
My self from Battle here take no delight.
Meriones then to him thus repli'd.

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O King *Idomeneus* unto your Tent
I forc'd was from the Battle to come down,
And thence to take a Spear of yours I meant,
Since on *Deiphobus* I broke my own.
A Spear then said *Idomeneus*, there are
Twenty if you had need of them that stand
Upright against the Walls which in this War
I took from *Trojans* vanquisht by my hand.
For when I fight I stand neer to the Foe.
And that's the cause so many Spears I have,
And can so many Shields and Helmets show,
And Armours for the breast great store and brave.
Then spake *Meriones*; And I said he
Have many spoils of *Trojans* at my Tent,
But fetcht from thence so soon they cannot be.
For close up to the Foe I also went
Amongst the foremost boldly. Which although
The *Argives* take no notice of, yet you
That how I still behav'd my self, well know
Can bear me witness what I say is true.
To him then thus *Idomeneus* repli'd,
Meriones, this need not have been said,
I know your courage were it to be tri'd,
And men somewhere in ambush to be laid
(Where fear and courage are discerned best;
For there 'tis seen who valiant are, who not.
A Coward's heart still panteth in his breast;
And nothing but on death he has his thought;
He cannot without trembling quiet sit,
But dances on his Hams, and changes hue;
And cannot hold himself upon his feet;
And shakes his Chaps These things a Coward shew.
But in a valiant man there's none of this.
He quietly abides without affright,
When in the danger he engaged is;
And longs for nothing but to come to fight)
If you amongst them had been there, I know
None of them such a fault in you had found.
Or if you had been hurt 'tis sure enow,
Nor in your back nor neck had been the Wound,

But

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But either in your belly or your breſt.
  But let's no longer talk like children here,
Leſt we be blam'd. I think it therefore beſt
  You now go to my Tent and take a Spear.
This ſaid, *Meriones* fetcht out a Spear,
  And with *Idomenius* went to the Fight,
As *Mars*, when in the Field he will appear,
  And with him his beloved Son *Affright*,
And to th'*Ephyrians* and *Phlegyans* goes
  From *Thrace* to give one ſide the Victory;
So with *Idomeneus* unto the Foes
  Meriones went up couragiouſly,
And to him ſaid, *Idomeneus* where now
  O'th' left, or right ſide of the *Trojan* Hoſt,
Or in the midſt ſhall we our force beſtow
  To help the *Greeks*? For now they need us moſt.
Idomeneus then to him ſaid agen,
  The midd'e of the Battle to maintain
There ready ſtand enow, and able men,
  Teucer good Bowman and th'*Ajaxes* twain.
Hector ſhall there of fighting have his fill
  As greedy as he is. Though ſtrong he be
He'll find it hard that way to have his will,
  And come unto the Ships with Victory,
And burn them if *Jove* not with his own hand
  Throw in the Brands. He muſt be more than man,
Whom *Ajax* is not able to withſtand;
  Not mortal, ſuch as live by *Ceres* can,
And may be killed with a Spear or Stone.
  For *Ajax* with *Achilles* may compare
In ſtanding fight, though able leſs to run.
  In that, *Achilles* him excelleth far.
But now unto the Battle let us go
  And fall on at the left ſide of the field,
And try what we are able there to do,
  And either Honour win or honour yield.
This ſaid, they went together to the Fight,
  And on them preſently the *Trojans* fell.
There was no place for Victory to light,
  So cloſe they fought on both ſides and ſo well.

And

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And such a mighty Cloud of dust they raise
As when great Winds contend upon the Plain
Is in dry weather raised from the ways,
While one to kill another takes great pain.
And horrid of the Squadrons was the sight,
That brisl'd was all over with great Spears.
Their Armours, Shields, and Helmets, with their light
Dazled the eyes, and clamour fill'd the ears.
Hard-hearted had he been that with dry eyes
Had this affliction of the *Heroes* seen,
That from the Sons of *Saturn* did arise,
And but for their dissention had not been:
For *Jupiter* for *Hector* was and *Troy*,
And meant to honour *Thetis* and her Son;
But not th'*Achæan* Army to destroy.
But *Neptune* moved with compassion
To see the *Argives* by the *Trojans* slain,
And angry with his Brother, secretly
In likeness of a man rose from the Main
T'incourage them and give them victory.
Though they were Brothers, yet *Jove* of the two
The Elder and the Wiser was, so that
Neptune against *Jove*'s will durst nothing do
In favour of the *Greeks* distrest, but what
He thought might be effected privily.
And thus the Saw from Brother unto Brother
Of cruel War was drawn alternately,
And many slain of one side and the other.
And now half gray came in *Idomeneus*
With lusty *Cretans*, and the *Trojan* frighted.
For presently he slew *Othryoneus*,
Othryoneus that was by Fame invited
To purchase honour in the War at *Troy*,
And promis'd, if *Cassandra* he might wed,
From *Ilium* to drive the *Greeks* away.
Which *Priam* to him granted if he sped.
And in this hope, strutting he went to fight.
There with his Spear *Idomeneus* him smote.
The Spear upon his Belly just did light.
And down he fell; his Armour sav'd him not.

Idomeneus

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Idomeneus insulting ore him spake.
Othryoneus great praise you'l win indeed
If you can do what you did undertake.
Come fight for us; and you shall no worse speed.
For if you for us win the Town of *Troy*,
Atrides fairest Daughter yours shall be.
Come with me to the *Greeks*, that there we may
Upon the Wedding-Articles agree.
And then to be revenged *Asius* meant,
And was on foot, although his Horses there
Breathing upon his back behind him went.
And at *Idomeneus* had thrown his Spear
But that to throw he time enough had not;
Because the other made the greater hast,
And with his Spear had hit him in the throat,
And cut again at's neck the point had past.
And there as some great Oak or Poplar-tree,
Or Pine cut down, that by a Shipwright must
Be saw'd in Planks falls down, so fell down he
Grasping with both his hands the bloudy dust.
The Charretier was so amaz'd thereat
That he forgot to turn his Charre with fear,
And quiet sate. *Antilochus* saw that,
And going neerer, at him threw his Spear,
Which through his Armour and his Belly went,
And gasping fell to th'ground the Charretier.
Antilochus to th'Ships his Horses sent,
And by the *Argives* now possest they were.
And then *Deiphobus* himself advanc'd
And at *Idomeneus* he threw his Spear,
Which grazing only on his Buckler glanc'd
Unto the *Argives* that behinde him were.
For as he saw it come he sunk, and hid
His body all under his Shield of brass.
Yet not from out his hand depart it did
In vain; for with it slain *Hypsenor* was.
Deiphobus then crowing said, So, so,
Asius does not go unreveng'd to Hell.
And though the place unpleasant be, I know
To have such company will please him well.

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Antilochus then to the Body came
And kept the *Trojans* off from stripping it.
Mecistes and *Alastor* bare the same
Upon their shoulders to the *Argive* Fleet.
Idomeneus still like a Fury went,
To kill more *Trojans* or himself be kill'd.
And for the *Argives* thought his life well spent.
Alcathous then met him on the Field,
Who was a Suiter to *Hippodamie*
Anchises eldest Daughter, and the best
Beloved by her Parents both was she,
And of her time exceeded all the rest
In Beauty, and in curious Work, and Wit,
And a fit Consort for the best of *Troy*.
But *Neptune* now on purpose bound his feet,
And from his Eyes though bright took sight away;
So that he could not fly, nor turn, nor fight,
But fixed stood like to a Post or Tree;
And by *Idomeneus* with *Neptune*'s might
Pierc'd through the Armour, and the Breast was he,
And through the Heart, as plainly did appear.
For as he bleeding on the ground did lie,
The beating of his heart did shake the Spear;
And *Mars* took from him all his Chivalry.
Idomeneus then crowed mightily.
Deiphobus (said he) is't not enough
That for your one man I have killed three?
If not, come on, and take a better proof
Of what the Seed of *Jove* in War can do.
For *Jove* got *Minos*, and *Deucalion* he.
He me, and I whole Ship-loads bring of Woe
To *Troy*, unto thy Father, and to thee.
This said, *Deiphobus* considered
Whether to stay and meet him hand to hand,
Or see by whom he might be seconded.
And at the Reer he saw *Æneas* stand.
For he not much good will did *Priam* bear,
Who small respect unto his Vertue paid.
To him *Deiphobus* approaching near,
Æneas, now (said he) you must us aid.

Your

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Your Brother-law *Alcathous* is kill'd,
Who oftentimes has led you with his hand,
And naked will be left upon the field
B'*Idomeneus*, unless you him withstand.
This said, t'*Idomeneus* they came away,
And with him greedy were to enter fight.
And he as boldly did their coming stay.
Though two to one, they did not him affright.
But as a Boar in unfrequented place,
By Dogs and Men pursu'd, stands sullenly
Knowing his strength, and looks them in the face
Bristled his Back, and flaming is his Eye;
So for *Æneas* staid *Idomeneus*,
And to his fellows call'd; *Afcalaphus*,
Meriones, *Antiloobus*, and *Aphareus*,
Good men of War, and you *Deipyrus*,
Come hither friends, said he. I coming see
Æneas towards me with mighty rage,
A valiant man at Arms you know is he,
And now is in the flower of his Age.
Were I so young, and of the mind I am,
I'd honour win of Him or he of me.
This said they quickly all about him came
Æneas to repel or kill. Then he
Call'd *Paris* to him and *Agenor*, and
Deiphobus, the *Argives* to oppose.
And all of them of *Trojans* had command,
And with their Spears behinde him marched close.
As when a Shepherd leads with a green Bough
His Sheep from off the Pasture to the Brook,
Is joy'd to see them follow him; so now
Æneas in his Troops great pleasure took.
No sooner they were come unto the ground
Whereon *Alcathous* his Body was,
But close they fought, and hideous was the sound
Of Helmets, Shields and mighty Arms of brass.
And there the two that far excel'd the rest
Æneas and *Idomeneus* would fain
Have fix'd their Spears in one anothers Breft.
First threw *Æneas*, but he threw in vain.

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For by *Idomeneus* declin'd it was,
And coming to the ground stuck trembling there.
And then threw he and killed *Oenomaus*,
And pierced was his Belly with a Spear.
Who falling filled both his hands with dust.
Idomeneus pull'd out again his Spear.
But to take off his Arms he durst not trust
Himself, so many Lances flying were.
His Limbs and Feet not supple were and light
To throw or shun a Spear. They now were past
Their best, yet good were in a standing fight.
But could not from the Battle run so fast.
And as he slowly walked off the Field,
Deiphobus that alwaies bore him spight
A Spear threw at him, but him miss'd, and kill'd
Ascalaphus Son of the God of Fight.
And on his hands into the dust fell he.
But *Mars* yet knew not that his Son was dead.
For in the Golden Clouds by *Jove*'s decree
With all the other Gods prohibited
To meddle in the battle, quiet sat,
About *Ascalaphus* the strife was hot,
And first *Deiphobus* his Helmet gat,
But forc'd he was again to let it fall.
For in the Arm he then receiv'd a wound
Which by *Meriones* was to him sent,
Who quick yet took the Helmet from the ground,
And with it back unto the Argives went.
Dryops was by *Hector* (who
His Brother was) born forth unto his Charre,
And bleeding in his Charre the Town into.
But still upon the Field went on the Warre,
And *Aphareus* there wounded in the throat
Was by *Æneas* Spear, wherewith his Head
On one side hanging Shield and Helmet brought,
Down with him to the Earth. There lay he dead.
And *Thoon* by *Antilochus* was slain,
That to him turn'd his back and meant to fly;
For by the Spear in two was cut the vein
Which all along the Back to th' Neck doth lye.

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And down he fell. *Antilochus* ſtept in
To ſtrip him. But the Foes about him round
Threw at him Spears, but never touch'd his ſkin,
Although his Shield received many a wound.
For he was well defended on each ſide
By *Neptune*, who unto him bore good will,
Becauſe he ne'er would from the Fight abide,
And 'mongſt the Foes his Spear was flying ſtill.
But as his Spear at one he aiming ſtood,
He by *Aſiades* obſerved was,
Who to him came as near as well he cou'd
And threw his Spear, whereof one half did paſs
Clean through *Antilochus* his Shield, and ſtuck
Therein; but th'other half fell to the ground.
For *Neptune* him preſerv'd from that ill luck.
So ſcapt *Antilochus* without a wound.
And *Adamas* retir'd into the rout.
Mariones ſent after him a Spear,
Which entring at his hinder parts, came out
Beneath his Navel, and above his gear,
Where wounds moſt fatal are. Then down he falls,
And like a Cow that by the Horns is ty'd
By ſtrength of Swains, a little while he ſprawls,
But with the plucking out the Spear he dy'd.
And then the Son of *Priam Helenus*
With a broad Sword in hand all Steel of *Thrace*
Upon the Helmet ſmote *Deipyrus*,
Who there fell down and dy'd upon the place.
The *Greeks* took up the Helmet at their feet.
And griev'd thereat was *Menelaus* ſo
That up he went with *Helenus* to meet
Shaking his Spear. The other draws his Bow.
And on the Breaſt-plate hit was *Menelaus*.
But off the Arrow flew like chaff which fan'd
Is from the Corn. But th'other wounded was
Juſt where he held the Bow quite through the hand.
And dragging Hand and Spear himſelf withdrew
Into the *Trojan* Troops; where from the wound
The heavy Spear his friend *Agenor* drew,
And in a woollen band'age wrapt it round,

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VVhich in his hand a servant held hard by.
And then *Pisandrus* went to *Menelaus*,
Betray'd thereto by cruel Destiny.
For to have slain him in great hope he was.
And when they were to one another nigh,
First *Menelaus* threw his Spear, but wide.
At him *Pisandrus* then his Spear lets fly.
But passage being at the Shield deny'd,
Beneath the brasen point in twain it crackt.
Then to him with his Sword went *Menelaus*,
And he to *Menelaus* with an Ax,
VVhich cover'd with his Buckler ready was.
And on his Helmet creft then fell the stroke.
But he *Pisandrus* with his keen Sword hit
Upon the Forehead near the Nose, which broke
The Bone, and carry'd present death with it.
His eyes unto the ground fell in the blood.
Atrides kickt him as o'th' ground he lay,
Then stript him of his Arms, and ore him stood
Insulting, and reproaching those of *Troy*.
Thus, thus (said he) proud *Trojans*, you'll at last
Be taught to quit our Ships, and have your fill
Of bloody VVar, and pay for what is past.
You thought, ye Dogs, too little was the ill,
Against the Laws of Hospitality
To steal away my Goods, and wedded VVife;
But further will (if in your pow'r it lye)
Deprive the *Argive* Princes all of Life;
And burn their Ships, although no injury
Ever did you. But I hope we shall
Your greedines of fighting satisfie.
But Father *Jove*, who (men say) art of all
The Gods most wise, all this proceeds from you,
That to the *Trojans* false and insolent
More favour shew than to the just and true;
So that with Peace they never are content.
Of every thing there is satiety.
Of Sleep, of Love, of Dance, and pleasant Song,
And all men else with war may cloyed be.
Only the *Trojans* still for fighting long.

This

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This said, the Armour to the Ships he sent,
And 'mongst the foremost *Greeks* again he fought.
And there *Harpalion* unto him went
(Who t'*Ilium* was by his Father brought.
But brought from thence again he never was)
And at him throws his Spear, and hits his Shield
Right in the midst. But through it could not pass;
The stubborn Brass unto it would not yield.
Missing his purpose he the field forsook,
And fearing to be slain lookt still about,
Until an Arrow keen him overtook,
Sent from *Meriones*, that past throughout
From Buttock unto Bladder. Then he sate
Expiring 'mongst the *Trojans* his good friends,
And lay like to a Worm benummed, that
Upon the ground it self at length extends.
The *Paphlagonians* of him had a care,
And sorry for him carry'd him to *Troy*.
His Father weeping followed the Charre,
But how to be revenged saw no way.
And *Paris* then with anger was possest,
And 'mongst the *Argives* lets an Arrow fly.
For of *Harpalion* he had been the guest,
And well received in *Paphlagonie*.
Amongst the *Argives* one *Euchenor* was
The Son of *Polydus* an old Prophet
That knew full well how things would come to pass
Before the Town of *Troy*, and told him of it.
You must, said he, at home by sickness die,
Or going with the *Greeks* at *Troy* be slain.
But for all that the Youngman valiantly
Went with the *Greeks*; but ne'er came home again,
Though he behav'd himself with caution there
In hope t'avoid both danger and diseases.
But *Paris* shot him 'twixt the Cheek and Ear.
And on his Eyes there Death and Darkness seizes.
Thus keenly fought they here; But *Hector* yet
Knew not the *Trojans* that were fighting at
The left hand of the Host were so beset,
For if he had perhaps been told of that,

He

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He might have giv'n the *Greeks* the Victory;
Such courage *Neptune* gave unto them there.
And sometimes by his strength immediately
In battle fighting they assisted were.
But *Hector* yet was where he first made way,
Breaking the *Argive* Ranks, and Wall and Gate,
Where of *Protesilaus* the good Ships lay,
And those of *Ajax* next unto them late;
Where low the Wall and sharpest was the Fight.
Th'*Epeians*, *Pthians*, and *Ionians*,
Bœotians, *Locrians* all oppose their might
To *Hector's*, *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*.
And led were by good men. Th'*Athenians*
By *Muestheus*, *Bias*, *Phidas*, *Stichius*.
Meges the leading had of th'*Epians*,
And with him *Amphion* and *Dracius*.
Medon and *Meneptolemus* brought on
The *Pthians*. *Medon* was *Ajaxes* Brother,
And of *Oileus* the natural Son,
Not gotten by his Wife but by another.
His Wife was call'd *Eriopis*. And he
For killing of her Brother forced fled
To save himself to th' Town of *Phylacie*,
Where *Meneptolemus* was born and bred.
And so the *Phthian* Leaders were these two,
And 'mongst the chief of the *Bœotians* fought
To keep the *Trojans* from approaching to
The *Argive* Ships to burn them as they thought.
But *Ajax* the swift Son of *Oeleus*
Not all this while departed from the side
Of *Ajax* Son of *Telamonius*.
But as two Oxen which the ground divide
Go tugging of the Plow with one consent,
Till underneath their Horns their Foreheads sweat,
So labouring in the field together went
Yoakt, both the Little *Ajax* and the Great.
But *Telamonius* was followed
With good Companions, who when there was cause
His mighty Buckler for him carried.
The other destitute of followers was.

For

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For none but *Locrians* to the War he led,
Who have no use of Bucklers when they fight,
Nor Spears, nor Helmets that defend the Head;
But came to *Troy* with Bows and Arrows light,
And in a standing Fight durst not abide.
But from behind the *Argive* Ranks unseen,
They *Hector* and his *Trojans* terrifi'd
Incessantly with showrs of Arrows keen,
Whilst from the Front with Spears they plagued were.
The *Trojans* courage then was so allaid,
That into *Troy* they all had run for fear,
But that *Polydamas* to *Hector* said,
Hector, you are a man uncounsellable.
Because in deeds of Arms you so excel,
You think your self in Counsel too most able,
As if all vertues must in one man dwell.
The Gods to some have given well to fight,
And others with the Muses they have grac'd;
Others with Dance the people to delight,
And in the minds of others Wisdom plac'd.
The fruit whereof by many is enjoy'd:
It Cities saves, as they that have it know,
VVhich quickly would without it be destroy'd,
But what we are to do I'll tell you now.
The VVar now lyeth only on your hands:
For since we past the VVall, some quite give ore,
And armed as they were do idle stand,
And th'Enemy than ours that fight are more.
Therefore retire and call the Princes hither,
That it may be determin'd by them all
Upon mature deliberation, whether
Upon the *Argives* at their Ships to fall
(If so it please the Gods) or otherwise,
Since *Ajax* there resolved is to stay,
How with most safety we may hence arise.
For they are in our debt for yesterday.
So said *Polydamas*, and *Hector* thought
The counsel not amiss, and streight obey'd.
And armed from his Charriot leapt out,
And standing on the ground unto him said,

Polydamas,

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Polydamas, ſtay you, and here detain
The *Trojan* Chiefs, while to the Fight I go;
And give ſome Orders there; I ſhall again
Be with you quickly when I have done ſo.
He miſt *Deiphobus* and *Helenus*,
And valiant *Adamas Aſiades*;
And *Aſius* the Son of *Hyrtacus*,
And went about the field to look for theſe;
Of which ſome wounded were retir'd to *Troy*,
And ſome in Battle by the *Argives* kill'd.
But found his Brother *Paris* in his way,
Encouraging his men upon the Field.
And ſpake unto him, in ill Language, thus,
Unlucky *Paris*, fine man, Lover keen,
Where are *Deiphobus* and *Helenus*
And *Adamas*? Where are they to be ſeen?
And what is of *Othryoneus* become?
And where is *Aſius*? Now certainly
Down to the ground burnt will be *Ilium*,
And thou a miſerable death wilt die.
So *Hector* ſaid, and *Paris* thus repli'd.
Hector, there was for ſuch words now no cauſe.
Sometimes perhaps you may me juſtly chide.
I do not think a Coward born I was.
For ſince unto the Ships you brought the War,
We with the *Greeks* perpetually have fought,
But thoſe you miſs ſlain by the *Argives* are,
Save that *Deiphobus* was carri'd out,
And *Helenus*, both wounded in the hand.
Now lead us on to what part you think fit.
We ready are to do what you command,
As far as ſtrength of body will permit.
This ſaid, his Brother reconciled was,
And both went to where cruelly they fought
About *Cebriones*, *Polydamas*,
Orthæus, *Polyphoetes*, and about
Phalces and *Palmis* and the Children two
(*Aſcanius*, *Moris*) of *Hippotion*,
Who *Ilium* but the day before come to,
And now to th' Battle went by *Jove* ſet on.

As

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As when a ſtorm of wind falls on the Plain
The Sea erects it ſelf in ridges white,
And foaming rolls in order on the Main;
So to the *Greeks* with Helmets ſhining bright
The *Trojans* one another followed
In order with their Captains to the Fight,
And *Hector* like another *Mars* at th'Head
With Buckler round and ſtrong, and Armour bright.
His Buckler he before him held far out,
That cover'd was his body with the ſame,
And peeping under it he look'd about,
And in that poſture to the *Argives* came.
And at the foremoſt Ranks went here and there
To try if through them he could paſſage make;
But faſt they ſtood, nor at it troubled were;
And *Ajax* ſeeing it unto him ſpake,
Come neerer man. Why think you to affright
The *Greeks?* we are not ſo unus'd to War.
Nor are we driven hither by your might;
But by the hand of *Jove* afflicted are.
Hector, I know, to burn our Ships you think;
But we have hands as good the Ships to ſave,
And *Troy* will firſt, I think, int'Aſhes ſink.
And ſhortly, I believe, you'll wiſh to have,
And pray to *Jove* and all the Pow'rs on high
For Horſes that run faſter than Hawks fly,
That from the Ships you may go ſpeedily.
This ſaid, an Eagle Dexter preſently
Flew over them. And they *Jove*'s Prodigy
Received gladly with a mighty cry.
Then thus to *Ajax Hector* did reply.
Ajax, you love to prate and brag and lye;
O that the Son of *Jove* as ſure were I,
And had been certainly conceived by
Juno Jove's Wife, and as a Deity
Like *Pallas* and *Apollo* ne're to die,
As I am ſure great woe will fall this day
Upon the *Argives* all and then be kill'd
If for the coming of my Spear thou ſtay,
And Dogs and Kites ſhall eat thee in the Field.

This

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This said, he lddd away. The *Trojans* shout.
So do the *Argives*, and resolv'd to try
The power of their foes with courage stout.
The edge on both sides went up to the sky.

ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XIV.

NOw *Neſtor* with *Macaon* drinking ſat
And heard the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fighting roar,
And to him ſaid, *Macaon*, hear you that?
The noiſe is greater much than 'twas before.
Let *Hecamede* ore the fire ſet water,
And waſh away the blood from off your ſore,
While I go hence and ſee what is the matter.
But at the Wine ſit you ſtill as before.
This ſaid, he took up *Thraſymedes* Shield,
And *Thraſymedes* (his Son) took up his,
And with a good ſharp Spear went to the Field,
And going forth a ſhameful ſight he ſees.
The *Trojans* chaſing while the *Argives* flie,
And down unto the ground was torn their Wall.
And then as when a Wave is raiſed high
By ſecret Gales, on neither ſide can fall,
Until ſome certain and prevailing Wind
Comandeth in the Air; So *Neſtor* ſtood,
And with two thoughts diſtracted was his mind.
Sometimes to go t'*Atrides* he thought good,
And ſometimes to the Battle. But at laſt
Reſolved unto *Agamemnon* goes,
Whilſt Shields and Helmets, all the way he paſt
Reſounded in his ears with frequent blows.
And as he went the wounded Chiefs he met,
Ulyſſes, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*.
For far off from the Fight the Ships were ſet,
And cloſe unto the Shore lay at a head.
Only the foremoſt hawl'd were to the Plain,
And cloſe aſtern of thoſe was built the Wall.
For with ſo many Ships they croſt the Main,
That near the Field they could not place them all.

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But side by side along the Shore they lay,
And took up all the compass of the Bay.
The wounded men, to look upon the Fray
Helpt by their Spears went softly on the way,
Griev'd at the heart, and met with *Nestor* there,
Who with his coming made them more afraid.
And when unto them *Nestor* was come near
Then *Agamemnon* spake, and to him said,
O *Nestor*, Glory of the *Argive* Nation,
I am affraid that *Hector* will make good
That which he promis'd once in his Oration
Before the *Trojans* when he boasting stood,
I never will to *Troy* come back, said he,
Till I have slain these *Greeks*, and set on fire
Their Ships And now performed it will be.
O strange! Do all the other *Greeks* conspire
Against me with *Achilles Thetis* Son,
And therefore are resolved not to fight?
'Tis plain, said *Nestor*, some such thing is done,
Else *Jove* himself could not with all his might
Have made such work. The Wall is broken down
In which to save our selves we did confide;
And at the Ships they fight, nor was it known,
Nor could it be observed on which side
The *Greeks* that fighting were, were most distrest,
So thick to th' ground in ev'ry part they fall.
But let's consult what course to take were best,
If counsel can do any thing at all.
But that we all should fight I'll not advise,
For what can wounded men in Battle do?
To *Nestor* *Agamemnon* then replies,
Nestor, since now the War is brought unto
Our Ships, and that nor Wall nor Trench does good,
And much the *Argives* suffer'd have who thought
Their Wall for all the *Trojans* would have stood,
And all our hopes built on it come to nought.
(For though I know *Jove* once was to us kind,
Yet now I see our ruine he designes,
And pleasure takes in changing of his mind,
And aids the *Trojans* whilst our hands he binds.)

Let's

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Let's all to what I saying am agree.
The Ships that nearest lye to the Sea-side,
Drawn down into the water let them be,
And there till Night let them at Anchor ride.
And if the *Trojans* then give over fight,
We'll fetch away the rest. For 'tis less shame
A danger to eschew, although by night,
Than needless fly to perish in the same.
Ulysses frowning on him then reply'd,
Atrides, what a word have you let fall?
You ought of Cowards to have been the guide,
And not of us *Acheans* General.
For we by *Jove* are fram'd for actions high,
And to atchieve the Wars we undertake
How dangerous soever, or to dye.
And must we now the Siege of *Troy* forsake,
And after so much labour soft go hence?
Peace, let no other *Greek* hear what you say.
Who would have said this that had common sense,
And whom so great an Army did obey?
Nor is, in how to fly, your counsel right.
Must we our Ships draw down from off the Shore,
And at the same time with the *Trojans* fight,
Who now rejoice, but would do then much more?
And we that fight be utterly destroy'd?
For they that were at Anchor on the Main
Would go their way the danger to avoid.
Thus by your Counsel we should all be slain.
Atrides to him then this answer gave.
Ulysses your reproof is very smart;
Yet not command but counsel 'twas I gave,
And better I would hear with all my heart.
And so you shall, said *Diomed*, and though
Amongst you all the youngest man I be,
Be not offended with it. For you know
That born I am of a good family.
For *Portheus* three worthy Sons begat
(In *Calydon* and *Pleuron* they all dwelled)
Melas, and *Agrius*, and *Oeneus* that
The other two in deeds of Arms excelled.

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Of him my Father *Tydeus* was the Son,
But in exile at *Argos* led his life,
And of *Adraſtus*'s Daughters marry'd one,
And great poſſeſſions had he with his Wife.
And there a rich and noble houſe did keep.
For Corn and Wine and Fruit he had much ground,
And in his Paſtures had great ſtore of Sheep,
And chiefly was for Chivalry renown'd.
Therefore my counſel, if you find it good,
You ſhould not for my perſon take amiſs,
Since I dare fight and am of noble blood.
The counſel I ſhall give you now is this.
Let ev'ry man unto the Battle go,
And place the wounded out o'th' reach o'th' ſhot,
That they encourage may againſt the Foe,
Thoſe diſcontented men that fight would not.
This ſaid, they went together to the Fight.
Which *Neptune* ſpying did not idle ſtand,
But like unto an aged man in fight
Came in and took *Atrides* by the hand.
Achilles heart (ſaid he) now leaps to ſee
The ſlaughter of the *Argives* and the flight,
And joys therein, ſo little wit has he.
May death and ſhame upon him for it light.
Atrides, do not all the Gods miſtruſt.
For ſure I am you'll aided be by ſome,
And ſee the *Trojans* fill the air with duſt
As from your Ships they fly to *Ilium*.
This ſaid, amongſt the *Greeks* he went about,
And loud, as if nine or ten thouſand men
Together on a Plain had made a Shout,
He ſhouted, and the *Greeks* took heart agen.
Now *Juno* ſtanding on *Olympus* high
Her Brother 'mongſt the *Argives* ſaw with joy
And *Jove* on *Ida* with an angry eye;
And in her mind conſid'ring was which way
To coſen him. And was reſolv'd at laſt
To go to *Ida* to him finely dreſt,
And after ſhe had by him been embrac'd
To bind him faſt, in gentle ſleep to reſt.

Then

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Then went she to her Chamber, which her Son
Vulcan had for her made with Door posts high,
And solid Doors, which of the Gods not one
Could open but her self, such mystery
Was in the Lock and Key. Then went she in,
And fast she lock'd the Door, and there alone
She with Ambrosia cleans'd her dainty skin,
Till not a speck unmeet was left thereon.
Then 'noints her self with sweet Ambrosian oyl,
That as unto the House of *Jove* she went,
The scent thereof diffus'd was all the while
Throughout the space 'twixt th Earth & Firmament.
Then comb'd and pleated she her Golden Hair,
And cloath'd her self with her Ambrosian Vest,
And many Figures on't embroid'red were,
And with Gold Buttons button'd at her Breast.
A hundred Tassels at her Girdle hung.
And wore a precious Pendant at her Ear
Of three rich Gems. And over all she flung
A dainty Scarf by which they cover'd were.
Then on her tender Feet she ty'd her Shoes.
And when her self she fully had array'd,
From out her Chamber presently she goes,
And *Venus* took aside and to her said.
Sweet child I come a favour to request;
But tell me will you grant it, yea or nay.
I fear you bear me ill will in your Breast,
'Cause I for th' *Argives* am and you for *Troy*.
And *Venus* to her answer made and said,
Juno Jove's Sister, do not from me hide
Your mind, which to my pow'r shall be obey'd.
Juno to *Venus* then again reply'd.
Lend me Desire and Love by which you tame
Both mortal men and the Immortal Gods.
For to *Oceanus* I going am,
And *Tethys* (far from hence) that are at odds.
For when beneath the Earth *Jove Saturn* sent,
I was by them receiv'd and cherished.
But now with one another discontent
They will not come together in one bed.

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& by this means I him can get within
Loves arms again, no jar shall them divide,
And I from both shall Love and Honour win.
And *Venus* then again to her reply'd,
Juno, *Jove*'s Wife and Sister, your request
Cannot by me, nor ought to be deny'd.
And as she spake she from about her Breast
The fine enchanting Girdle streight unty'd.
Wherein embroyd'red were Love and Desire.
Soothing, and Comfort, that sufficient were
A Heart though very wise to set on fire.
And to her hands she puts it, and said, Here,
Take it. There's nothing wanting that you need
When you would have a man or God beguil'd.
Put it but in your Bosome; you will speed.
So *Juno* did, and as she did it smil'd.
And to the house of *Jove* then *Venus* goes.
But *Juno* ore *Æmathia*, and all
Pieria, and all the *Thracian* Snows,
And never on the ground her foot lets fall.
And from the mountain *Athos* ore the Deep,
And came to *Lemnos* where King *Thoas* swaid.
And there she met the gentle God of Sleep.
And took him by the hand, and to him said,
Sweet Sleep, to whom both men and Gods all bow,
If ever with my Will you did comply,
Deny not what I shall request you now.
Diffuse sound sleep a while upon *Jove*'s eye
Assoon as he with Love is satisfy'd.
And I will thank you for it whilst I live.
And from my hand you shall receive beside,
A Chair of beaten Gold which I'll you give;
Vulcan my Son shall make it curiously,
Together with a Foot-stool for your Foot,
And Sleep to *Juno* then made such reply
As if he were affraid and durst not do't.
Juno, said he, if 'twere another God,
Though *Ocean* the great Sire of them all,
Durst upon his eyes have softly trod.
But not on *Jove*'s, unless he for me call.

Your

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Your Order once (like this) I did obey
Before, when *Hercules* *Jove*'s mighty Son
Went off to Sea after he conquer'd *Troy*,
Mean while the strong unruly Winds set on
By you, with mighty Blasts at Sea arose,
And from his best friends hurri'd him in pain,
And at the last threw him ashore at *Coos*.
But *Jupiter*, when he awakt again
The Gods at home he all tost up and down,
And chiefly would of me have had a fight.
Into the Sea then sure I had been thrown,
But that I fled, and was conceal'd by night,
Till of his anger blunted was the edge.
For night great power has with Gods and Men
And loth was *Jove* to break her priviledge.
Encourage him then *Juno* said agen,
D'ye think *Jove* will as angry be for *Troy*
As he was then for *Hercules* his Son?
But go. *Pasiphae* you shall enjoy;
She's fair and young, and of my Graces one,
And with you as a wife shall always stay.
Content (said *Sleep*) but I will have you swear
By *Styx*. Come, on the Earth now one hand lay,
The other on the Sea, that witness bear
May all the Gods below, that *Juno* will
Give me the Grace *Pasiphae* to Wife,
And that as Wife she shall dwell with me still,
That love her dearly as I do my life.
Then *Juno*, as she was required sware
By all the *Subtartarian* Gods (by name
They *Titans* and the brood of *Saturn* are.)
And then together both from *Lemnos* came
To *Lectos*, at the foot of *Ida* Hill,
And ore the Woods upward their way they took.
But out of sight of *Jove* there *Sleep* stood still;
And as they went the wood below them shook.
Then *Sleep* went up into a high Fir-tree,
And there he sat in likeness of a Fowl
(All cover'd ore with Boughs and Leaves was he)
Call'd *Chalcis* by the Gods, by us an Owl.

Juno

Juno went on to *Gargarus*, where *Jove*
Saw her and met her with no less desire
Than when the first time to enjoy her love
Without their Parents knowledge he lay by her.
And *Jove* then standing by her very neer,
What made you from *Olympus* come, said he,
Neither your Charre nor Horses have you here.
Deceitfully then to him answer'd she,
I going am upon a Visit now
To th'Father and the Mother o' the Gods
Oceanus and *Tethys*; who you know
Did bring me up. For now they are at odds,
And angry he abstaineth from her bed.
But if I can, I reconcile them will.
The Horses that me brought unharnessed
Attend me at the foot of *Ida* Hill.
But that I from *Olympus* hither came,
Was that I would not such a journey take,
And not make you acquainted with the same.
This said, to *Juno Jove* again thus spake.
You may, said he, at any time do that,
But let us now with Love our selves delight.
For never yet upon my heart Love sat
For woman or for Goddess with such might.
Not when upon the Wife of *Ixion*
The wife *Perithous* I did beget;
Nor when the fair maid *Danae* I won
That brought forth God-like *Perseus*; nor yet
(When by *Europa* I two Children got,
Minos and *Rhadamant* both famous men)
For her; nor *Semele*, when I begot
Bacchus mans joy; nor for *Alcmena*, when
I *Hercules* begot my lusty boy;
Nor *Ceres*, *Leto*, nor your self till now.
So much I long your Beauty to enjoy.
Fierce *Cronides* (then answer'd *Juno*) How?
On *Ida* top, for some o'th'Gods to spy,
And tell it to the rest to make them sport?
Then so ashamed of it shall be I,
That I shall never after come to Court.

You

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You have a Chamber without Chink or Hole
Made you by *Mulciber* my Son, whereat
Neither the Sun nor any living Soul
Can peep. Go thither if you will do that.
And *Jove* to *Juno* then again repli'd.
That Man or God shall see us do not fear;
With such a Cloud of Gold I will us hide,
As to the Sun himself we'll not appear.
This said, within his Arms his Wife he caught.
Whilst under them the Earth made to arise
Great store of Saffron, Hyacinth, and Lote.
There pleased *Jupiter* with *Juno* lies,
Closely concealed in a Cloud of Gold.
Away went *Sleep* unto the *Argive* Fleet,
And speaking there to *Neptune* said, Be bold,
And help the *Greeks* a while. *Jove* cannot see it.
I clos'd his eyes as he by *Juno* lay.
He'll soon awake; but help the *Greeks* till then,
Who now before the *Trojans* dare not stay.
This said, *Sleep* went amongst the Tribes of Men,
And *Neptune* to the *Argive* Ranks, and cri'd,
Shall *Hector* think to get the Victory
Because *Achilles* is not on our side?
No. Of *Achilles* little need would be
If every man would his Companion cheer.
But now the Counsel I shall give obey.
Arm every man himself with a good Spear,
And Shield, and Helmet strong, and come away,
And follow me. I'll lead you to the Field.
Hector (though bold) my coming will not stay.
But let the best man take the largest Shield,
And to a weaker put his own away.
This said, well pleased were the *Argives* all
The wounded Princes arm'd themselves each one;
King *Agamemnon* first the General.
Ulysses and *Tydides* then put on
Their Arms, and every way the Field they range,
Surveying Men and Arms; and all along
Make weak men with their betters Armours change,
And give their heavie Arms to men more strong.

Thus

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Thus armed all and *Neptune* at the Head,
Who with a great and long Sword in his hand
Went brandishing as if't had lightned
To th'Fight they go; no man durst him withstand.
And *Hector* with the *Trojans* well array'd
On th'other side came on. And then began
Betwixt the *Greeks* that had the God for aid,
And those of *Troy* led by a valiant man
A cruel fight. And high the Sea arose
Up to the Ships and Tents. And presently
With Alalaes the mighty Armies close;
And up unto the Heavens went the cry.
So loud as now, the Sea did never rore
When beaten 'twas in' heaps by *Boreas*;
Nor Wind when in the Woods great Oaks it tore
Up by the roots; nor th'Wood when fir'd it was,
And here did *Hector* first begin the fight,
And at the greater *Ajax* threw his Spear,
Which hit him; but upon two Belts did light
Which one upon another lying were,
One of his Sword, the other of his Shield.
Hector was angry that in vain he flung
(For he was in great hope he had him kill'd)
And now retired backward to the throng.
Then *Ajax* in his hand took up a Stone,
Of those to which the *Greeks* their Ships did eye
(For there amongst their feet lay many a one)
And at him as he parted lets it fly.
And as a Top he made it flying spin.
It but a little ore his Buckler flew,
And hit him 'twixt his Buckler and his Chin
Upon the breast, and to the ground him threw.
As when an Oak is overthrown by Thunder
(Which known is easily by the Brimstone-smell)
Men look upon't with horror and with wonder;
So gazed they at *Hector* when he fell.
And from his hands went out both Shield and Spear,
And Helmet from his head; and with great cry
The *Greeks* rush on, and in fair hope they were
To gain his body, and their Spears let fly.

But

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But all in vain. For by *Polydamas*,
Divine *Æneas*, and *Agenor*, and
Sarpedon, and by *Glaucus* sav'd he was,
Who all before him with their Bucklers stand.
His friends then from the Battle him convey'd
Unto his Chariot and Charioteer
That close behide the Squadrons for h'm stay'd,
And in his Chaire tow'rds *Ilium* they him bear.
But at the ford of *Xanthus* by the way
They poured water on his face, and then
In little time, as on the ground he lay,
He breath'd and came unto himself again.
Then sitting on his knees he cast up blood;
And backward fell unto the ground again;
Upon his eyes again the darkness stood,
For of the stroke remained still the pain.
The *Greeks* assoon as they saw *Hector* gone,
Took heart, and on the *Trojans* fiercer were.
Then *Ajax* (of *Oïleus* the Son)
Slew *Satnius* Son of *Enops* with his spear.
His Mother *Nëis* was a very fine
Nymph of the River *Satnius*. Of the same,
Enops upon the Bank sat keeping Kine,
And on her got a Son call'd by that name.
Him *Ajax* now struck through the Flank and slew.
Then for the Body there was much ado.
At him *Polydamas* a Spear then threw,
Which *Protholnor*'s shoulder pierced through.
And on his hands into the dust he fell.
To th' *Greeks* then boasting said *Polydamas*,
I have not thrown in vain. I know full well
That one *Greek* or another taken't has
To lean on as a Staff i'th' way to Hell.
At this the *Greeks* were griev'd, but especially
The heart of *Telamonius* did swell.
(For *Protholnor* slain did neer him lie;)
And with his Spear threw at *Polydamas*,
Who nimbly leapt aside and it declin'd.
But by *Archelochus* receiv'd it was
Antenor's Son, whose death the Fates design'd,

Who

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Who having on his Neck receiv'd the wound,
His Forehead and his Eyes, and Lips, and Nose
Before his Legs or Knees came to the ground.
Then *Ajax* took his turn, and at it crows.
Polydamas, said he, was *Protheonor*
As good a man in your own estimation,
As this man that was Brother to *Antenor*,
Or Son? For he is not unlike that Generation.
This said he, though he well knew who it was.
Then *Promachus*, as he drew off the dead
Was killed by a Spear from *Acamas*.
And in it *Acamas* then gloried.
Argives, said he, great threat'ners as you are
You vulnerable are as well as we,
And no less subject to the chance of Warre.
How quiet *Promachus* now lies you see,
And so I hope ere long you all shall lie.
My Brother not long unrevenged lay.
'Tis good you see to have a Brother nigh.
And when he this had said he went away.
Peneleus then went to throw his Spear
At *Acamas*, but *Acamas* was gone.
But yet he threw and kill'd another there,
Ilioneus of *Phorbas* th' onely Son,
A man much favoured by *Mercury*.
The Spear beneath his Eye brow enter'd in,
And to the ground fell down the bloody eye.
The Spear went on unto the Brain within,
Then sitting down with both his hands outspread
The deadly Spear yet sticking in his eye,
Peneleus with his Sword cuts off his head
Which to the ground with Helmet on did fly.
Then looking up, he to the *Trojans* said,
Tell this in *Troy*. And let his Parents mourn.
For *Promachus*'s Wife will not be joy'd,
When we without her Husband shall return.
This said, the *Trojans* striken were with fear,
And looke about each one which way to fly.
Now tell me, Muse, Who and by whom slain were
When they pursu'd the flying Enemy.

Great

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Great *Ajax* firſt the Son of *Telamon*
Killed the *Myſian* Leader *Hyrtius*
Of *Gyrtias* the ſtrong and valiant Son.
Antilochus then killed *Mermerus*
And *Phalces*. By *Meriones* were ſlain
Hippotion and *Morys*: *Teucer* ſlew
Prothon and *Periphetes*, good men twain.
At *Hyperenor* then *Atrides* threw,
And gave him on the Flank a cruel wound,
And where the Spear went in, his Life went out,
And ſuddenly he fell unto the ground,
And on his eyes ſate darkneſs all about.
But he that far the greater number ſlew,
The leſſer *Ajax* was, *Oïleus* Son.
'Twas hard to ſcape when *Ajax* did purſue;
For of the *Argives* all he beſt could run.

V ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XV.

When flying they had past the Ditch and Wall,
They at the Horses and the Charrets stay'd
With loss of many men, and looking pale.
And *Jove* awake stood and the Field survay'd;
And saw the *Greeks* pursue, and *Trojans* fly,
And *Neptune* with the *Greeks*, and *Hector* laid
Upon the Plain, his Friends there sitting by,
And not a little of his Life affraid.
For gasping he scarce able was to draw
His breath, and blood abundance vomited,
Nor knew his friends. When *Jupiter* him saw,
Offended his condition pityed.
And then on *Juno* fiercely lookt and said,
Juno, I see all this is done by you;
And if you for it with a whip were paid,
'Twould be no more than for your work is due.
Have you forgot how once you swung i'th' Air,
And had two Anvils hanging at your feet,
Your hand with a Gold Chain ty'd to my Chair?
Though sorry were the other Gods to see't,
Yet had I any seen but go about
Your Manacles or Shackles to untye,
I from the Sill of Heav'n had thrown him out,
And strengthless made him on the earth to lye.
I was not so much griev'd for *Hercules*
When *Boreas* set on by you, arose
As he went off from *Troy*, enrag'd the Seas,
And at the last threw him ashore at *Coos*.
But I to *Argos* brought him safe again.
And this I now repeat that you may try
Whether you likely are to lose or gain,
Abusing our familiarity.

This

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This said, the Goddess *Juno* struck with fear,
By Earth, said she, and Heaven about it spread,
By *Styx* (which is our greatest Oath) I swear,
And by your Life, and by our Nuptial Bed,
I never did to *Neptune* speak a word,
To hurt the *Trojans*, or the *Greeks* to aid;
But all he did was of his own accord,
By pity only and compassion sway'd.
And from henceforward I will him advise,
Seeing what way you lead, the same to take.
Then *Jupiter* with favourable eyes
On *Juno* lookt, and thus unto her spake.
Juno, if we were both one way inclin'd,
Neptune would quickly with us both comply.
Now if your words dissent not from your mind,
Go 'mongst the other Gods, and presently
Bid *Iris* and *Apollo* to me come:
For *Iris* unto *Neptune* I will send
To bid him leave the Battle and go home.
To *Hector* and the *Trojans* I intend
To send *Apollo*, to give *Hector* might,
And cure him of his pain, that he may lead
The *Trojans* on, and put the *Greeks* to flight,
That *Thetis* Son may see them scattered;
And he shall send *Patroclus* to the Field,
Who shall the *Trojans* rout and kill my Son
Sarpedon, and himself shall then be kill'd
By *Hector*'s Spear. And after that is done
Achilles in revenge again shall fight,
And by his hand stout *Hector* shall be kill'd
Under the Walls of *Troy*, i'th' *Trojans* sight,
And beaten be the *Trojans* from the Field,
Till *Troy* by *Pallas* counsel taken be.
Nor till I have performed all I said
To *Thetis* supplicating at my knee,
Let any God presume the *Greeks* to aid.
This said, went *Juno* to *Olympus* high.
As when a man looks ore an ample Plain,
To any distance quickly goes his eye;
So swiftly *Juno* went with little pain,

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And found the Gods at Wine together set.
And at her coming in they all stood up.
But *Themis* forward went and *Juno* met,
And to her hand delivered the Cup,
And said, You look as if you frighted were
By *Jupiter* for something. But what is't?
You know, said *Juno*, that he is severe;
And you shall hear the matter if you list
Together with the other Gods, though bad.
They will not all contented with it be;
But some of them will troubled be and sad.
And griev'd was she, though speaking smilingly.
Then *Juno* went up to her Throne, and sat;
And unto all the Gods spake angerly,
How! mad (said she) or foolish are we, that
Are thinking how agen *Jove*'s hands to tye,
Who careless and unmov'd on *Ida* Hill
Knows his own strength and does our Plots despise.
And therefore what he sends, be't good or ill,
We'll take it patiently if we be wise.
Nor must the God of War on *Jove* complain,
Or in Rebellion against him rise
Because his Son *Ascalaphus* is slain.
At this, with both his hands *Mars* clapt his Thighs,
And to the Gods above complaining said,
Pardon me Gods, I will revenge my Son,
And 'mongst the *Argives* go and give them aid,
Though I should lye amongst the dead. Then on
He puts his Armour, and gives order to
Terror and Flight his Charret to prepare,
And then there had been twice as much ado
T'appease *Joves* anger ere it came to war,
If *Pallas* had not (for the Gods afraid)
Pluckt off his Helmet, and set up his Spear,
And pull'd his Buckler off, and to him said,
Fool, Bedlam, What have you no Ears to hear?
You hear what news now *Juno* brings from *Jove*.
And if you care not though your self be lost,
Yet let the danger of us all you move.
For *Jove* will leave both *Greek* and *Trojan* Host,

And

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And coming hither seize us one by one,
And never ask who guilty is or not.
Therefore give over vexing for your Son,
For better men than he, by Gods begot,
Already here have been and shall be slain.
The Gods cannot preserve their Children all.
This said, she brought *Mars* to his place again.
And *Juno* to their houses went to call
Iris and *Phœbus*. You must go, said she,
To *Jove* on *Ida*. What you are to do,
You will by *Jove* himself informed be
Assoon as you his Presence come into.
Her message done, *Juno* resumes her place,
Iris and *Phœbus* down to *Ida* fly,
And finding *Jove*, stood still before his face.
Nor lookt he on them with an angry Eye;
For soon they did his Wives command obey.
Then speaking first to *Iris*, Go, said he,
To *Neptune* quickly, tell him what I say.
Bid him no longer at the Battle be,
But either go t'*Olympus* to the Gods,
Or to the Sea. If he will neither do,
Bid him consider if there be no odds
As well in strength as age between us two.
He knows that all the other Gods me fear,
And for my coming dareth not to stay,
As strong as to himself he doth appear.
This said, swift-footed *Iris* went her way
From *Ida* hill, and *Jove* without delay
And swift as any Cloud before the Winds,
Came down unto the Battle before *Troy*,
And there amongst the *Argives Neptune* finds,
And going to his side, I came, said she,
To speak with you a word or two from *Jove*.
You must not in the War a Party be.
He bids you go up to the Gods above,
Or down to th' Sea, where lies your own command.
If you refuse, he threatens you with War,
And bids you have a care t'avoid his hand;
And th'Elder is, he saies, and stronger far,

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Which you your ſelf he thinks will not deny,
Since th'other Gods of him ſtand all in awe.
Neptune to this replying firſt ſpake high.
Good as he is, ſaid he, it is not Law,
Thus to uſurp upon my liberty.
For Sons and Heirs of *Saturn*, we were three
Begot on *Rhea*. *Pluto*, *Jove*, and I.
By lot the Rule o'th' Waters came to me.
To *Jove* the Government of Heaven fell,
And of the Clouds, and the Ethereal Sky.
To *Pluto* Darkneſs, and the rule of Hell.
Earth and *Olympus* did as Common lye.
Let *Jove* then with his ſhare contented be,
And not encroach on me. For well 'tis known
I hold not any thing of him in Fee,
But live as he ſhould do, upon my own.
He ſhould not unto me ſuch language uſe,
But to his Children that will be affraid,
And dare not what he bids them, to refuſe.
Thus *Neptune* ſpake. Again then *Iris* ſaid,
Neptune, ſhall I this haughty anſwer carry
To *Jove*? And will you that I with it go
As 'tis? The Wiſe their minds oft vary;
And Fury on the Eldeſt wait you know.
So ſhe to him. Then *Neptune* thus to her.
Iris, this word was ſpoken in good ſeaſon.
Much worth, I ſee, is a wiſe Meſſenger.
But I was vext, becauſe thus without reaſon
(When I his equal am by Birth and Lot)
Jove uſes me as if I were his ſlave.
Well. For the preſent, croſs him I will not
Though I be vext. That anſwer let him have.
And further, That if he without conſent
Of me, *Athena*, *Juno*, *Mercurie*,
And *Vulcan*, *Troy* ſhall ſpare, our diſcontent
For th'*Argives* wrong, implacable will be.
And when he this had ſaid, he Fight forbears,
Nor any longer 'mongſt the *Argives* ſtaid,
But div'd into the Sea ore head and ears.
Then *Jove* unto *Apollo* ſpake, and ſaid,

To

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To *Hector* go; for *Neptune* now is gone
For fear of my displeasure; had he stay'd,
The Sons of *Saturn* of our War had known.
'Twas wisely done of him my hand t'avoid.
And better both for him and me; but go,
And shaking your great Shield the *Greeks* affright,
And strengthen *Hector* and incourage so
That he the *Argive* Lords may put to flight.
And follow them down to the *Hellespont*,
And make them for their hollow Ships to fight.
What then is to be done? I'll think upon't.
For I intend not to destroy them quite.
This said, *Apollo* left his Father *Jove*,
And down he came to *Troy* from *Ida* hill
Swift as a Falcon flying at a Dove,
And *Hector* on the ground found sitting still,
Not laid, but to his Senses come anew,
And freely breathing, although very weak,
And very well his friends about him knew.
There *Phœbus* standing nigh did to him speak.
Hector, said he, why sit you here alone?
O kindest of the Gods, said he, you know
That *Ajax* wounded has me with a Stone,
So that I am disabled with the blow,
And once to day I thought I should have gone
To *Erebus* with other shadows dim;
With such a force he threw the mighty stone.
Then thus again *Apollo* answered him.
Hector, I *Phœbus* am, and hither come
From *Jove*, against the *Greeks* to give you aid,
And ever have wisht well to *Ilium*.
Lead to the Ships your Troops. Be not afraid.
Hector at this encourag'd was again,
And as a Horse at Rack and Manger fed
Breaking his Headstal scudds upon the Plain,
And high into the Air he holds his head,
His Mane upon his shoulders plays with th'Air
And proud is in his Freedom to behold
The pleasant River and the Pastures fair,
To which he had accustom'd been of old,

And

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And swiftly to the same is carried;
So swiftly now went *Hector* to each part,
And in the Field his Troops encouraged,
After *Apollo* once had giv'n him heart.
But as when Swains with Curs to chase a Ro
Go forth into the Field, and with their cry
Rouse a fierce Lion, they the Prey let go
To save it self i'th'Woods or Rochers high,
And both the men and dogs are forc'd to fly;
Just so the *Greeks* whilst they in Bodies fight,
They save themselves; but seeing *Hector* nigh
They troubled were, and lost their courage quite.
Then to them spake *Thoas Andræmon*'s Son,
Well skill'd at distance or at hand to fight
Amongst-th'*Ætolians* better there was none,
And few compare with him for Counsel might.
O strange, said he, what wondrous sight is this!
I verily thought *Hector* had been slain
By *Ajax* hand. But see he risen is.
Some God or other rais'd him has again.
He kill'd us has already many men,
And many more is likely now to slay.
For *Jupiter* defends him now as then.
But come, let's all my Counsel now obey:
Let us that most pretend to Fortitude
Stay here imbattl'd to receive the Fo,
And to the Ships send back the multitude.
For thither, I think, *Hector* dares not go:
This Counsel was approv'd, and then stood out
Ajax, *Idomeneus*, *Meriones*,
Teucer, *Meges*, and such as were most stout;
And one Battalion was made of these
Th'impression of *Hector* to sustain
Till to the Ships the rest retreated were.
And *Hector* with his Troops came on amain,
Himself the foremost shaking his long Spear.
Apollo march'd before him to the field
Concealing in a Cloud his glorious Head,
And carri'd in his hand a shining Shield
Which whosoever laid his eyes on fled.

'Twas.

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'Twas made at first by *Mulciber*, and then
Given to *Jove* when he came down to fight
Against the Squadrons of rebellious men,
To make them fly the Field at the first sight.
Expecting *Hector* close the *Argives* stand,
And loud and sharp on both sides was the cry,
And many a Spear from every lusty hand,
And in the Air Arrows abundance fly,
And Spears; whereof some flying home did kill,
And others would have done, but short they fell.
As long as *Phœbus* did his Shield hold still,
Many a Soul on both sides flew to Hell.
When shaking it he made the *Argives* see it,
They stricken were with fear, and suddenly
Their heavie hearts fell down into their feet,
And then they made all haste they could to fly.
And as a Herd or Flock is frighted when
A Wolf or Lion coming on they see,
And no assistance have of Dogs or Men;
So th'*Argives* scatter'd before *Hector* flee.
Then slain by *Hector* was *Arceſilaus*,
And *Stichius* who the *Bœotians* led.
The other a good friend of *Mneſteus* was;
Both killed were by *Hector* as they fled:
Æneas Medon slew and *Liſus*.
Medon was little *Ajax* Bastard-Brother,
And lived from his Father *Oileus*,
By th'instigation of his Stepmother
Eriopis, whose Brother he had slain.
And *Liſus* th'*Athenian* Leader was,
But back to *Athens* led them not again.
His Father was *Sphelus Bucalidas*.
Meceſtes slain was by *Polydamas*.
Polites Echius slew in the first fight,
And *Clonius* by *Agenor* killed was;
And *Deiochus* by *Paris* in the flight.
Whilst from the Foe each one his Armour takes,
The flying *Greeks* into the Ditch leapt all,
And there encumber'd mightily with Stakes
Were forced to retire within the Wall.

Then

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Then *Hector* roared to the *Trojans*, saying,
On to the Ships, and let the dead men lie.
I'll be his death whom ever I find staying,
Nor shall he buri'd be or burned by
His friends and kin, but in the Fields of *Troy*
Be left for Dogs to tear and haul about.
This said, unto the Ships he drave away
By th'*Trojans* follow'd with a mighty shout.
Phœbus before them march'd, and with his foot
Into the Trench threw down the Earth again,
And made an easie and plain passage through it
As far as one a Spear can well hurl, when
He hurleth for a wager. To the Wall
The *Trojans* go, *Apollo* there again
Before them is, and eas'ly makes it fall,
As Children when themselves they entertain
With making pretty things upon the Sands,
Then comes into their heads another toy,
And down they push this with their feet or hands;
So easily *Apollo* did destroy
The *Argives* mighty work, and bring the fight
Again unto the Ships. Where now they pray'd,
And one anothers courage did excite:
Nestor to Heaven held up his hands and said,
O *Jove*, if you the Sacrifice accepted have
Of any *Greek* before he hither came,
And promis'd that the Army you would save,
O, at our Prayer now perform the same.
Let us not perish by the *Trojans* here.
Thus *Nestor* pray'd, and then *Jove* thundered,
Declaring that his Prayers granted were.
At this the *Trojans* were encouraged,
And by their hopes interpreting *Jove*'s mind,
Upon the *Greeks* with greater fury fall.
As when a Wave is thrown by some great wind
Into a Ship, so pass'd they at the Wall
And to the Ships they went with Horse and Char.
The *Greeks* into their Ships went up to fight
And with long Spears made for a Naval War
And pointed well with Brass, and shining bright.

The

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The *Greeks* and *Trojans* push at one another,
These mounted stood upon their Charrets high,
And higher on their black Ships stood the other.
Patroclus that till now sat quietly
(Because the fight was only at the Wall)
And to *Eurypylus* his care appli'd
And Med'cines fit to cure his wounds withal.
And sat discoursing with him by his side,
Now when he saw the *Trojans* were within,
And of the *Argives* heard the woful cries,
And saw the fear and danger they were in,
With both his hands then clapped he his Thighs.
Eurypylus, said he, I cannot stay;
For mightily encreased is th'affray.
Your wound be dressed by your Servant may.
But to *Achilles* I must go away.
Who knows but I may win him at the last
To help the *Greeks*? This said, away he went,
And left *Eurypylus*, and made what haste
He could to get unto *Achilles* Tent.
Mean while the Victory no way inclin'd.
Neither the *Greeks* could make the *Trojans* fly,
Nor yet the *Trojans* as they had design'd,
Back from the Ships could force the Enemy;
But level hung the wings of Victory
As when two Scales are charg'd with equal weight
Made by the Art of *Pallas* curiously,
The Beam lies level in the Air and straight.
And at one time at divers Ships they fought.
Directly unto *Ajax Hector* went,
And there sharp fighting was one Ship about.
Hector to burn, *Ajax* to save it meant.
Here *Ajax* with a long Spear in his hand
Kill'ed *Caletor*, *Hector*'s Brother's Son,
As he was coming with a flaming brand
To fire the Ship, and di'd before 'twas done.
This *Hector* saw, and to his fellows cri'd,
Trojans and friends defend the body dead
Of *Clytius* Son, and shrink not from my side.
And as he spake his long Spear from him fled,

Which

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Which (aim'd at *Ajax*) fell on *Lycophron*,
A man that was to *Ajax* very dear,
But born at *Cythera*, and *Maſtors* Son,
That having kill'd a man durſt not ſtay there,
But unto *Ajax* fled, and with him ſtay'd,
Till now by *Hector*'s Spear ſtruck through the head
He di'd. Then *Ajax* to his Brother ſaid,
Teucer, our friend *Maſtorides* is dead.
You know how much we honour'd him at home.
'Tis *Hector* that has ſlain him. Where are now
Your deadly Arrows? And what is become
Of (*Phœbus* gift) your ſo egregious Bow?
Which *Teucer* hearing quickly with him was
With Bow and Quiver in his hand, and ſhot,
And ſlew the Servant of *Polydamas*,
That had the guiding of his Chariot
Clitus by name, who while in vain he ſought
By driving to where hotteſt was the fight,
From *Hector* and the *Trojans* thanks t'have got,
The fatal Arrow on his Neck did light.
Then down he fell. The frighted Horſes ſhook
The empty Charre. Then came *Polydamas*,
And by the heads the capring Horſes took,
And ſets *Aſtynous* in *Clitus* place;
And gave him a ſtrict charge to hold them nigh,
But not to come with them into the Fight.
Then *Teucer* lets another Arrow fly
At *Hector*, which if it had hit him right,
He never at the Ships again had fought.
But *Jupiter* was pleas'd to ſave him now,
And brake the Bow-ſtring. Then in vain flew out
The Arrow, and into the duſt the Bow.
And *Teucer* to his Brother made his moan.
Ajax, ſaid he, is't not a wondrous thing?
My Bow is ſtarted from my hand and gone,
Some God or other broken has the String.
Yet new 'twas made this morning purpoſely
To laſt all day. *Teucer*, ſaid *Ajax* then,
Cannot you let your Bow and Quiver lie,
And fight with Spear in hand like other men,

And

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And give unto the *Greeks* encouragement?
No. Though the Gods above should in their hate
To let the *Trojans* take our Ships be bent,
Yet let us sell them at a lusty rate.
Teucer then laid his Bow up in his Tent,
And arm'd himself with Helmet and with Shield,
And a good Spear, and back to *Ajax* went,
And found him where he left him in the Field.
When *Hector* saw that *Teucer*'s noble Bow
Was useless now, he to his Squadrons cry'd,
Trojans and *Lycians* come on boldly now,
For *Teucer* now his Bow hath laid aside.
Jove brake the String. I saw it with these eyes.
For easily it may discerned be
To whom the hand of *Jove* intends the Prize,
And to whom he denies the Victory.
And now upon our side he is you see,
And from the *Greeks* their courage takes away.
Then to the Ships let's go couragiously,
And let the fear of death no man dismay.
For why should any of us fear to dye?
When for his Country 'tis, it is no shame.
And if we make the Enemy to fly,
Sav'd are his Wife and Children, Goods, and Name.
Whilst *Hector* thus the *Trojans* did excite,
Ajax unto the *Argives* spake, and said,
We must now either put our Foes to flight,
Or make account we shall be all destroy'd.
If *Hector* here to burn our Ships should chance,
Can you go home again (d'ye think) afoot?
He calleth on his men. 'Tis not to dance,
But fire our Ships if we will let him do't.
For us 'tis better in close Fight to die
Here all at once, or get the Victory
Than here, God knows how long consuming lie
And peck in vain at a weak Enemy.
Thus *Ajax* rais'd the courage of th' *Acheans*.
Then *Hector* slew the Son of *Perimed*,
Stichius that had command of the *Phocæans*.
And *Ajax* slew *Laodamas* that led

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The *Trojan* Foot, and was *Antenor*'s Son.
And *Otus* by *Polydamas* was slain,
Otus that led the bold *Epeians* on,
And was a friend of *Meges*. He again
A Spear threw at *Polydamas*, and mist.
For *Phœbus* kindness had for *Panthus* Son,
And with a present wit did him assist
To turn about and let the Spear go on.
And *Crœsmus* there receiv'd it on his Brest,
And down he fell. Then *Dolops Lampus* Son
(*Lampus* that was of living men the best,
And Grandchild of the King *Laomedon*)
To be reveng'd at *Meges* threw his Spear,
Which pass'd his Shield, but in his Breastplate staid,
The Breastplate which his Father us'd to wear
With many Plyes of strong Mail overlaid,
And given was to *Phyleus* by his Guest
At *Ephyre*, wherewith in martial strife
From deadly stroaks of Spears to save his Brest.
And of his Son it now preserv'd the life.
But *Meges Dolops* hit upon the Head,
And from his Crest struck off the goodly Main
Which he but newly then had dyed red.
But *Dolops* still the Fight did well maintain,
Till *Menelaus* stole unto his Side,
And struck him through the Shoulder with his Spear.
No longer stood he then, but fell and dy'd,
And both of them to strip him going were.
And *Hector* then call'd out to all his Kin,
And unto *Menalippus* specially,
Who while the *Greeks* were absent lived in
Percote, and took care of th'Husbandry.
But when the *A give* Fleet to *Troy* was come,
He then return'd his Country to defend,
And liv'd in *Priam*'s house at *Ilium*,
And proud the *Trojans* were of such a friend.
And lov'd he was by *Priam* as his Son,
And now unto him *Hector* spake and said,
Have we for *Dolops* no compassion,
Or to defend his body are afraid?

Come

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Come follow me. We muſt no longer play
At diſtance with the *Greeks*, but either they
Muſt utterly deface the Town of *Troy*,
And kill us all, or we them all deſtroy.
This ſaid, away they both together went
To ſave the Body of their Coſen dead,
And *Ajax* with a contrary intent
His *Argives* to the Fight encouraged.
Argives, ſaid he, to Honour have an eye,
And of your fellows Cenſures have a care.
For ſlain are alwaies more of thoſe that fly
Than thoſe that of baſe flight aſhamed are.
This ſaid, though of it no great need there was
Amongſt the *Greeks*, they preſently obey'd,
And at the Ships ſtood like an Hedg of Braſs.
But on came *Hector* not at all afraid.
T'*Antilochus* then *Menelaus* ſaid,
Amongſt us there is none that better can
Both fight and run. Why ſhould you be afraid
To leap unto the throng and kill your man?
This ſaid, away again went *Menelaus*.
Antilochus leapt out before the reſt
And threw his Spear at *Menalippus*, as
He coming was, and hit him on the Breſt.
No ſooner was he fallen to the ground,
Than to the Spoil *Antilochus* ran in.
As quick as when upon a Deer a Hound
Runs in, that by the Hunter kill'd had been.
But ſoon as he ſaw *Hector* coming on,
As valiant as he was he durſt not ſtay;
But as ſome wild Beaſt that had miſchief done
Ere people could aſſemble, run away.
The *Trojans* follow'd him with clamour loud,
And Spears abundance after him they threw.
But he ran on and got into the croud.
But they unto the Ships the *Greeks* purſue.
For *Jupiter* to make his promiſe good
To *Thetis*, hitherto the *Greeks* diſmaid,
And in the Battle with the *Trojans* ſtood
Until he had performed all he ſaid.

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But meant to stay no longer with them, than
To see some *Argive* Ship with fire to shine,
And then to let the *Greeks* prevail agen.
From the beginning such was his designe
In aiding *Hector*, who now furiously
Went on like *Mars*, or like fire in a Wood,
With foam about his mouth, and fire in's eye.
And *Jove* himself came down and ore him stood
To save him when he was hem'd in by Foes,
And honour him, since 'twas his destiny
That not long after he his Life should lose,
And by none but *Achilles* hand should dye.
Now *Hector* looking where the best men stood
And armed best, try'd first to break in there.
Keen as he was he there could do no good;
So close they joyn'd to one another were,
And stuck like great stones in a Tow'r or Rock
That of the boyst'rous Winds and Billows high
Which break upon it still endures the shock.
Then *Hector* other places went to try,
And through he pass'd. Then as a Wave high grown,
When in foul weather forced by the wind
Under dark Clouds, into a Ship is thrown
The Mist and roaring Sails bring to the mind
Of the poor Seamen nothing but to dye;
So frighted were the *Greeks*. But forward he
Still went; And as when in the Meadows by
The Rivers side thousands of Kine there be,
And th'Herdsmen see a Lion to them come,
But with a wild Beast know not how to fight,
Some go before them, and behind them some,
The Lion falleth on them in their sight
Between both ends, and killeth only one,
The rest all fly; So th'*Argives* all before
Hector and *Jupiter* dispersed run.
But only one was killed and no more.
And *Periphetes* 'twas the worthy Son
Of an unworthy Father *Copreus*, who,
When any labour great was to be done
By *Hercules*, did from *Eurystheus* go

As

As Messenger to carry the commands.
But *Periphetes* Vertue wanted none.
His Feet were swift, and valiant were his Hands.
A wiser man *Mycena* had not one.
But slain he was. For as he turn'd to fly,
He trod upon the edge of his own Shield,
And overthrown upon his Back did lye;
And with a stab of *Hector*'s Spear was kill'd.
His friends, though many standing by him were,
And griev'd to see him fall, did him no good.
For ev'ry one now for himself did fear,
And out of *Hector*'s way kept all he could.
The *Greeks* retreated were no further yet
Than to between the first and second Row
Of th' *Argive* Ships; but forc'd that place to quit,
Near to their Tents themselves they rally now.
Where *Nestor* them encouraged agen.
Argives, my friends, be valiant now (said he)
And if at any time now play the men.
Of one anothers Censures fearful be.
Besides, by what you should be moved most,
Your Parents, Children, Wives, and Goods and Land,
Whether you have them still or have them lost:
I you conjure against the Foe to stand.
This *Nestor* said, the *Argives* to exite;
And *Pallas* from them took the Mist again,
That they might see who did, who did not fight
Both at the Ships and elsewhere on the Plain.
But *Ajax Telamonius* thought not good
To stay with other *Argives* in the throng,
But up into a Ship he went and stood
With a Ship spear twenty two Cubits long.
As when a man that taught has been to guide
Four Horses at a time, and in his hand
Holdeth their Reins while they go side by side,
And people on the way admiring stand,
He from one Horse unto another skips,
And makes them run together to the Town;
So *Ajax* ore the *Argives* ranged Ships
To save them, and the Tents ran up and down.

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And terribly unto the *Argives* cry'd
To play the men. Nor *Hector* mongst his Troops
Could be perswaded longer to abide;
But suddenly as a black Eagle stoops
At a great Flock of Geese, or Cranes, or Swans;
So *Hector* of the *Argive* Ships to one
Flew down, and *Jove* with his puissant hands
Behind him marching alwaies pusht him on.
Then at the Ships the Fight began again,
More cruel than before. You would have said
They had no sense of weariness or pain,
So mightily they all about them laid.
The *Greeks* were in despair of their return,
The *Trojans* thought the *Argive* Lords to rout,
And all the Ships that brought them thither burn.
Thus minded on each side they fiercely fought.
Upon a Ship then *Hector* laid his hand,
Which brought *Protesilaus* unto *Troy*,
But never back unto his native Land.
For this good Ship they one another slay.
Arrows and Darts no longer flew about;
But now with Battle-axes of great strength
In one anothers reach they stood and fought,
And with great Spears and of a mighty length,
And great keen Swords, whereof from dying hands
Abundance fell on either side to th' ground;
And covered were with streaming bloud the Sands,
That gushed out from many a ghastly wound.
But *Hector* on the Ship his hand held fast,
And to his *Trojans* call'd aloud for Fire.
This day, said he, requites our ill days past.
To burn these Ships *Jove* with us doth conspire.
And set on fire they had been long ago
(For I would gladly at the Ships have fought)
But that the Senate would not have it so,
And kept both you and me from going out.
But though by *Jove* then smitten were their hearts,
Yet boldly now himself he leads us on.
This said, the *Trojans* bravely play their parts,
And with more vigour fought than they had done.

Then

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Then on the Deck no longer *Ajax* stay'd,
So many Spears went singing by his head.
For if he there had stood he was afraid
That some unlucky Spear would strike him dead;
And to the far side of the Ship retreats,
Leaving the Deck which fenceless was and high,
And sat upon one of the Rowers seats,
And still upon the *Trojans* kept his eye.
And thence he from the fire the Ship defends,
And terribly on th' *Argive* Heroes calls
To do their best. We have, said he, no friends
Behinde to save our lives, nor better Walls
Than those we made; nor any City nigh,
That can or willing are our part to take.
But far from home in hostile ground we lie,
And hemmed in are by the briny lake;
And nothing can redeem us but our hands.
This said, he lookt about him furiously
To see if any durst approach with Brands,
Resolv'd to kill him that with Fire came nigh.
And many to the Ship with Fire were sent
By *Hector*; but when they approached near,
Ajax continually did them prevent,
And twelve he killed with his Naval Spear.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XVI.

THus fiercely fought the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*.
And with *Achilles* was *Patroclus* now
With tears abundance running down his Cheeks,
Like Springs that from a high Rock ſtreaming flow.
No ſooner him *Achilles* weeping ſp'd
But piti'd him. Why weep you ſo, ſaid he,
Like a Childe running by his Mothers ſide,
And holding by her Coat would carri'd be?
Bring you ſome News that none but you can tell?
Menœtius and *Peleus* ſtill do live
At *Phthia* with the *Myrmidons*, and well.
If not, we both have cauſe enough to grieve.
Or is it that the *Greeks* are ſlaughter'd ſo,
And fall before the Ships? 'tis for their pride?
Speak what's the matter, that we both may know.
Patroclus ſobbing to him then repli'd,
O Son of *Peleus*, of all *Greeks* the beſt,
Forgive me if in this neceſſity
I freely ſpeak. They that excel the reſt
In Proweſs, at the Ships all wounded lie.
Ulyſſes wounded is and *Diomed*,
And *Agamemnon* and *Eurypylus*,
And cur'd may be, but ſtand us in no ſted;
Nor does your Vertue any good to us.
O Gods let never anger in me dwell
Like this of yours. If you cannot, who can
The *Trojans* from the *Argive* Fleet repel,
And ſave ſo many lives? O cruel man!
The noble *Peleus* ſure was not your Father;
Born of the Goddeſs *Thetis* you were not.
Sprung from the raging Sea I think you rather,
And that by ſome hard Rock you were begot.

But

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But if you ſtand upon ſome Prophecie,
Or *Thetis* have forbidden you to fight
From *Jove*, yet ſend ſome *Myrmidons* with me,
That I may to the *Argives* give ſome light.
But in your Armour let me be array'd,
That when they ſee me they may think me you,
And back into the City run diſmay'd,
And th'*Argives* wearied take breath anew.
For long the *Trojans* have endur'd the Fight;
And if freſh Enemies they coming ſee,
With little labour they'll be put to flight,
And leave the *Argive* Tents and Navy free.
Thus prayed he, but 'gainſt himſelf he pray'd,
And raſhly ſu'd to caſt his life away.
To this *Achilles* anſwer made and ſaid,
My dear *Patroclus* what is this you ſay?
I ſtand not on, nor care for Prophecy,
Nor yet by *Jove* forbidden am to fight;
But at my heart it lieth grievouſly,
My equal ſhould oppreſs me by meer might.
A Town I won, in which we found great Prey.
For my reward the *Greeks* gave me a Maid,
Which *Agamemnon* from me took away,
Only becauſe more people him obey'd,
As if I were a man of little worth.
But let that paſs. Though once I never meant
My *Myrmidons* ſhould with the *Greeks* go forth!
To Battle till the Foes were at my Tent,
Yet ſince the *Argive* Ships with ſuch a miſt
Of *Trojans* on the ſhore environ'd lie,
And th'*Argives* wanting room can ſcarce reſiſt,
And have the pow'r of *Troy* for enemy,
Take you my Arms and lead into the Fight
The *Myrmidons*. The *Trojans* ſhall not ſee
My Helmet neer, to put them in a fright.
If *Agamemnon* had been juſt to me,
The Ditches had been fill'd with *Trojans* dead.
But now into the very Camp they break;
Nor can reſiſted be by *Diomed*.
To ſave the Ships *Tydides* is too weak.

Nor

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Nor can that hateful mouth of *Atreus* Son
Be heard for *Hector*, who the Air doth fill
With roaring to the *Trojans* to fall on,
And shouting of the *Trojans* as they kill.
Yet so, *Patroclus*, charge them lustily,
For fear the Ships should all be set on fire;
Then lost the *Greeks* are without remedy,
And to their Country never shall retire.
But now what I shall say give ear unto.
To th'end the *Greeks* may honour me, and send
Briseis back with Gifts, you thus must do.
When you have freed the Ships, there make an end
And come away. If *Jove* give you success
No longer without me pursue the Fight.
'Twill make my honour with the *Greeks* the less.
Nor in the slaughter take so much delight
As to proceed up to the Walls of *Troy*;
Lest by some God or other you be checkt.
But having freed the Ships come straight away
(*Apollo* has for *Troy* a great respect)
And leave both sides to fight upon the Plain
Till (grant it O ye Gods) there left are none,
But you and I, the Town of *Troy* to gain.
Thus they to one another talkt alone.
Ajax by this time from the Ship was gone,
Forc'd by the Spears that from the *Trojans* flew,
And weakned by the hand of *Saturn*'s Son.
For at his head the *Trojans* always threw,
And forc'd he was to hold his great Shield high,
And weari'd was thereby his Buckler-hand.
With Spear in hand no *Trojan* durst come nigh,
But pelting him with Spears aloof they stand.
The sweat ran down his Limbs, nor could he well,
Though mightily for breath he pull'd, respire.
Now tell me Muses that in Heav'n do dwell,
How came the Ship first to be set on fire?
Thus. *Hector* with his broad Sword at a blow
The Spear of *Ajax* chanc'd to cut in twain.
Where to the staff the head was fixt, and so
His mighty Naval Spear he shook in vain.

The

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The head of Brass flew humming to the ground.
This *Ajax* saw, and frighted was to see
Jove thus the counsel of the *Greeks* confound,
To give unto the *Trojans* Victorie,
And went his way. Then in the *Trojans* came.
With Brands of flaming fire; and presently
The hind part of the Ship was all in flame.
Achilles with his hand then clapt his Thigh
And to *Patroclus* said, A flame I see
Rise at the Ships. 'Tis time that you were gone,
Lest our Retreat should intercepted be.
Away and quickly put my Armour on.
This said, *Patroclus* first of all puts on
His Boots of War, and to his legs them ti'd
With Silver Clasps; and next of *Thetis* Son
The Breast-plate good he to his Breast appli'd
With Golden Stars like Heaven beautifi'd.
His Sword then ore his shoulder he puts on,
With Silver Studs to hang down by his side;
And then his Helmet shining like the Sun
He puts upon his head; and last of all
He took two Spears that fit were for his hand.
But not that which *Achilles* fought withal.
For that none but *Achilles* could command.
A great and strong and heavy Spear it was,
Made of an Ash cut down i'th' woody hill
Of *Pelius*, and by *Chiron* given 'twas
To *Peleus*, his mighty Foes to kill.
Then to *Achilles* Charre *Automedon*
The Horses *Balius* and *Xanthus* ti'd,
That were by *Zephyrus* begotten on
Podarge feeding by the Oceans side;
And at their heads he *Pedasus* did place
(A Horse he took at *Thebe* in the Prey)
That with them both was able to keep pace,
Though he were mortal, and immortal they.
While by his Charre *Patroclus* arming stands,
Apace from Tent to Tent *Achilles* runs,
And calleth unto those that had Commands,
To Arm and bring away the *Myrmidons*.

Then

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Then came they and about *Patroclus* ſtood
Like Wolves that on a luſty Stag had fed,
And lapping ſtain'd the River with his blood,
With Bellies full and hearts encouraged.
When they together were, *Achilles* then
Appointed who i'th'Field ſhould them command.
To *Troy* he Ships brought with him five times ten,
From ev'ry Ship came fifty men to land.
And then five Bodies he made of them all,
And Captains five by whom they led ſhould be.
But was himſelf the Captain-General;
For of the *Myrmidons* the King was he.
Of theſe five Captains one *Meneſtius* was,
Who was the River *Sperchius* his Son,
And by the name of *Boro* then did paſs.
His Mother was of *Peleus* Daughters one,
And *Polydora* was her name. And ſhe
To *Perierus* had been married,
And for his Wife repured conſtantly
Before ſhe was of *Meneſtius* brought to bed.
The ſecond Bands were by *Eudorus* led,
The Son of *Polymela* a fair Maid.
Hermes of her became enamoured,
As at a Dance her Beauty he ſurvay'd.
It was upon *Diana's* Holy-day
He ſaw her dancing, and at night he got
Unſeen into her bed and with her lay,
And his brave Son *Eudorus* then begot.
To *Echeclus* ſhe after married.
Her Father *Phylas* to him took her Son,
And unto mans eſtate him nouriſhed,
And lov'd no leſs than if t'had been his own.
The third *Piſandrus* led that ſwift could run,
And had at fighting with a Spear more art
In bloudy War than any *Myrmidon*
Amongſt them all (*Patroclus* ſet apart.)
The fourth was by the old Knight *Phœnix* led.
And of the fifth, charge had *Alcimedon*.
When they were all together gathered,
Unto them ſharply thus ſpake *Tectis* Son.

Ye

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Ye *Myrmidons*, said he, remember now,
How all the time I kept you have from fight,
You have the *Trojans* threatned hard; and how
You said my Mother fed me had with Gall,
And in great tumult bid me let you go,
Or at the Ships upon the *Trojans* fall.
Lo there before you is the War you crave.
The *Trojans* are about to burn the Fleet;
Do you your utmost now the same to save.
Let him that brags of Valour let us see't.
This said, the *Myrmidons* became more keen,
Because they saw the King had chang'd his mind;
And presently into their Ranks fell in,
And close themselves to one another joyn'd.
As close as in a Wall are laid the stones
By him that means his House shall keep out wind;
So close together stood the *Myrmidons*.
Helmets with Helmets, Shields with Shields conjoyn'd.
Before them all two good men armed went,
Patroclus and *Automedon* to th'Fight.
Achilles then returned to his Tent,
Where stood a Chest most beautiful to sight,
Which *Thetis* gave him when he went to *Troy*,
Wherein were Carpets, Coats, and Cloaks laid up,
To keep him warm when he a Ship-board lay;
And in the same was kept a dainty Cup.
In which no other man ere drank but he,
Though 'twere to offer to the Gods above:
Nor he himself (such was his nicetie)
Ere in it drank but offering to *Jove*.
Achilles then with Sulphur scour'd the Cup,
And having rins'd it clean with water fair,
And washt his hands, went out and held it up
Tow'rds Heaven, and thus to *Jove* addrest his pray'r.
Pelasgique Jove that far from hence dost dwell,
But at *Dodona* men thy counsel know,
The *Selli* there thy Prophets fortunes tell,
Though on the ground they sleep, and barefoot go,

That at my Prayer once didſt honour me,
And broughteſt on the *Argive* Hoaſt much wo,
Once more unto my Pray'r enclined be.
Though to the Fight my ſelf I do not go,
I thither ſend my dear Companion.
O *Jove* now honour him. Let *Hector* know
Patroclus is a man of War alone,
And, not then only when I with him go.
And when he has the *Trojans* driven from
The *Argive* Ships, then grant, O *Jove*, he may
With all his *Myrmidons* ſafe hither come,
With all their Arms and make no longer ſtay.
Thus prayed he. To half of his deſire
Jove nodded; but the other half deni'd.
He granted him to ſave the Ships from fire;
But at returning ſafe his neck he wri'd.
Achilles when he offer'd had and pray'd,
Went with the Cup agen into his Tent,
And ſafely laid it up; and not long ſtay'd,
But out agen to ſee the Fight he went.
The *Myrmidons* now marched orderly.
But when unto the *Trojans* they were neer,
Like Waſps incenſed they upon them fly.
As when at unawares a Traveller
Is going by a Waſps-neſt neer the way,
Which to the common damage ſtir'd has been
And anger'd by a young unlucky Boy,
Upon the Traveller they vent their ſpleen;
And all at once with fury on him fly:
Juſt ſo the *Myrmidons* occaſion take
Provok'd by *Agamemnon*'s injury
To fall upon the *Trojans* for his ſake.
Patroclus yet did further them incite.
Ye *Myrmidons*, ſaid he, *Achilles* Bands,
Remember now couragiouſly to fight;
Achilles honour now lies in your hands
The beſt of *Greeks*. Let *Agamemnon* ſee
The fault he did, and know he was unwiſe,
How wide ſoever his Dominion be,
The beſt of all th'*Achæans* to deſpiſe.

Then

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Then on the *Trojans* all at once they fly.
With them the other *Greeks* by shouts conspire.
The *Trojans* when they saw *Patroclus* nigh
With stout *Automedon Achilles* Squire,
Their courage fell, their Ranks disordered were,
They lookt about which way 'twere best to run.
For they suppos'd *Achilles* now was there,
And that his discontent was past and gone.
Patroclus first of all lets fly his Spear
Amongst the thickest of the Foes, about
Protesilaus hollow Ship (for there
The *Trojans* standing close together fought)
And slew *Pyræchmes* who from *Amydon*,
And *Axius* wide stream the *Pæons* led.
The Spear pass'd thorough his right Shoulder-bone.
And when the *Pæons* saw him fall, they fled.
Not only these he frighted had, but all,
By killing of a Captain of such fame.
Patroclus then upon the rest did fall,
And drave them from the Ship, & quencht the flame.
The *Trojans* towards *Troy* retire apace.
Patroclus and the *Argives* them pursue,
Leaving the Ship half burnt upon the place.
And on the Plain the Fight began anew.
As men see all the Rocks and Woods about
When than the Hills the Mist is gotten higher;
So when the Fire was at the Ships put out,
The *Greeks* did for a little while respire.
For yet the *Trojans* did not plainly fly,
But still resisting went, and losing ground.
Here *Areilochus* was killed by
Patroclus that gave him a deadly wound
Upon the Thigh, just as he turn'd about.
The Spear went through and passing brake the Bone.
And at the wound his bloud and life went out,
And on his face he fell down with a groan.
Thoas by *Menelaus* on the Brest
Close by his Shield a wound receiv'd and di'd.
To *Meges Antichus* a Spear addrest.
But *Meges* that his purpose had espi'd

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Prevented him, and with his Spear him hits
Upon the Leg and neer unto the Knee,
And all the Nerves thereof asunder splits,
And of the wound he died presently.
Antilochus then slew *Atymnius*.
The Spear went through his Flank & struck him dead.
And *Maris* then struck at *Antilochus*,
But he prevented was by *Thrasymed*
And slain, pierc'd through the shoulder with his Spear.
And thus by two Sons of old *Nestor* slain
The two Sons of *Amisodorus* were,
And of *Sarpedon* good Companions twain.
Their Sire *Amisodorus* kept at home.
The foul *Chimera* that had done much harm,
Devouring people which did that way come,
Till she was slain by *Bellerophontes* arm.
Cleobulus then pester'd in the throng
By little *Ajax* taken was alive,
But after he was taken liv'd not long.
For *Ajax* did him of his life deprive.
For on the Neck he gave him such a wound
With his broad Sword as made it smoak with blood;
And presently he fell unto the ground,
And on his Eyes perpetual darkness flood.
With Swords *Peneleos* and *Lycon* prest
Each other hard. For both their Spears had miss'd.
Lycon him hit upon the Helmet-crest,
And broke his Sword. One part staid in his Fist,
The other flew. *Peneleos* him hit
Upon the Neck. The Sword so far went in,
As from the shoulders it divided it,
Save that it hung a little by the skin.
Meiones pursued *Acamas*,
Amongst the *Trojans* that before him fled;
And overtook him as he mounting was,
And with a wound i'th' shoulder left him dead.
And by *Idomeneus* the King of *Creet*
Hit in the Mouth was *Erymas* and slain.
His Teeth all stricken out fell at his Feet,
And by the Spear pierc'd thorough was his Brain,

And

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And fill'd with blood stood staring both his Eyes,
Which through his nose and mouth he strove to voyd,
And gasping seeks to cast it out, and dies.
Thus the *Greek* Lords each one his man destroy'd.
And then as bloudy Wolves invade the Lambs
Or Kids that by the Shepherds negligence
Are wandred on the Mountains from their Dams,
And kill; for Nature gives them no defence;
So fiercely on the *Trojans* fell the *Greeks*.
But they no more trust to their hands but feet.
Ajax to throw his Spear at *Hector* seeks,
But with him *Hector* has no minde to meet,
But by th'advantage of his skill in Warre
Knowing of Arrows and of Spears the sound,
To keep aloof from *Ajax* still took care,
And cover'd with his Shield oft shifted ground.
And though he knew the honour of the day
Would fall unto th'*Achaians* in the end,
Yet from the Field he went not straight away,
But stay'd and fought his people to defend.
And then as Clouds rise from *Olympus* high,
And through the Air to Heaven tend upright
Before tempestuous winds; so rose the Cry
At th'*Argive* Ships. Then *Hector* left the Fight.
And after him the *Trojans* take their heels,
But in the Trench greatly encumbred were,
And many Charret-poles they brake and Wheels.
And when they of the Trench were gotten clear,
Fill'd with affright was ev'ry Path and Way.
Thus at the Ships the storm of War gave ore.
The Horses that were loose ran back to *Troy*;
And to the Ships the *Trojans* came no more.
Patroclus, where he most disorder found,
Thither he drove, and trod the *Trojans* down,
And Charret-seats were tumbled to the ground,
And many from their Seats were headlong thrown.
But the swift Horses of *Patroclus*, which
On *Peleus* by the Gods bestowed were,
Found no impediment, but leapt the Ditch,
Pursuing *Hector*, who now was no there.

As when with ſtormy winds th' Autumnal rain
Falls heavy on the Earth, from Heaven ſent
When wreſted are the Laws by men for gain,
Who from the Gods expect no Puniſhment,
The Rivers ſwell; down from the Mountains ſide
Innumerable Currents headlong run
Roaring and foaming to the Ocean wide;
And waſht away is all mans work and gone:
So fled the *Trojans*. Theſe thus put to flight,
He kept the *Greeks* from going to the Town,
As they deſir'd; yet gave not over fight,
But 'twixt the Ships and River overthrown
Were many more; for unrevenged yet
Were many *Greeks*. Firſt *Pronous* he kill'd,
Whom with his ſpear upon the Breaſt he hit,
Where he was not well cover'd with his Shield.
The next he ſlew was *Theſtor Enops* Son
That ſate upon his Seat amaz'd with fear,
And from his hand the Horſes Reyns were gone.
Patroclus ſtanding by him with his Spear
Strook him upon the Cheek, and there it ſtuck
Faſt in his Teeth; and over the fore-wheel
To th' ground *Patroclus* fetcht him with a plack
As to the Bank a Fiſher pulls an Eel,
And to the Earth he threw him on his Face.
Eryalus then to him went, in vain,
And by *Patroclus* ſlain was on the place.
For with a ſtone he cleft his head in twain.
Epaltes, *Erymas*, *Amphoterus*,
And *Echius*, *Pyres*, *Damaſtorides*.
Euippus, *Polymelus Iphius*;
He one upon another kill'd all theſe.
Sarpedon ſaw how faſt his good friends died,
And that his *Lycians* ready were to fly,
He them rebuking with a loud voice cried,
Whither d'ye go? For ſhame ſtay here. For I
Intend to meet this man my ſelf and know
Who 'tis that here ſo furiouſly fights,
And lays ſo many valiant *Trojans* low.
This ſaid, he from his Chariot alights.

Patro-

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Patroclus seeing that, alighted too ;'
And presently betook him to the fight,
As keen as one high Rock *Vultures* two ;
And *Jupiter* was grieved at the sight.
And to (his Wife and Sister) *Juno* said,
Ay me, my Son *Sarpedon* will be slain.
For by the Fates long since it so is laid.
And now my mind divided is in twain,
To snatch him hence and carry him again
To *Lycia*, or now to let him die,
And by *Patroclus* fatal Spear be slain.
And *Juno* then to *Jove* made this reply.
O *Jove*, most wilful of the Gods, what say'e ?
A mortal man condemn'd is by the Fates,
And you would now the Execution stay ?
Do. But take heed how you offend the State.
And this I tell you further, if you do
Your Son *Sarpedon* from the Combate save,
The other Gods will look to do so too.
For Sons at *Troy* many Immortals have.
But since you love your Son and for him grieve,
First let *Patroclus* take away his life,
And then to Death and Sleep commandment give
To carry him from out the bloudy strife
To *Lycia*, amongst his friends and kin,
Who see him will embalm'd and buried,
And build a Tomb to lay his ashes in,
Which are the honours due unto the dead.
This *Juno* says ; *Jove* to it condescends.
And for the honour of his Son so dear
For rain he drops of bloud from Heaven sends.
When they were come to one another near,
First threw *Patroclus* and kill'd *Thrasymed*
A valiant man *Sarpedon*'s Charretier.
The Spear into his Belly entered.
Then at *Patroclus* flew *Sarpedon*'s Spear,
And hit him not, but *Pedasus* he slew,
The Fore-horse of *Achilles* Charre, and now
The sprawling Horse caus'd a disorder new.
The Yoke screeks, and *Automedon* lets go

The

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The Reyns; whereby the Combatants are parted;
Automedon soon found a remedy;
For from the Charret seat he nimbly started,
And cut the Geers that did the fore-horse tye.
The Horses two adjusted were again;
And then the Combatants the fight renew.
And first *Sarpedon* threw, and threw in vain.
The Spear just over his left shoulder flew.
But not in vain *Patroclus* Spear was thrown,
That smote him through the Midriff. Heavilie
Sarpedon then unto the ground came down,
As if 't had been an Oak or Poplar-tree.
Or as a Pine cut down i'th' Hill, to be
A Mast for some great Ship falls to the ground,
So fell to th'Earth *Sarpedon* heavilie,
And with his Armour made the place resound.
As when a Bull is by a Lion slain,
Under his Paw to th'ground he groaning falls;
So groaning fell *Sarpedon* in great pain,
And to his friend the valiant *Glaucus* calls,
And to him said, Now *Glaucus* valiant be,
And set your minde on nothing but to fight.
But first go call my best men all to me,
And to assist me here joyn all your might.
If of my Arms I stript be by the Foe,
The shame thereof for ever will abide.
So therefore quickly call the people. Go.
And when he thus had spoken to him, di'd.
Patroclus on the Body sets his foot,
And out agen he pull'd the bloudy Spear,
With pieces of the Midriff sticking to't.
And now away the Horses ready were,
To run. For no man was upon the Seat;
But by the *Myrmidons*, they soon were staid.
The grief of *Glaucus* then was very great
For that he knew not how the King to aid.
For in great pain his Arm was with the stroke
Of *Teucer*'s Arrow at the *Argive* Wall,
And found no remedy but to invoke
Apollo, and upon him thus did call.

Apollo,

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Apollo, whether thou in *Troy* be now
Or *Lycia*, untó my Pray'r give ear;
For when diſtreſſed men unto thee bow,
Thou doſt from any place or diſtance hear.
I grievouſly am wounded in the hand,
The pain whereof up to my ſhoulder goes.
No longer now can I my Spear command,
When moſt I need to uſe it 'gainſt the Foes.
Sarpedon the brave Son of *Jove* is ſlain.
His Father of him takes no further care.
But thou *Apollo* now aſſwage my pain,
And cure my wound and make me fit for Warre;
That I may bring the *Lycians* to fight,
And I with them the Body may defend.
This ſaid, *Apollo* by his Heavenly might
His wound heal'd up, the pain was at an end.
The blood was gone; encourag'd was his minde,
And *Glaucus* knew *Apollo* did it all,
And joy'd ſuch favour with the God to finde.
Then out he went the *Lycians* to call.
That done he to the *Trojan* Princes goes,
Agenor, *Hector*, and *Polydamas*,
Divine *Æneas*, and craves aid of thoſe;
But what he ſaid, to *Hector* ſpoken was.
Hector, ſaid he, your friends you now forget,
Who from their Country hither came ſo far
Their lives to venture for your ſake. For yet
How to aſſiſt them you take little care.
Slain is the King *Sarpedon* in the fight,
That both with Might and Juſtice rul'd the Land
Of *Lycia*. Let them not vent their ſpight
Upon the Body ſlain; but by him ſtand.
The *Myrmidons* elſe for th'*Achæans* ſake
Of whom we ſlew ſo many at the Fleet,
Will in revenge his Armour from him take,
And do unto him other things unmeet.
This ſaid, the *Trojans* all were on a flame
To be reveng'd. To *Troy* he was a Wall,
Although he thither as a Stranger came,
He many led, himſelf the beſt of all.

And

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And to the *Myrmidons* they marcht away,
Hector himself before them at the head
As angry for *Sarpedon*'s death as they.
Patroclus then the *Greeks* encouraged,
And speaking first to the *Ajaxes* two,
Ajax, said he, both you and you, again
Fight gallantly as you are us'd to do,
Or better if you can. For I have slain
Sarpedon with my Spear, who was the man
That mounted first up to the *Argive* Wall.
Let's take his Armour off him if we can,
And make his Fellows some of them to fall.
This said, they into order put their men
Trojan and *Lycian*; *Greek* and *Myrmidon*;
And to the Body slain return agen,
And fiercely one another fell upon.
And *Jove* the place with darkness cover'd round
As long as they were fighting 'bout his Son.
And at the first the *Greeks* forsook their ground.
For then there was a noble *Myrmidon*
Epigeus that King was formerly
Of *Budeon*, and forced thence away
For a mans death to *Peleus* did fly,
Who sent him with *Achilles* unto *Troy*.
And now no sooner layed had his hand
Upon *Sarpedon*'s Body, but was slain
By a great stone that flew from *Hector*'s hand,
And broke (for all his Casque) his skull in twain.
Down he upon the dead King falling dies.
Patroclus when he saw his friend thus fall,
Swift as a Hawk that at a Stareling flies,
Up to the Foes ran, and amongst them all
He threw a stone, which lighted on the Neck
Of *Stenelaus*, and the Tendon rent.
And this gave to the *Trojan* Horse a check;
And back a little *Hector* with them went
As far as one can for experiment,
Or at a Foe in Battle throw a Spear;
So far back *Hector* with his Charret went,
The *Argives* them pursuing in the Rear.

But.

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But *Glaucus* that did then the *Lycians* lead
Purſu'd by *Bathycles* and very near,
Upon a ſudden to him turn'd his head,
And deep into his breaſt he thruſt his Spear.
And down he fell. The *Trojans* then were glad,
And at the Body fallen boldly ſtay'd.
On th'other ſide the *Greeks* were very ſad
To loſe ſo good a man, but not diſmay'd.
Merione then ſlew *Laogonus*
Son of *Onetor* Prieſt of *Jupiter*,
And honour'd like a God in *Gargarus*.
The Spear him pierc'd between the Cheek and Ear.
Then at *Meriones Æneas* threw
And was in hope to give him his deaths wound;
But he then ſtoopt, and ore him the Spear flew;
And one end ſhook, the other ſtuck i'th'ground.
At this *Æneas* angry to him ſaid,
Meriones, as well as you can dance,
My Spear was like your motion to have ſtay'd,
And that it did not, think it was by chance.
To him replying ſaid *Meriones*,
Æneas ſtrong and valiant as you are,
You cannot kill men whom and when you pleaſe,
Your ſelf are ſubject to the chance of Warre
As well as I. And if my Spear fall right
(As much as to your hands you truſt) you'll die
Like other men, and I win honour by't,
And to the ſhades below your Soul will fly.
This ſaid, *Patroclus* came and him reproved.
Meriones, why talk you thus, ſaid he,
D'ye think the *Trojans* can be hence removed
With evil words till many ſlain there be?
In counſel words may ſomewhat ſignifie,
But hands in War determine the event.
'Tis to no purpoſe words to multiplie.
This ſaid, away they both together went.
And by and by was heard a mighty ſound,
As if the Woods were felling on the Hills,
Of men in Armour falling to the ground,
And Swords and Spears on Helmets and on Shields.

Sarpedon

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Sarpedon cover'd was from top to toe
With dust and Spears, and so besmear'd with blood,
That wise he must have been that could him know,
Though who it was they all well understood,
And busie were about him as the Flies
That buz in Summer-time about the Pans
Of Milk. And all this while *Jove* kept his Eyes
Upon the Battle; and adviſing ſtands
Whether 'twere beſt to let *Patroclus* die
Upon *Sarpedon*, ſlain by *Hector*, or
Let him go on, and follow thoſe that fly,
And of the *Trojans* make the ſlaughter more.
At laſt reſolv'd he made the *Trojans* fly.
Patroclus then purſu'd them up to *Troy*,
And as he went made many of them die;
And *Hector* was the firſt that fled away,
Not ignorant of *Jove*'s Apoſtaſie.
And then the luſty *Lycians* alſo fled;
Whoſe King *Sarpedon* now i'th' heap did lie
Stretch'd out on th'Earth amongſt the other dead.
And him *Patroclus* of his Armour ſtrips,
His mighty Armour all of Solid Braſs,
And ſent it by his fellows to the Ships.
Thus ſlain and ſtript *Jove*'s Son *Sarpedon* was.
Then *Jove* unto *Apollo* ſpake and ſaid,
Go *Phœbus* bear *Sarpedon* from the Fight
A great way off, and let him be array'd
In an immortal Garment pure and bright.
But in the River clear firſt waſh him clean,
And with *Ambroſia* anoynt his ſkin:
Let Death and Sleep two Sifters bear him then
To *Lycia* unto his friends and kin,
By whom his Body will imbalmed be,
And Tomb and Pillar ſet upon his Grave,
Whereby preſerv'd will be his memorie,
Which all the honour is the dead can have.
This ſaid, *Apollo* down from *Ida* came,
And bare *Sarpedon*'s Body from the Fight,
And far off in the River waſht the ſame,
And with Ambroſia his Body white

Anoyn-

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Anointed, and with Garments fair array'd,
Immortal Garments; and into the hands
Of Death and Sleep committed it, who layd
It down again amongst the *Lycians*.
Patroclus then commands *Automedon*
To drive to *Troy*. Not well. For had he then
The counsel of *Achilles* thought upon,
He had escapt. But *Jove* knows more than men,
And quickly can take from a man of might,
And to a weaker give the Victorie
Whom he himself encourage will to fight,
As now by *Jove* himself set on was he.
But while *Patroclus* chac'd the *Trojans* thus,
Who fell? *Adrestus* and *Autonous*,
Epistor, *Melanippus*, *Perimus*,
Pylartus, *Mulius*, and *Echeclus*
And *Elasus*. And taken had been *Troy*
Now by *Patroclus*, but that *Phœbus* stood
Upon the Tow'r and pusht him still away,
To vex the *Greeks* and do the *Trojans* good.
For thrice he mounted and was thrice put back
By the Immortal hands; but when again
He mounting was, *Apollo* to him spake.
Retire (said he) *Patroclus*, 'tis in vain.
It is not you that *Ilium* can win,
Nor *Thetis* Son, a better man than you.
Patroclus at these words great fear was in,
And far off from the Wall himself withdrew.
Now *Hector* was upon his Charret-seat
I'th' *Scæan* Gate, and did deliberate
Whether to make the *Trojans* to retreat,
And when they were come in to shut the Gate,
Or go to th'Fight. While he consulted thus,
Apollo came and standing by his side
In likeness of his Uncle *Asius*,
Him sharply did for standing idle chide.
Hector, said he, why stay you here? If I
Exceeded you in strength as you do me,
I teach you would, in such necessity
To quit the Field thus, and unuseful be.

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Go. To *Patroclus* now directly drive,
And doubt not but that by *Apollo*'s aid
You may him of his Life and Arms deprive.
Away went *Phœbus* when he this had said.
And *Hector* then returned to the Fight
While *Phœbus* did the *Argive* throng dismay.
Cebriones still kept his Horses right
Upon *Patroclus*. For upon the way
Hector past through the *Greeks* and killed none.
Patroclus then alighting, with his Spear
In his left hand, in th'other took a stone,
And with it killed *Hector*'s Charrettier
Cebriones, King *Priam*'s Bastard Son.
Above his Eyes upon his Forehead just
Patroclus hit him with the knobby stone.
Then from his Seat he dropt into the dust.
Broke was his Skull, his Eye-brows crusht in'one,
And at his feet before him fell his eyes.
Patroclus scoft and said 'tis nimbly done.
And proudly thus insulting ore him cryes,
Oh that we had a man could leap like him,
And set upon one of our Ships were he,
To leap into the Sea and groaping swim!
How satisfi'd with Oysters should we be!
So quickly down he tumbled to the Plain.
I see that there good tumblers are in *Troy*.
This said, he ran unto the Body slain,
Himself with his own valour to destroy.
And then unto the ground leapt *Hector* too,
And at *Cebriones* his Body fought
He and *Patroclus*, fierce as Lions two
That had a great Stag, slain by chance, found out;
And hungry both, strove who should first be fed.
So fought these two each other to destroy.
And *Hector* pull'd the dead man by the head,
Patroclus by the heels the other way.
Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fighting stood.
As when between two Hills two great Winds fight,
On both sides strongly shaken is the Wood,
And Boughs beat one another with great might,

And

And with a horrid noise together clash,
And many lusty Limbs then broken are
Of barky Corme, broad Beech, and lofty Ash;
So did it with the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fare.
About *Cebriones* stuck many a Spear,
And many a fledged Arrow from the Bow,
And many Shields by great stones broken were,
While he along in bed of dust lay low,
And quite forgotten had his Chivalry.
Now all the while that mounting was the Sun
The Weapons flew, and men fell equally.
But after noon when half the day was gone
The *Argives* clearly had the Victory,
And from the Field *Cebriones* they drew,
And stript there of his Armour let him lie.
Patroclus then the *Trojans* chac'd anew.
And there before the *Myrmidons* leapt out
Like *Mars* himself, and thrice nine *Trojans* slew.
And out again he went; but at that bout,
Upon himself untimely death he drew.
For *Phœbus* came (*Patroclus* saw him not)
Wrapt up in Air, and standing on the ground
Between the shoulders with his hand him smot,
That all about him seemed to go round,
And from his head his Helmet then he flung
Into the dust, and foul it was all ore,
And beaten by the hoofs of Horses rung,
That never had been so defil'd before
When on *Achilles* Godlike head it sate.
But *Jove* to *Hector* gave it now to wear,
And only then when near him was his Fate.
Moreover *Phœbus* brake *Patroclus* Spear,
A heavie Spear well armed at the head,
And pluckt his mighty Shield out of his hand,
And left him of his Arms uncovered.
With this *Patroclus* did amazed stand.
And near unto him then a *Dardan* came,
And in the back he smote him with his Spear.
Panthoïdes Euphorbus was his name,
And kill'd him not, but back ran to the Rear.

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For though he well could fight, and ride, and run,
And going first abroad to learn the Wars,
He was by no man of his age outdone,
And had orethrown twice ten men from their Chars;
Yet for *Patroclus* now he durst not stay,
Although he wounded and disarmed were.
Then to the Rear *Patroclus* went away;
And after him ran *Hector* with his Spear,
And at the Belly struck him through the side.
And down he fell. The *Greeks* were grieved sore.
As when at a small Fountain almost dri'd
Together come a Lion and a Boar
With equal thirst, and drink they both would fain,
But fight who shall drink first, slain is the Bore;
So now by *Hector* was *Patroclus* slain,
Though many *Trojans* he had kill'd before.
And *Hector* then triumphing ore him said,
Patroclus, you thought sure t'have stormed *Troy*.
And in your Ships our women t'have convay'd
To *Argos* with you when you went away.
Were you so simple that you could not see,
That *Hector* with his Horses and his Spear
Protects the *Trojans* from Captivitie?
Now shall you for the Dogs and Fowls lie here;
Nor can *Achilles* do you any good,
That bad you (t'may be) when you from him went,
Not to return, till dyed in his blood
You *Hector*'s Coat had from his shoulders rent.
And vain enough you were to promise it.
Patroclus with a feeble voice repli'd,
Hector, you now may boast as you think fit,
And in your own Ability take pride.
T'*Apollo* first my death I owe, who threw
My Armour from my body to the ground;
I could have slain else twenty such as you.
And from *Euphorbus* I receiv'd a wound.
To bring me down; you were but one of three.
But hear me and remember what I say,
Hector, you will not long live after me,
And only for *Achilles* hand you stay.

And

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And at these words he was of life bereft.
His Soul unto th'Infernal Regions fled
Lamenting so much Youth and Vigour left;
And *Hector* to him spake again though dead.
Patroclus, why do you forerel my death?
Who knows but that *Achilles* may be slain
By me first, and before me lose his breath?
This said, he pulled out the Spear again.
And presently pursu'd *Automedon*,
Who of *Achilles* was the Charretier;
But he away was carried and gone
By *Peleus* Horses that Immortal were.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XVII.

And *Menelaus* understanding now
That slain *Patroclus* lay upon the ground;
Careful, as of her first Calf is a Cow,
To th'Body went and walk'd about it round,
Couching his Spear and holding out his Shield,
Resolv'd to kill him whosoe'er he was
That durst to stand against him in the Field.
Then to him said *Euphorbus*, *Menelaus*
Retire, let me advise you, from the dead:
For I am he that gave him the first wound;
That with his Arms I may be honoured;
Lest with my Spear I strike you to the ground.
And *Menelaus* to him thus repli'd.
O *Jupiter*, in Lion never was,
Nor yet in Panther, nor in Boar such pride
(Though other Beasts in strength they far surpass)
As in these Sons of *Panthus*. Though they know,
When *Hyperenor* proudly me defi'd,
And spitefully did value me below
All other *Greeks*, that by my hand he di'd.
And sorry were his Parents and his Wife.
Now you succeed will to your Brother's fate.
Be gone then if you mean to save your life,
And quickly, or you will be wise too late.
No *Menelaus* (said *Euphorbus* then)
Since you have griev'd his Parents and his Wife,
'Tis best, I think, to comfort them agen,
By making you pay for it with your life.
For though intolerable be their grief,
Yet when they see your Armour and your head
Brought to them home, it will be some relief.
But this by fight must be determined.

This

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This said, he made a thrust at *Menelaus*,
Which he received on his trusty Shield,
It entered not, resisted by the Brass,
Which bent the point, and passage none did yield.
Then as he backward stept to get away
He by *Atrides* on the Breast was hit.
The Spear prest with his hand not there did stay,
But to his Neck went up and pierced it.
And then the ground he with his Armour knocks;
And dyed was with blood his dainty hair,
Those fine (with Gold and Silver twined) Locks,
Like those that *Cytherea*'s Graces wear.
As when one planted hath an Olive sprig
In open place, and where are many Springs,
And stir'd by gentle winds it is grown big,
Then comes a storm and to the ground it flings;
So by *Atrides* fell *Euphorbus* now.
As when a Lion cometh from the Wood
Into the Herd and seizeth on a Cow,
First breaks his Neck, then feeds he on his blood,
And Bowels, Dogs and Herds men looking on
And hueing him, that dare not to go near;
So then upon *Atrides* ventur'd none,
So much the *Trojans* stricken were with fear.
And now into the hands of *Menelaus*
Patroclus Armour came; and borne away
Had been, but that by *Phœbus* crost he was,
That was a friend to *Hector* and to *Troy*.
And in the shape of *Mentes* gone was then
(Whom now the *Cicon* Regiments obey'd)
To call back *Hector* to the Field agen,
And overtaking him thus to him said,
Hector, you here *Automedon* pursue
To take *Achilles* Horses all in vain,
Which never will be won or rul'd by you,
And suffer good *Euphorbus* to be slain
By *Menelaus* at the Body dead
Of *Menœtiades*. Then went his way.
And *Hector* grieved turn'd about his head,
And saw how on the ground *Euphorbus* lay

Bleeding

Bleeding and naked left by *Menelaus*.
And *Hector* then enflamed with the fight
Like raging fire did through the Squadrons pass,
And with great cry returned to the fight.
And cold was then *Atrides* at the heart,
And with himself he thus disputing stands;
If I should from the Body slain depart,
The *Greeks* would say of me but little good;
But if I stay alone here 'twill be worse
Than any thing the *Greeks* can of me say.
For he brings with him all the *Trojan* force.
But wherefore do I thus disputing stay?
Who fights against him whom a God doth aid,
Draws on himself a great and certain ill.
My best course then is *Hector* to avoid,
And let the *Greeks* say of it what they will.
But if of *Ajax* I could get a sight,
Then he and I together would not fear
With *Hector* aided by a God to fight,
And to *Achilles* the dead Body bear.
Whilst thus unto himself he laid the Case,
The *Trojans* came with *Hector* at the head,
And *Menelaus* then forsook the place,
And going left behinde the Body dead.
But oft lookt back. As when a Lion is
Compel'd to leave a Fold by Men and Dogs,
He oft looks back, and runs not for all this,
But tow'rds the Wood still slowly on he jogs.
Unwillingly; his heart's too big to run;
So *Menelaus* off went safe and sound.
And then for *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*
Lookt round about, and 'mongst his Troops him found
Inciting them to fight. For not a man
But frighted was by *Phœbus* and dismay'd:
And with all speed *Atrides* to him ran,
And standing at his side unto him said,
Come *Ajax*, quickly come away with me
To save *Patroclus* from the *Trojans* wrath,
That to *Achilles* carri'd he may be
Though naked. For his Armour *Hector* hath.

Ajax

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Ajax inrag'd at this flies to the place
With *Menelaus*, where *Patroclus* lay
When *Hector* from the Field him drawing was,
(Having already snatcht his Arms away)
Unto the *Trojans* to cut off his head,
And give the Body to the Dogs to eat.
But when great *Ajax* thither came, he fled,
And to the *Trojans* made a quick Retreat;
And order gave to bear the Arms to *Troy*,
Achilles Arms, a noble Monument
Of his great deed. But *Ajax* still did stay,
And with his Shield about the Body went.
As when a Lion, his Whelps following him,
Into the open Field comes from the Wood,
And Hunters meets, he looks upon them grim;
So *Ajax* looking by *Patroclus* stood,
And *Glaucus* then that led the *Lycian* Bands
To *Hector* went and frowning to him said,
Though you be thought a good man of your hands
Hector, it is not so I am afraid.
Consider first if you the Town can save
By *Trojans* only, without other guard,
And of their service how great need you have;
And then how lightly you their pains regard.
What *Lycian* again will for you fight?
Or how will you defend a meaner man,
That left *Sarpedan* to the *Argives* spight
And sport, and from his body frighted ran,
That was your friend and had such service done?
So that if I were won to lead them home,
You'd finde a little after we were gone,
The utmost fate of *Troy* were on it come.
For if the *Trojans* had as forward been,
As men should be that for their Country fight,
Patroclus body we in *Troy* had seen,
Fetcht from the field, for all the *Argives* might;
And from the *Greeks* in change we might have had
Sarpedons Corps, and brought it into *Troy*;
And all the *Greeks* thereof would have been glad,
So great experience of his worth had they.

But

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But you to *Ajax* never yet durſt go.
And when he came to you, you from him ran
Into the throng o'th' *Trojans*. And why ſo?
But that you know he is the better man.
Then *Hector* frowning on him thus repli'd,
Glaucus, 'tis ſtrange that ſuch a man as you
Should ſo ſeverely without cauſe me chide;
I thought you very wiſe, but 'tis not true.
You ſay I dare not with great *Ajax* fight
When I do neither Foot nor Horſe-men ſhun,
But only way give ſometimes to the might
Of *Jove* when he the Enemy ſets on.
For he to whom he will gives Victorie,
And from the proud their courage takes away.
But to the Fight come with me now, and ſee
If I be ſuch a Coward as you ſay;
And do not from *Patroclus* body make
Some of the *Argives* to retire agen.
This ſaid, he turn'd and to the *Trojans* ſpake,
Trojans, ſaid he, and *Lycians* play the men
Whilſt I my ſelf in thoſe good Arms aray
Which from *Patroclus* body ſlain I took.
This ſaid, he from the Field went toward *Troy*,
And quickly thoſe that bare them overtook,
And gave to them the Armour he then wore,
And th'Armour of *Patroclus* there puts on,
Giv'n by the Gods to *Peleus* heretofore,
Which he when aged gave unto his Son,
But were not kept by him till he was old.
Then *Jove* that out of ſight in Heaven ſate
And *Hector* in this Armour did behold,
Poor man, ſaid he, he knoweth not his fate,
Which now is neer; and at it ſhook his head,
And ſaid, Though now theſe heavenly Arms you wear
Of this great man whom all men elſe did dread,
Killing the gentle Knight that did them bear,
And ſo unhandſomely, you'll never go
To ſhew them to *Andromache* your Wife.
Yet now you ſhall prevail againſt the Fo.
To pleaſe you, ſince thus ſhortned is your life.

And

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And as he said it, seal'd it with a Nod.
Now *Hector* having on these Arms and fit,
Into his Breast went in the mighty God
Of Battle, and with courage filled it.
Then *Hector* like *Achilles* shining came
To his confederates, and 'mongst them went
Calling upon the best of them by name,
To give unto them all encouragement,
Mestibles, and *Glaucus*, and *Thersilochus*,
Asteropæus, and *Hippothous*
Medon, *Disenor*, *Phorcys*, *Chromius*,
And you the skilful Augur *Ennomus*,
And you the thousands that to aid me come,
'Tis not to muster that you called are,
But to defend the Wives of *Ilium*
And Babes, against the *Greeks* that love the Warre.
Which to prevent, the *Trojans* day by day
With pay and with free Quarter tired are.
Let's therefore fight and either die or slay;
For there's no other Traffick at the Warre.
And he that shall *Patroclus* body gain,
And (spight of *Ajax*) fetch it off the Field,
Half of his Armour shall have for his pain,
And I will half the Honour to him yield.
This said, the *Trojans* on the *Argives* fell
With all their weight, and made account to gain
Patroclus Body. For they could not tell
How many *Trojans* there would first be slain.
And then to *Menelaus Ajax* said,
I fear we shall no more return from *Troy*;
And am not for *Patroclus* so afraid
(That to the Dogs is sure to be a Prey)
As for my self and you; with such a Cloud
Of *Trojans Hector* thundring cometh on.
Go therefore presently and call aloud
To th'other Princes. Other help there's none.
Then *Menelaus* cried out aloud,
O you that have command in th'*Argive* Host,
And diet with *Atrides* are allow'd,
And drink unstinted at the Publick cost,

'Tis

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'Tis hard to call you ev'ry one by name.
But you that hear me come away with speed.
For to us all 'twill be no little shame
To let the Dogs upon *Patroclus* feed.
This said, first little *Ajax* running came,
And with *Idomeneus Meriones*,
Then many more came in; but who can name
The number great that came in after these?
And *Hector* with the *Trojans* then came in.
And as the Sea that rolleth to the shore
Which by some mighty wind had driven been;
So to the Fight the *Trojans* marching roar.
The *Greeks* about *Patroclus* body staid,
All of one minde, all cover'd with their Shields,
And on their heads *Jove* then a great Fog laid,
And all the place about with darkness fills.
For while *Patroclus* was alive and serv'd
Achilles, *Jove* took at him no offence,
Nor thought that to be Dogs meat he deserv'd,
And therefore urg'd the *Greeks* to his defence.
At first the *Trojans* made the *Greeks* to flie,
And leave the Body, but they killed none,
So great a Fog upon the place did lie.
Then with his friends again came *Ajax* on,
Of all the *Greeks* for person and for might
The bravest man excepting *Thetis* Son.
The *Trojans* when the *Greeks* refus'd to fight,
The Body seiz'd, and thought the business done.
As when a Boar pursu'd by Hounds and Men,
Upon them turns, they scatter'd are and flie;
So when great *Ajax* to them came agen,
The *Trojans* scatter'd let *Patroclus* lie.
For when *Hippothous* was in great hope
To drag *Patroclus* body up to *Troy*,
And to his Anckle tyed had a rope,
Arrived to him was his latest day.
For *Ajax* now was come unto him near,
And smote him through the Helmet and the Brain,
Which stained with his bloud stuck to the Spear,
And down he threw *Patroclus* foot again,

And

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And with it neer unto the body fell
Depriv'd of life by mighty *Ajax* Spear,
Far from *Lariſſa* where his friends did dwell,
And never for his breeding payed were.
And *Hector* then a Spear at *Ajax* threw,
Which he perceiving did a little ſhun,
A very little it beſide him flew,
And killed *Schedius Iphitus* Son,
That of *Phocæans* all was far the beſt,
And did in well-built *Panopæa* reign.
The Spear ſharp-pointed enter'd at his Breſt,
And at his Shoulder out it went again.
And *Ajax* then the valiant *Phorcys* ſlew
That 'bout the body of *Hippothous* went.
The Spear through Breaſt-plate and through Belly flew,
And as it paſs'd the Guts in pieces rent.
Then *Hector* and the *Trojan* Lords gave way
Retiring from the *Argive* Lords; and thus
By th'*Argives* coming in, without delay
Stript were both *Phorcys* and *Hippothous*.
And now the *Trojans* had for want of heart
Been chaſed by the *Argives* up to *Troy*,
And th'*Argives* gotten had on th'other part
Without the Gods an honourable day,
Had not *Apollo*, like to *Periphas*
Anchiſes Squire t'*Æneas* come diſguiſed,
That very wiſe now grown and aged was,
And ſtanding by his ſide him thus adviſed.
Æneas, cannot you without the Gods
As well as the *Achæans* gain the day
By valour, ſince in men they have no odds?
For *Jove* had rather you ſhould win than they.
Thus *Phœbus* ſaid. *Æneas* knew 'twas he;
And with a loud voyce unto *Hector* ſaid,
Hector, and you who the Commanders be
Of *Trojans*, or have brought unto them aid,
Oh what a ſhame 'tis for us thus to run
Before the *Greeks* our ſelves in *Troy* to hide!
But come, there yet amongſt the Gods is one
That hath aſſur'd me *Jove* is on our ſide.

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This said, before the *Trojans* he leapt out,
And with his Spear in hand stood at their head.
And when he made them had to wheel about,
Unto the Body he directly led.
And with his Spear *Leocritus* he slew
The friend of *Lycomed*, *Arisbas* Son;
And *Lycomed* displeas'd, at *Hector* threw,
And hit him not, but kill'd *Apisaon*,
Of all that from *Paonia* pass'd the Seas,
He was in battle of the greatest might
Excepting no man but *Asteropæus*;
Who angry at his fall went to the Fight.
But now the *Greeks* about *Patroclus* stood
So close, with Spears advanc'd, with Bucklers hidden,
That there *Asteropæus* did no good;
For by great *Ajax* so they had been bidden.
Let none from hence again retire, said he,
Nor any man before the rest skip out,
But stand together till you charged be.
Thus roaring to them *Ajax* went about.
And thick the *Trojans* and their Aids now fell,
And with their blood bedewed was the ground.
Nor did the *Argives* come off very well;
But fewer of them 'mongst the dead were found.
For standing close, one Shield sav'd more than one.
Thus keen as fire on both sides fought they here.
And such a darkness was the place upon
As if not Sun nor Moon in safety were.
But th'other places all about had light,
And brightly did the Sun in *Ha* shine,
And gentle at a distance was the Fight,
And one anothers Spear did oft decline.
But in the middle, where the very best
Both of the *Argives* and the *Trojans* stood,
The pain they suffer'd cannot be expresst
Of restless labour and of loss of blood.
But of *Patroclus* by the *Trojans* kill'd,
Antilochus and *Thrasymed* knew not,
But fought in other places of the Field,
And that he still pursu'd the *Trojans* thought,

When

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When for his body who the same should get,
Now fighting were the *Trojans*, and the *Greeks*,
And from their Knees and Legs ran down the sweat,
And stained were with blood their arms and cheeks.
As when men set themselves about the skin
Of some fat Bull and stretch it ev'ry way,
That th'humour may go out, the grease go in,
Just so *Patroclus* body tugged they,
Trojans to *Troy*, and *Argives* to the Fleet;
And thereupon arose this mighty fray.
If *Mars* or *Pallas* had been there to see't,
They had not known on whom a fault to lay,
Though angry they had been; such work was then
By *Jove* about *Patroclus* body set
For *Trojans* and for *Argives*, Horse and Men.
But to *Achilles* known it was not yet
That slain by th'*Trojans* was his Favourite.
For now not far off from the *Trojan* Wall
At a great distance from him was the fight,
So that he thought not on his death at all;
But having chac'd the *Trojans* to the Gates
Of *Ilium*, that straight he would come back.
For well he knew 'twas ordered by the Fates,
Patroclus never should the City sack.
His Mother *Thetis* oft had told him that,
As she before had told it been by *Jove*;
But quite *Patroclus* destiny forgat,
Or knew it not, whom he so much did love.
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* at the body staid
Together close, and one another kill'd.
And one *Achæan* to another said,
'Twould be a great disgrace to quit the Field,
And leave the body of *Patroclus* thus.
I rather had by th'Earth we swallowed were
Than they should have it and crow over us,
And to the Town the noble body bear.
The *Trojans* likewise t'one another cri'd,
Though ev'ry one of us were sure to die
By this mans body, let us here abide.
And then the clamour rose up to the Skie.

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Achilles Steeds now with *Automedon*
Upon the Charre without the Battle stood;
But to the Fight he could not get them on.
He to them call'd, but that would do no good.
And then he flatters them, then threats, then whips,
But for *Patroclus* griev'd they would not go
With th'*Argives* to the Fight nor to the Ships,
But lay down on the ground and wept for wo
That they had lost a gentle Charretier.
Jove seeing them upon the ground thus laid,
And for *Patroclus* how they grieved were,
Shaking his head unto himself he said,
Poor Steeds, why did I you on man bestow
That mortal is, and you immortal are
And make you also misery to know,
And to participate of humane care?
There breatheth not upon the Earth so wide
So poor a thing and wretched as a man.
But *Hector* on your Charre shall never ride.
For he without my leave do nothing can.
Is't not enough for him that he hath got
Achilles Arms to please himself in vain?
But have *Achilles* Horses he shall not.
For you shall to the Ships return again,
And safely carry back *Automedon*.
Though to the *Trojans* I intend to day
The victory till setting of the Sun,
And that by darkness parted be the fray.
This said, he strength and courage to them gave.
Automedon then to the Troops of *Greece*
As swiftly the immortal Horses drave.
As flies a Vulture at a flock of Geese.
For from the Foe he quickly could retire,
And easily upon them go again
As oft as the occasion should require;
But by his hand no Enemy was slain.
For since he was upon the Seat alone,
He could not both together fight and guide.
But to him came at last *Alcimedon*
Laertes Son, and stood by th'Charret side.

What

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What God, said he, has put it in your head
Automedon, amongst so many Spears
To be alone knowing your friend is dead,
And *Hector* now *Achilles* Armour wears?
Automedon unto him then repli'd,
Alcimedon, a fitter man is none
Than you are the immortal Steeds to guide,
Since *Menoetiades* my friend is gone.
Get up then you and the good Steeds command,
Whilst on the ground I with the *Trojans* fight.
Alcimedon then took the Whip in hand
And Reyns; *Automedon* did then alight.
This *Hector* saw, and to *Æneas* spake,
Achilles Horses yonder coming are;
To us, said he, they are not hard to take.
For with them there is no great man of Warre;
And if we to them go they dare not stand.
This said, *Æneas* well contented was,
And forward then they go with Spear in hand,
And shoulders cover'd well with Hide and Brass.
And *Chromius* with them and *Aretus* went,
And made no doubt but both the men to slay,
And then to seize *Achilles* Steeds they meant,
And with the Charre triumphing drive to *Troy*.
Vain men that were not sure themselves to save.
To *Jupiter Automedon* then pray'd,
Who heard his Prayer, and great strength to him gave.
And then unto *Alcimedon* he said,
Alcimedon, keep still thy Horses near,
So that upon my back may fall their breath.
For quiet never will be *Hector*'s Spear,
Until of both of us he see the death,
And set himself upon *Achilles* Car,
And put the Squadrons of the *Greeks* to rout,
Or be amongst the foremost slain i'th'War.
This said, he to th'*Ajaxes* cried out,
And *Menelaus*. *Ajax*, *Menelaus*,
The care of him that's dead to others give,
And shew your Valour where there is more cause.
Come hither and take care of us that live.

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For *Hector* and *Æneas* both are here.
But yet since on *Jove*'s will dependeth all
Both good and evil hap, I'll throw my Spear,
And let him where he pleaseth make it fall.
And as he spake the spear he from him sent,
Which chanc'd to light upon *Aretes* Shield,
And passing through into his Belly went.
At which he starting fell upon the Field.
And at *Automedon* then *Hector* threw.
But stooping forward he the Spear declin'd;
And ore his head through th' empty air it flew,
And shaking fixt it stood i'th'ground behind.
And then the Fight by *Mars* becalmed was;
But with their Swords they had again fain on,
But that th' *Ajaxes* two and *Menelaus*
Came in, that call'd were by *Automedon*.
Æneas then and *Hector* shrunk away,
And *Chromius* with them, but *Aretus* not,
But on the ground without his Armour lay.
Automedon then mounts his Chariot
All bloudy, and the Armour by him set,
And said, Though this revenge be very small
For great *Patroclus* death, 'tis better yet,
Though this a worse man be, than none at all.
And at *Patroclus* body now the Fight
Was greater than before and fiercer grown.
For *Pallas* coming did the *Greeks* incite,
By *Jove* himself (whose mind was chang'd) sent down.
As when to mortals *Jove* will signifie
Th'approach of War, or Tempests cold and loud,
To make men leave their work, and Cattle die,
He sets up in the Sky a purple Cloud;
In such a Cloud wrapt up *Athena* came,
The Daughter of great *Jove*, and martial Maid,
To th' *Argive* Hoast their courage to inflame,
And to *Atrides*, who stood neerest, said,
In voyce and shape like *Phœnix*, *Menelaus*,
If you let Dogs *Patroclus* body tear,
That of *Achilles* so beloved was,
You will be scorn'd. Go to him, do not fear.

Phœ-

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Phœnix, said he, would *Pallas* strengthen me,
And save me from so many Spears that fly,
Patroclus body soon should rescu'd be.
For no man for him griev'd is more than I.
But *Hector* fighteth like a raging flame,
And as he goes *Jove* gives him Victory.
This said, *Athena* pleas'd was with the same,
Because to her he trusted specially,
And strengthned both his shoulders and his thighs,
And made him bold as is a busie Flie
Which beaten off, again upon you flies,
And fears not for a little bloud to die.
And to *Patroclus* then went *Menelaus*,
And mongst the throng of *Trojans* threw his Spear.
It chanced that amongst them one there was,
Pydes' Eetions Son to *Hector* dear,
And at the wine his good Companion.
Him *Menelaus* with his Spear then slew
Just as he turn'd himself about to run,
And from the *Trojans* the dead body drew.
To *Hector* then came *Phœbus*, having on
The form of *Phœnops* Son of *Asius*,
In *Hector*'s grace inferior to none,
And standing by his side said to him thus.
If you be so afraid of *Menelaus*,
What other *Greek* will be afraid of you?
He never yet good Spear-man counted was
Nor is, though *Podes* now by chance he slew,
And vainly now he thinks alone he can
Bring off *Patroclus* body from the Field.
This said, unto the body *Hector* ran.
And *Jove* then lifted up his mighty Shield,
And in thick Clouds the Mountain *Ida* wraps,
And dark it was upon the Field as night.
And then with Lightning and with Thunder-claps
The Squadrons of the *Argives* puts to flight.
Menelaus who the *Bœotions* led,
Hurt in the Shoulder by *Polydamas*,
Of the *Acheans* was the first that fled,
And *Leitus* his Mate the second was,

That

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That was by *Hector* wounded in the Wrist,
And could no longer use make of his Spear;
But from the battle forc'd was to desist,
And looking still about him ran in fear.
Him *Hector* as he running was pursues.
On *Hector*'s Shield then lights a heavie Spear
That thrown was at him by *Idomeneus*,
But brake in two; and glad the *Trojans* were.
And at *Idomeneus* then *Hector* threw,
Beside him but a little went the Spear,
And lighting upon *Ceranus* him slew,
Who was *Meriones* his Charretier,
And with him came to *Lyctus* all the way
By Sea, and thence he went to *Troy* by land.
And much good service he had done to *Troy*,
For fallen had the King by *Hector*'s hand,
And safe had been himself; but now was hit
By *Hector*'s Spear betwixt the Cheek and Ear,
And struck out were his Teeth, his Tongue was slit,
And falling to the ground expired there.
And then *Meriones* took up the Reyns,
And to *Idomeneus* cri'd out to fly.
To little purpose now is all our pains;
You see the *Trojans* have the Victory.
Idomeneus to th'Ships then drave away
As fast as he could make the Horses go,
As being certain they had lost the day.
And *Ajax* did the same acknowledge now.
Meriones (said he) and *Menelaus*,
That *Jove* will to the *Trojans* give the day
A man may see that little judgment has,
So manifestly now he fights for *Troy*.
The Spears thrown by the *Trojans* never miss,
But on one *Greek* or other always light,
Ours seldom hit. What cause is there of this,
But that great *Jove* doth for the *Trojans* fight?
Let's therefore here consider of some way
To fetch *Patroclus* off, and then go home.
For to our friends in *Greece* 'twill be a joy
To see us safe again from *Hector* come;

Who

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Who when they to the Sea their faces turn,
Despair of ever seeing us again,
And think that *Hector* will the Navie burn,
And that we there shall ev'ry man be slain.
O that we had some fit man here to send
T'*Achilles* Tent; for nothing yet knows he,
That by the *Trojans* slain is his dear friend.
But 'tis so dark I no such man can see.
O *Jove*, give us once more a Sky serene;
Remove this Mist that we may see to fight,
Or if to kill the *Argives* all you mean,
O Father *Jove*, yet kill us in the light.
This said, *Jove* had compassion on his Tears.
The Sun again his glittring Beams displays.
Scatters the Clouds again and th'Heaven clears.
And then to *Menelaus Ajax* says,
About the Field go *Menelaus* now,
And seek *Antilochus*, and bid him go
Unto *Achilles* Tent, and let him know
His friend *Patroclus* slain is by the Foe.
This said, away *Atrides* went. As when
A hungry Lion parteth from a Fold,
Having in vain provok'd the Dogs and Men
That did him from th'expected prey withhold,
Watching all night, when fain he would have fed;
But all the night the Darts about him fly
And flaming Brands which Lions chiefly dread;
Away he goes i'th' morn unwillingly;
So from *Patroclus* body parted he
Against his will, thinking the *Greeks* afraid
Might leave *Patroclus* to the Enemie,
And to *Merione* and th'*Ajaxes* said,
How good a man *Patroclus* was you know,
And how in our defence his bloud he shed,
And therefore valiantly defend him now.
Let not the Foe abuse his body dead.
And when he this had said he went away,
Amongst the *Argives* peeping here and there,
Like to an Eagle soaring for a Prey
Amongst the Bushes peeping for a Hare;

So

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So he amongſt the *Argives* lookt about
Seeking of *Neſtor*'s Son *Antilochus*.
Nor was it long before he found him out
Cheering his men, and ſaid unto him thus.
Antilochus come neer and hear from me
Sad news; I would it were not alſo true,
That now the *Trojans* have the Victorie,
I think it is already known to you.
But further know that ſlain *Patroclus* is.
Run therefore to *Achilles* quickly, and
Tell him the news. It may be, mov'd by this
To help the *Argives* with his mighty hand,
He'll to the naked body hither come
(For now *Achilles* Armour *Hector* wears).
At this *Antilochus* was ſtricken dumb,
And filled were and ſwoln his eyes with tears.
And there *Antilochus* no longer ſtaid,
But to *Laodocus* his Armour gave,
And he the ſame upon his Charret laid;
For to that end he neer unto him drave.
Away *Antilochus* then weeping went
To carry to *Achilles* the ill news,
And left to *Thraſymed* his Regiment.
For *Menelaus* did the ſame refuſe;
Though of a valiant Commander then
The tired *Pylians* had the greateſt need,
And to the *Ajaxes* return'd agen
Where lay *Patroclus* body, with all ſpeed.
And when he thither came, unto them ſaid,
Antilochus is to *Achilles* gone,
Although I ſee not how he ſhould us aid.
How can he, ſeeing Armour he has none?
Let's therefore now bethink our ſelves, how we
Our ſelves may bear the body from the Field;
And alſo how we may ſecured be
Againſt the *Trojans* that we be not kill'd.
Ajax to this replying ſaid, 'Tis true,
And the advice I'll give you will be right.
Take up the Corps *Meriones* and you,
And on your ſhoulders bear it from the Fight.

We

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We two that are of one name and one mind,
And in the Field together use to be
Will fighting with the *Trojans* come behind,
Till at the Ships the body lain we see.
This said, *Meriones* and *Menelaus*
Up to their shoulders hoyst the body dead.
Whilst towards them the back of *Ajax* was,
The *Trojans* with great shouting followed.
Just as a Pack of Hounds pursue a Boar
Wounded by Hunters, running with great cry,
Until he turn; then follow him no more,
But scatter'd are, and this and that way fly;
So did the *Trojans* after *Ajax* run
As long as towards them was not his face.
But when he turned, neer him durst stay none,
But stood at a great distance from the place.
Thus fetcht they off at last the body dead,
With at their heels of *Trojan* Spears great showers;
And *Argives* dropt abundance as they fled,
Like houses in a Town on fire, and Tow'rs.
As when two Mules in heavie way are set
To drag down from the Hills some mighty Tree
To be a Beam or Mast, it makes them sweat
Before into the Plain it drawn could be;
So *Menelaus* and *Meriones*
Sweating and moyling with the body go.
And as a Rock that keepeth off the Seas;
So *Ajax* at their backs kept off the Fo.
The *Trojans* led by *Hector* and *Æneas*
Pursue the flying *Greeks* with mighty cry,
As from a Hawk that preys on Birds like these,
A Cloud of Starelings cackle when they fly.
And many of them threw their Arms away,
And that they came to fight had quite forgot.
In and about the Ditch much Armour lay
Of flying *Grecks*. But done the Fight was not.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XVIII.

WHilſt at the Ships the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fought,
Antilochus came to *Achilles* Tent,
And found him to the *Argive* Ditch gone out
Preſaging in his minde the ſad event,
And ſaying to himſelf, Ay me what's this?
The Battle to the Ships is come again;
Pray God it be not as I fear it is,
The *Greeks* are routed and *Patroclus* ſlain.
My Mother told me that the beſt of all
The *Myrmidons* by th'*Trojans* ſhould be ſlain.
I bad him not t'aſſault the *Trojan* Wall,
Nor fight with *Hector*, but come back again.
As ſpeaking to himſelf *Achilles* ſtood,
Antilochus unto him weeping came,
The news, ſaid he, I bring you is not good.
I cannot without Tears relate the ſame.
Slain is *Patroclus*. On the ground he lies,
And now they fighting are with Swords and Spears
Who ſhall his Body have with mighty cries
Though naked; for his Armour *Hector* wears.
At this ſad news dark were *Achilles* eyes.
And up he takes the duſt with both his hands,
And throws it on his head; then down he lies,
His Face and Coat fulli'd with duſt and ſands,
And tore his hair. And then the lovely prey
Of Captive women that had taken been
By him and by *Patroclus* before *Troy*
Affrighted from *Achilles* Tent came in,
And over him they beat their Breaſts and moan'd.
On th'other ſide *Antilocus* was fain
To hold his hands, ſo mightily he groan'd;
Leſt otherwiſe he ſhould himſelf have ſlain.

His

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His Mother *Thetis* hearing him complain,
Though sitting in the deepest of the Seas,
Wept out aloud, and presently her train
About her came of the *Nereiades*.
Glauca, *Thalia*, and *Cymodoca*,
Nisæa, *Speio*, *Thoa*, *Halia*
And *Æmioreia*, and *Cymothoa*,
Melita Iæra, and *Amphithoa*,
And *Doto*, *Proto*, *Actæa*, *Agava*,
Doris, *Dexamena*, *Dynamena*,
And *Callianeira*, and *Amphinoma*,
Pherusa Apseudes, and fair *Panopa*,
Nemertes, and the milk-white *Galatæa*,
And *Clymene* there was, and *Callianassa*,
And *Mæra*, *Orithuia*, and glorious *Amathia*,
And (not to name them all) fair *Janassa*
With all the rest, and fill'd the silver Cave,
And beat their breasts, and round her stood dismaid.
And *Thetis* then th'account unto them gave
Of her great grief, and thus unto them said,
Hear me *Nereïdes* my Sisters dear,
And be acquainted with my misery.
Ah wretched Goddess that I was to bear
The best of all the *Heroes*; and when he
Was quickly grown up to a goodly height,
Send him unto the War at *Ilium*
Against the *Trojans* for the *Greeks* to fight,
From whence he never should again come home;
But spend his little time of life in woe,
And I can nothing do for his relief.
And now I mean to visit him, and know,
Since he not fights, what cause he hath of grief.
This said, she with her Nymphs went from the Cave.
The Sea before them her smooth water tore,
And gentle passage to the Goddess gave,
Till they were landed on the *Trojan* shore,
Where lay *Achilles* Ships upon the sand;
And straight up to *Achilles Thetis* went,
The Nymphs attending on her hand in hand,
And seeing him so grievously lament,

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She held him by the head, and to him said,
Why weep you thus sweet Child; what is't you ail?
For that which formerly to *Jove* you pray'd
Against th'ingrateful *Greeks*, I d'd prevail.
To th'Ships they have been beaten from the Field,
And know in what great need they stand of you,
And have in heaps been by the *Trojans* kill'd.
To this *Achilles* answ'ring said, 'Tis true
But in my life what pleasure can I find,
Since sweet *Patroclus* slain is by his Foes,
On whom of all men most I set my mind,
And *Hector* in his Arms triumphing goes,
Those mighty Arms giv'n by the Gods that day
That you were pleas'd a mortal man to wed,
To *Peleus*. Oh had you been away,
And he a mortal woman married!
You had not for your Son been grieved then,
That never to you should return again.
Nor do I wish to live with mortal men
But till I with my Spear have *Hector* slain.
By what you say (said *Thetis* to her Son)
Short liv'd you are. Your own fate then is nigh.
I care not, said *Achilles*, when that's done
I shall be very well content to die.
For since I never must return again,
And no defence in me *Patroclus* found,
Nor other good men by the *Trojans* slain,
I but a needless weight am to the ground.
Oh that Contention lost for ever were
And Choler to the heart of man so sweet,
Which often make the wisest men to erre!
In *Agamemnon* and my self I see't.
But since 'tis past, let's put it out of mind.
For dead he is, and cannot live again.
And now I'll see if *Hector* I can find
That has my dearest friend *Patroclus* slain.
And then let *Jove* do what himself thinks good.
For *Hercules* could not avoid his fate,
Who most of mortals in his favour stood,
But di'd by Destiny and *Juno*'s hate;

And

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And so shall I, when my day shall arrive,
Lie still when dead. But now let me gain fame
Amongst th'*Acheans* while I am alive,
And make some *Trojan* or some *Dardan* Dame
With both her tender hands to tear her Cheeks,
And sigh, and with her tears her beauty blot,
And know my hand from that of other *Greeks*,
And when I with th'*Acheans* am, when not.
And therefore, Mother, dearly as you love me,
Endeavour not to make me here abide.
For from my purpose you cannot remove me.
Unto *Achilles Thetis* then replied,
Dear Child your purpose I'll not reprehend
Patroclus body from the Foe to save,
Nor that the *Argive* people you defend.
But now you know your Arms the *Trojans* have,
And *Hector* weareth them; but shall not long.
The lateſt of his days is to him nigh.
But go not you into the bloudy throng,
Till here agen you have me in your eye.
This said, she turn'd to the *Nereiades*,
And to them said, *Nereiades* dive you
To *Nereus* at the bottom of the Seas,
And all you see has hapned to him shew.
For I up to *Olympus* must be gone
To *Vulcan* (if such favour I can gain)
To get a good new Armour for my Son.
This said, the Nymphs to Sea return'd again,
And *Thetis* to *Olympus* went her way.
Mean while the *Greeks* before the *Trojans* fly
With mighty cries, and never stopt till they
Were at the Ships, and to the wide Sea nigh.
Nor was *Patroclus* body rescu'd yet;
For now afresh the *Trojans* to them came.
Which did another fiercer fight beget,
And *Hector* fell upon them like a flame.
Thrice laid he hold upon *Patroclus* foot,
And forc'd he was as oft to let it fall,
To kill some others. Then again came to't.
But from the Body went not back at all.

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No more could *Hector* driven be away
From the dead body by th' *Ajaxes* two,
Than can a hungry Lion from his Prey
For any thing the Herds-men griev'd can do.
And *Hector* had *Patroclus* body got,
And gained had thereby a great renown,
But *Juno* (though the other Gods knew not)
T' *Achilles* in great haſt ſent *Iris* down.
T' *Achilles* ſtraight ſhe came, and to him ſaid,
Up terrible *Pelides* to the Warre,
And your beloved friend *Patroclus* aid;
For at the Ships they fighting for him are.
The *Greeks* to ſave his body are in pain.
The *Trojans* fain would drag him into *Troy*,
And *Hector* moſt of all that has him ſlain,
And from his ſhoulders take his head away,
And ſtick it up upon the *Trojan* Wall,
Leaving his Corps a Prey to Dog and Kite.
Think what reproach will then upon you fall.
Lie then no longer here, but riſe and fight.
Achilles then repli'd. *Iris*, ſaid he,
Tell me what God or Goddeſs ſent you down.
Juno, ſaid *Iris*, ſent me; none but ſhe.
To all the reſt my coming is unknown.
And then *Achilles* to her ſaid again,
Since they have got my Arms how can I fight?
And *Thetis* bids me from the War abſtain
Till ſhe return agen into my ſight
Who is to *Vulcan* for new Armour gone,
And here's no other Armour for me fit
But *Ajaxes*; who, I hope, has it on,
And for *Patroclus* now has uſe of it.
We know, ſaid *Iris*, Armour you have none.
But as you are, upon the Ditch appear.
The *Trojans* from the Corps will ſoon be gone,
And leave it to the *Greeks* for very fear.
This ſaid, the Goddeſs *Iris* vaniſhed.
Achilles roſe, and *Pallas* to him came,
And on him puts her Shield, and on his head
A golden Cloud, from which aroſe a flame.

As

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As when an Isle invaded is by Foes,
The Citizens to call their Neighbours in
Make Fires, the smoak up to the Heaven goes
By day; by night the Flame, and far are seen;
Upon *Achilles* head stood such a flame,
And then unto the Ditch he went and shouted,
And farther off *Athena* did the same.
The *Trojans* when they heard it strait were routed.
As clear as any Trumpet in the Wars,
They heard *Achilles* voice, and were afraid,
And in disorder turn'd about their Chars,
But at his flaming head were most dismaid.
Thrice shouted he, thrice they disorder'd were;
And slain were of the *Trojans* twelve brave men
By their own Chars and Spears encumbred there.
In so much haste they turn'd to fly. And then
The *Greeks* the body laid upon a Bed
And Bier, and standing by his side lament.
And tears abundance there *Achilles* shed,
And that he sent him had did now repent.
The Sun by *Juno* hastned quencht his fire.
The *Argives* on the place stay quietly.
The *Trojans* to without the Ditch retire,
And from the Chars the weary Steeds unty.
Then presently the Chiefs to counsel call
Before they sup, and standing on their feet,
This Apparition so scar'd them all,
That none amongst them had a minde to sit.
And first unto them spake *Polydamas*
Panthoides, *Hector*'s friend; both born one night.
He better Counsellor than *Hector* was,
But *Hector* beter was than he to fight.
My friends, be well advised now, said he,
It is not safe here on the Plain to stay
Until the morning light again we see,
So near the *Argive* Ships, so far from *Troy*.
Whilst this man absent was in discontent
With *Agamemnon*, and forbore to fight,
The *Greeks* were easie Foes; to th'Ships I went
My self, and willingly lay our all night;

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But if *Achilles* hither now should come,
We must not only here fight for our lives.
So proud he is, he'll go to *Ilium*,
And for the City fight and for our Wives.
Let's to the City go. 'Tis as I say,
And nothing keeps him from us but the night.
And if he here shall find us when 'tis day,
Some of us will acknowledge I say right.
And many flying wish when 'tis too late,
They were within the Walls of *Ilium*,
Whom Dogs and Kites shall eat without the Gate.
But to my ears may never such news come.
But if your will be ruled all by me,
Into the Market-place of *Troy* by night
We'll bring our strength, and soon as we can see,
Stand arm'd upon the Tow'rs prepar'd to fight.
Then let him from the Ships come fight at *Troy*.
And drive about the Walls and do his worst,
And having tir'd his Horses go away.
Take it he shall not, Dogs shall eat him first.
Then *Hector* frowning on him thus replies.
Again, said he, I from you must dissent,
Since you to shut our selves in *Troy* advise.
We have already there too long been pent.
Troy once was counted rich in Brass and Gold.
But since *Jove* angry was, all that is gone;
In *Phrygia* and in *Mæonia* sold,
And little left in *Ilium* to be won.
But since the *Greeks* are beaten and dismayd
By th'hand of *Jove*, your fear is out of season,
Nor will you by the *Trojans* be obey'd,
Nor shall you; though the *Trojans* thought it reason.
And therefore take my counsel, which is this.
Go now and ev'ry man his Supper take
In Rank and File there where he placed is;
And set good Guards, and keep your selves awake.
If any *Trojan* for his Goods lament,
He may the same upon the Town bestow
In service of the Publick to be spent,
Rather than be possessed by the Foe;

And

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And armed in the morn go to the Fleet,
And sharply charge the *Greeks* by break of day.
And if indeed *Achilles* there we meet
He were not best oppose us in our way.
For from him I will neither fly nor shrink,
But either honour from him bear away,
Or he from me. *Mars* common is I think
To them that fight; and slain are they that slay.
This said, the *Trojans* heard with great applause,
Fools as they were; *Pallas* had made them mad.
But none of them commend *Polydamas*,
That given them much better counsel had.
The *Trojans* presently to Supper went.
The *Greeks* all night about *Patroclus* stand.
And there began *Achilles* to lament,
And on *Patroclus* breast he laid his hand.
As when a Lion coming to his Den
Misses the tender Whelps he left behind,
He roars, and furiously goes out agen,
And through the Vallies hunts, the Thief to find;
Such fierce thoughts on *Achilles* heart then lay.
And sighing to the *Myrmidons* he spake.
Oh, what did I to old *Menœtius* say!
How vain a promise did I to him make!
I said when we had sackt the Town of *Troy*,
That I to *Opus* would bring back his Son
Enriched with his portion of the Prey.
But all we hope from *Jove* is seldom done.
For both of us have the same Destiny
With our hearts bloud to dye the *Trojan* Plain.
And as he lieth now, so shall I lie,
And never to my Parents come again.
But since *Patroclus* you the first are dead,
Your Funeral I will not celebrate,
Till I have brought you *Hector*'s Arms and Head;
Whose bloudy hand deliver'd your sad fate;
And have twelve of the Noble youths of *Troy*
Beheaded in revenge. Till then stay here,
Where *Trojan* Captive women night and day
Bewailing you shall stand about the Biere.

This

This said, he order gave for water hot,
To cleanse *Patroclus* body from the gore.
Into a Caldron (said he) water put,
And make a Fire, and set the Caldron ore.
Into a Caldron water then they put,
And made a Fire and set the Caldron ore.
The Flame about it goes. The water's hot.
Then washed from the body was the gore.
And then again they laid him on the Bed,
From head to foot in Linnen they him fold,
And on him laid a fair white Coverled,
His wounds first fill'd with Unguent nine year old.
About the body of *Patroclus* staid
Achilles and the *Myrmidons* all night
Lamenting him. Then *Jove* to *Juno* said,
You have *Achilles* brought again to fight
Against the *Trojans* on the *Argives* side.
Are they your Children that you love them so?
And *Juno* then to *Jupiter* repli'd.
Harsh *Crovides*, what words do you let go?
Since mortal men that know much less than we
May to a Friend do good, and hate a Foe,
Why may not I that boast my self to be
The Wife and Sister of great *Jove* do so,
And make my Foes the *Trojans* feel my hate?
Whilst *Jove* and *Juno* were discoursing thus,
The Goddess *Thetis* come was to the Gate
Of *Vulcan*'s undecaying famous House
Of shining Brass, with brighter Stars thick set,
That 'mongst the Houses of the Heaven shone.
But he was at his Work-house in a sweat,
And at his Bellows swaying up and down.
For *Tripods* twenty he had laboured
With golden Wheels to go and come agen.
At his command; but had not finished
The Ears and Chains, which he was making then.
And whilst this bus'ness *Vulcan* was about,
Thetis was come and at the Gate did stand.
Vonus And ~~Charis~~ *Vulcan*'s Wife then going out
Saw her, and straightway took her by the hand.

Thetis,

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Thetis, said she, 'tis strange to see you here.
Much honour'd and a welcom Guest you are,
Come in and pleased be t'accept our Chear.
Then led her in, and brought her to a Chair,
A dainty Chair with Foot-stool joyn'd thereto,
And then unto her Husband's Shop she hi'd.
For *Thetis*, said she, you have work to do.
And *Vulcan* glad, to *Charis* thus repli'd.
Is *Thetis* here that sav'd me from mishap!
When for my lameness thrown down from the Sky,
Thetis was pleas'd to catch me in her lap,
When else I had been in great misery?
I wrought for her and for *Eurynome*
Nine year, and made them many pretty things
Within a Rock encompass'd by the Sea,
As Buckles, Clasps, fine Boxes, Beads and Rings,
Which neither Mortal nor Immortal knew,
But only *Thetis* and *Eurynome*.
And now to *Thetis* I must pay what's due,
The Ransom of my life for saving me.
Go you and entertain her well, while I
My Tools take up, and Bellows set away.
This said, the Bellows he took and set by,
But in a Chest his working Tools did lay.
Then with a Sponge he wip'd his hands and face,
His brawny neck, and hairy breast, and on
He puts his Coat, and with his staff, apace,
Though haulting goes, and waited was upon
By Maids of Massie Gold, endu'd with Wit,
And Speech, & Strength, and learn'd in Heav'nly Art;
And went to *Thetis* and did by her sit,
And joyful at her presence was his heart,
And laid his hand on hers, and to her said,
Thetis, so welcome to me there is none.
Tell me wherein you think I can you aid.
And if it can be done, it shall be done.
And then to *Vulcan Thetis* answered,
No Goddess ever was distrest like me
Whom *Jove* made subject to a Mortal's Bed,
And *Peleus* Wife constrained me to be,

Who

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Who lies at home decrepid now and spent.
And when I born unto him had a Son,
Of all the *Heroes* the most excellent,
And of his breeding, care omitted none,
And when he grown was to a goodly height,
He sent was to the War at *Ilium*
Against the *Trojans* for the *Greeks* to fight;
From whence he never shall again come home.
Though yet he live, he takes therein no joy,
And I to comfort him no power have,
Since *Agamemnon* taken has away
Her whom the *Greeks* for honour to him gave.
And then my Son no longer would him aid;
And by the *Trojans* beaten were the *Greeks*,
And *Agamemnon* then sent Gifts and pray'd,
And by Embassadors his favour seeks.
Then though to th'Fight himself he would not go,
Yet he his Armour to *Patroclus* gave,
And *Myrmidons* t'assist him 'gainst the Foe,
And to the *Scæan* Gate the *Trojans* drave.
And by *Patroclus* taken had been *Troy*,
Had he not then been by *Apollo* slain,
That unto *Hector* gave a glorious day,
And th'Armour of my valiant Son to gain.
Which makes me now come hither to request
That you would make new Armour for my Son,
A Shield, a Helmet, Armour for the breast
And for the legs. For those he had are gone.
Then (to her answer'd *Vulcan*) do not fear.
Oh that when for him the harsh Fates enquire,
To hide him from them I as able were,
As make him Arms for Mortals to admire.
This said, unto his Shop he went, and bad
His golden serving Statues blow the fire.
For twenty Bellowses in all he had
To blow as he should, and his work require.
And then into the fire he threw in Tin,
And Brass, and Silver fine, and pretious Gold;
And to the Socket puts the Anvile in,
And th'heavie Hammer in one hand did hold,

Into

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Into his other hand the Tongs he takes,
And forges first a mighty Shield and strong,
And many various Figures in it makes,
And fastens to the same a silver Thong,
And bound the edge about with triple Brass.
The Shield it self consisted of five plies,
And with great art described in it was
The surface of the Earth, the Sea and Skies,
The Sun, the Moon at Full, and all the train
Of Heaven, *Pleiades*, and *Hyades*,
Orion, and the Bear men call the Wain
That only never dives into the Seas,
But always to *Orion* has an Eye.
And in it were two Cities. In the one
Good Chear and Weddings, and great Melody,
And women at their doores stand looking on
To see the Bridegroom as he passed by,
And lusty youths that dancing with them go,
To Citterns and to Pipes, and *Hymen* cry,
And turn as swift as Tops upon the Toe.
And full of people was the Market-place,
Assembled at the hearing of a Cause.
A man was slain. And this was then the Case.
One said that he had satisfi'd the Laws,
The other said that nothing he had paid;
And on this Issue they will both be try'd,
And have their Proofs before the Judges laid.
And clamour great of friends was on each side.
The Cryers when they stilled had the cry,
Into the Judges hands their Scepters gave,
And in the midst, of Gold two Talents lie
For him that has the better Cause to have.
Before the other Town two Armies stood.
The Foe resolved was to plunder it.
The Town, to save it, offer'd half their good.
The other to accept it thought not fit.
Then up unto the Walls the Towns-men sent
Their Women, Children, and their men grown old,
And all the rest out from the City went,
And *Mars* and *Pallas* with them, all in Gold,

And

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And taller than the multitude by odds,
Who in respect of them seem'd very low.
For men are much inferior to the Gods.
Then they before the Gate to counsel go.
The Enemies themselves in ambush laid
At th'watering place upon the Rivers brink,
And Scouts sent out, which not far from them staid
To tell them when the Cattle came to drink.
And when they were informed they were nigh,
And Shepherds two that did suspect no harm,
They on the Shepherds and the Cattle fly.
At which the other Army took th'Alarm,
And rising up from Counsel, with their Horse
Pursu'd, and soon they overtaken were.
And then began the Fight. Without remorse
They one another slay with Sword and Spear.
And there Disorder plac'd was and Debate;
And one born wounded out, another sound,
Another dead was drag'd away by Fate
With bloudy Coat and Armour on the ground.
So lively seemed to the Eye their features
In fighting and in fetching off their slain,
One would have thought they had been living creatures,
And that the Fight had real been. Again
Describ'd was in the same a spacious ground,
And men at Plough, and at each Ridges end
At turning of the Plough about, they found
A man that for them did with Wine attend.
And then again the Plough about they winde,
And lab'ring to the other end go back;
And as they plough, still what they leave behinde,
Though Golden 'twas, to th'Eye appeared black.
A wonder 'twas. Besides, in the same Shield
Pourtrayed was a goodly Close of Wheat,
And many Reapers working on the field,
That threw it to the ground in Handfuls great;
And Boys that follow'd took it from the ground,
And put it in the hands of Binders three,
By whom they made were into Sheaves and bound.
Which standing by, their Lord was glad to see.

His

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His Squires not far off standing were aside;
And at a Tree a Cow kill'd of the best,
A Supper for the Reapers to provide,
And to the woman gave it to be dress't.
And in't a golden Vineyard was pourtray'd.
The Grapes that on it hung were black, and all
The Vines supported and from drooping staid
With silver Props, that down they could not fall.
A Ditch there was about it black, and on
The same a Hedge, the colour of it Tin;
And Path unto it there was only one,
By which the Fruit in Vintage was brought in.
And on it Boys and Girls described were
After a Fiddle play'd on by a Boy,
That sing, dance, whistle, and full Baskets bear
Of *Bacchus* gifts unto the house with joy.
And in it was a Herd of Bulls and Kine,
Part Gold, part Tin, and Herds-men four of Gold
That to the Pasture drave them with Dogs nine
T'a sedgy River; where two Lions bold
Upon the horned Herd came from the Wood,
And 'mongst the foremost seiz'd upon a Bull.
The Dogs went to them neer and barking stood.
Then roars the Bull. The Lions tear and pull.
And in the same he pasture made for Sheep
Within a Valley large with Lodges good,
And Folds, and cover'd Houses them to keep
In safety from the wilde Beasts of the Wood.
And in it was a Dancing-place pourtray'd
Like that which *Dædalus* had made before
For *Ariadne*, while in *Crete* he stay'd,
And on it Dancing Youths and Maidens store
Go hand in hand. The Girls, some clad in fine
White Linen were, and some in Coats well spun
Of glossie Wooll, that with the Oyl did shine;
And ev'ry one a Garland gay had on.
The Boys with silver Hangers were adorn'd
And golden Swords, and with their well-taught Feet
Sometimes they dancing in a Circle turn'd,
Sometimes divided in two Ranks they meet.

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And round about of people ſtood a throng,
And in the lovely Dance took great delight.
And in the midſt two Tumblers ſung the Song,
And many wondrous things did in their ſight.
With th'Ocean then he all environed.
The Shield now done he went about the reſt,
And made a Helmet ſtrong fit for his head,
And formed was of maſſie Gold the Creſt,
And Breaſt-plate ſhining brighter than the fire,
And Pieces for his legs of ductile Tin.
And when he all had done to his deſire,
He from his Forge return'd and brought it in,
And in the hands of *Thetis* puts the ſame;
Which ſhe received from him joyfully.
Then ſtraightway from *Olympus* down ſhe came,
As ſwift as at a Fowl a Hawk can fly.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XIX.

NO sooner in her Saffron Robe was seen
Aurora, holding light above the ground,
Than at the Ships the Silver-footed Queen
Achilles by *Patroclus* weeping found,
And with him many of his friends dismay'd.
Then in into the midst of them she went,
And laid her hand on him, and to him said,
My Son, why do you thus in vain lament?
Come, since the Gods have slain him, leave him here,
And take the Arms which I from *Vulcan* bring,
Such as yet mortal man did never wear;
Which, as she lays them down before him, ring.
The *Myrmidons* were troubled at the sight,
And turn'd their backs affrighted at the show.
Achilles wrath was more enflamed by't.
His eyes a fire, and bended was his brow.
Yet when he hid them in his hands was glad,
And with great admiration them survai'd.
And when enough beholden them he had,
Unto his Mother he repli'd and said.
Mother, I see such Arms from *Vulcan* here,
As none but an immortal could have made,
And presently will put them on, but fear
Lest Flies the body should mean while invade,
And in the wounds some filthy Vermin breed.
And *Thetis* then repli'd, Son, do not fear.
For I my self to that will take such heed,
As, that although it should lie here a year,
It shall no worse, but rather better be.
Go you, and th' *Argive* Lords to Councel call,
And with King *Agamemnon* there agree,
And put your anger off before them all;

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And spend your choler boldly on your Foes.
This said, she to *Patroclus* mov'd her feet,
And dropt Ambrosia into his nose,
To keep his body incorrupt and sweet.
Achilles then went down unto the shore,
And there the *Heroes* did to Councel call
By name, though they were ready there before.
But thither at the news came th'*Argives* all,
Steers-men and Stewards of Provision.
And all the rest to th'Counsel thronging in,
Though but to see the face of *Thetis* Son.
So long they thought he absent now had been.
Tydides also and *Ulysses* came,
Though of their wounds they yet not cured were,
Both halting, leaning on their Spears, and lame.
The last of all was *Agamemnon* there,
Wounded by *Coon*, nor recovered yet;
But th'Heroes for his coming not long staid.
And when they were together all and set,
Achilles rose, and t'*Agamemnon* said,
Atrides, what great profit got we by
This our unlucky strife about a Maid?
I would it had her fortune been to die
Before I Siege unto *Lyrnessus* laid.
To *Hector* and the *Trojans* comes the gain.
The *Greeks* with grief will think on't while they live.
But since it is too late now to complain,
Go forth and orders for the Battle give;
That I may to them go again and see
If at the Ships they mean to stay all night.
I think they will much rather wish to be
Within the Walls of *Troy* than stay and fight.
This said, the *Greeks* were glad and courage take,
Assured that *Achilles* would them aid.
And *Agamemnon* sitting to them spake,
(Which he excus'd) and thus unto them said.
'Twere fitter (*Argive* Princes) I stood out,
That so my words you might the better hear;
But such a number standing are about,
My voice, though greater, would not reach your ear.

Nor

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Nor were it fit for me to go about,
And tell my minde to each man in his ear.
T'*Achilles* therefore only I'll speak out,
But so, if you attend, that all may hear.
I often have, said he, been blamed by
The *Greeks* for taking from you your fair prize,
When not in me, but *Jove* the fault did ly,
And in *Erinnys* and the Destinies,
That did me of my wits that day bereave.
For what can I do when the Gods do all?
Jove's Daughter *Ate* did me then deceive,
From whom, on Men and Gods great troubles fall.
Her Feet are soft, because she never treads
On th'Earth; but when she mischief has to do,
Walks in the Air, and puts it in mens heads,
And sometimes does shrewd turns t'Immortals too.
For *Juno*, though but of the Female Sex,
That day that *Hercules* was to be born,
Was able *Jove* the best o'th'Gods to vex,
And labour of *Alcmena* to adjourn.
For *Jove* before th'Immortals having said
That he a man that day to light would bring
By whom his Race in *Greece* should all be sway'd,
You jest, said *Juno*, you mean no such thing.
I'll not believe't unless you first be sworn
That he shall of your Seed in *Greece* be King.
That of a woman shall this day be born.
This said, straight *Jove* no fraud imagining
The great Oath took. But after did repent.
And *Juno* from *Olympus* lofty head
Leapt down, and t'*Argos* of *Achaia* went,
And brought the Wife of *Sthenelus* to bed.
And there was she delivered of a Son,
That was by *Perseus* of *Jove*'s discent,
Though she but seven months had of him gone.
And then to *Thebes* she to *Alcmena* went,
And hindred her that day from bringing forth.
Then up to *Jupiter* she came again,
And said, This day is born a man of worth,
Eurystus in *Argos* fit to reign,

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And of your Seed. And *Jove* in choler then
Took *Ate* by the head, and ſwung her round,
And ſwore ſhe ne're to Heav'n ſhould come agen.
And having ſaid it, threw her to the ground
And always after ſigh'd to ſee the pain
To which *Euryſtheus* did put his Son;
As I do when I ſee the *Argives* ſlain,
By *Hector*, grieve to think what I have done.
But ſince that *Jove* has made me to offend,
I for my Errour willing am to pay.
Come then, and your aſſiſtance to us lend,
And quickly bring your *Myrmidons* away.
And all that by *Ulyſſes* yeſterday
I to you promis'd ſhall performed be.
Or preſently, if you will for it ſtay,
That you th'atoning Gifts your ſelf may ſee.
Achilles then unto him thus replies.
As for your Gifts to give them me or no,
Yet only in your choice *(Atrides)* lies.
But now 'tis time we to the *Trojans* go.
To make fine Speeches here is but delay.
But let your men o'th'Field *Achilles* ſee
Through Squadrons of the *Trojans* making way.
The *Argives* then encouraged will be.
Ulyſſes then t'*Achilles* anſwered,
Godlike *Achilles*, mighty as you are,
Urge not the *Greeks* to fight till they be fed;
They faſting cannot long endure the Warre.
And likely 'tis the Battle will be long;
Eſpecially if Gods both ſides aſſiſt;
And Bread and Wine is that which makes men ſtrong.
Let therefore now the *Argives* be diſmiſt.
Who can, d'ye think, the toil of Battle bear
From morning unto night, unleſs he firſt
With food his heart and feeble limbs do chear?
He would be heavie, hungry, and athirſt.
But he that is with food well ſatisfi'd,
Courageous is, and fight will all the day.
His heart and limbs are ſtrong, and will abide
As long as any on the Field dare ſtay.

Come,

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Come, let the people now to Breakfaſt go,
And *Agamemnon* ſend the Preſents in
Into th'Aſſembly where we ſit, that ſo
By the *Achæans* all they may be ſeen;
And let him take an Oath before us, that
Briſeis Bed he never went unto,
Nor all this while has done unto her, what
A Husband to his Wife is us'd to do.
And you your anger henceforth bridle muſt.
And you *Atrides* feaſt him like a friend,
And for hereafter learn to be more juſt,
Nor think't a ſhame for men their faults to mend.
Ulyſſes (ſaid *Atrides*) I am joy'd
The counſel you have given us to hear.
For 'tis but reaſon all that you have ſaid.
And I with all my heart the Oath will ſwear.
And let *Achilles*, though in haſte, ſtay here
With all the reſt, that they my Gifts may ſee,
And Witneſſes be to the Oath I ſwear.
And for the Gifts (*Ulyſſes*) preſently
Go you your ſelf with good men whom you will,
And bring them from my Tent, and ſet them here.
For what they are, you well remember ſtill.
The ſame that by you promis'd from me were.
And you *Talthybius* provide a Swine,
That we may offer up a Sacrifice
To *Jove*, the Sun, and other Pow'rs Divine.
This ſaid, *Achilles* to him thus replies,
Renowned *Agamemnon*, I think yet
Another time for Feaſt had better been;
As when in War a pauſe we intermit;
And whilſt yet unabated is my ſpleen.
We ſee our friends lie torn upon the ground.
The *Greeks* to battle and revenge I prompt.
You think my counſel therein is not ſound,
And ſeek with Feaſting to divert them from't.
But let us faſting to the Battle go,
And make good Chear when we come back agen,
And have reveng'd our ſelves upon the Fo.
For I will neither eat nor drink till then.

For

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For whilst *Patroclus* mangled lieth here,
And they that love him stand lamenting by,
There nothing is that I can think good Chear
But Slaughter, Bloud, and Groans of men that die.
To this *Ulysses* did again reply,
Achilles, you have not in *Greece* your Peer,
For Martial worth; yet Elder much am I,
And more have seen; I pray you therefore hear.
The fare of War soon breeds Satiety.
Much Straw there is, but Harvest none, or small.
If *Jove* once hold the Scales unevenly,
Innumerable are the men that fall.
When then an end of weeping shall we see?
The Bellies of the *Argives* must not mourn.
They that go to the War must patient be,
And let the dead unto their Graves be born,
And not weep over them above a day.
And we that safe from Fight are come again,
When we are fed can all day fighting stay.
All other Exhortation is vain.
Let therefore now the *Greeks* to Breakfast go,
Which is the Soldiers best encouragement.
Then all together fall upon the Foe.
And when he this had said, away he went.
And with him took *Meges*, *Merione*s,
Thoas, *Antilochus*, and *Thrasymed*,
And *Menalippus*, and added unto these
(The Martial Son of *Creon*) *Lycomed*.
And brought the Presents from *Atrides* Tent,
Sev'n Tripods great, and twenty Caldrons bright,
Twelve Horses and sev'n Women with them went,
And fair'st of all *Briseis* made them eight.
Talents of Gold *Ulysses* weigh'd out ten,
And took the pains himself to carry that,
The rest was carri'd by the younger men,
And laid before the Princes as they sat.
Then *Agamemnon* rose, and by him neer
Talthybius attended with a Swine,
From which *Atrides* cut a lock of hair,
And lifts his hands unto the Pow'rs Divine.

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O *Jove* (said he) the chiefest of the Gods,
O Sun, and Earth, and Furies under ground,
That in your hands carry th'Eternal rods
To punish such as perjur'd shall be found,
My hand I on *Brisеis* never laid,
Neither for Bed, nor any other cause;
But always in my Tent untoucht she staid,
Nor ever by me once attempted was.
And if herein I told you have a Lye,
Let all the dreadful torments that are due
To such as guilty are of Perjury
Upon me fall. This said, the Swine he slew.
Then out the Stomach of the Swine did cut,
And that *Talthybius* took in his hands,
And threw't into the Sea the Fish to glut.
That done, *Achilles* up amongst them stands.
'Tis thou, O *Jove*, said he, that spoilest all.
Brisеis at my Tent had stayed still,
Nor had her going from me mov'd my gall,
But that thou hadst a mind the *Greeks* to kill.
This said, the Councel he dissolv'd, and sent
Th'*Achæans* to their Ships to break their fast.
Then ev'ry man unto his own Ship went,
And busie were about their short repast.
Mean while the *Myrmidons* the Presents bear
T'*Achilles* Ships, and laid them in his Tent,
And thither also brought the Women were.
But th'Horses to the Field his Servants sent.
Brisеis, when she saw *Patroclus* lie
With many gastly wounds dead on the Biere,
She flung her arms about him and did crie,
And her white Neck, and Face, and Breast did tear,
And weeping over him did thus complain.
O dear *Patroclus*, whom alive I left,
Now when I to you am return'd again,
Ay me, I find you of your life bereft.
How fast my Woes on one another fall!
The Husband which my Parents made me wed,
And three good Brothers of one Mother all
I saw before *Lyrnessus* Massacred.

And

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And then, *Patroclus*, you to comfort me,
Told me that I should be *Achilles* Wife,
And to him married in *Pthiá* be.
But now since you have also lost your life,
I never of my Woe shall see an end.
And then the other women wept and roar'd,
All for *Patroclus*, as they did pretend.
But inwardly their own Fate they deplor'd.
The *Greeks* again about *Achilles* stood,
And urged him, ere he to Battle went,
Himself to strengthen with a little food,
But could by no means get him to consent.
My friends, said he, importune me no more
To eat or drink before we go to fight.
My heart within me now is vexed sore.
Fear not, I shall endure from morn to night.
This said, the other Princes from him went.
The two *Atrides* and *Ulysses* stay.
And *Phœnix* and old *Nestor* at his Tent,
And King *Idomeneus*, his grief t'allay.
But nothing they could say did any good,
So fiercely he was set upon the Fight;
And looking on *Patroclus* body stood.
And then afresh lamented at the sight.
Sweet friend, said he, you wont were to provide
Good Breakfast for me when I was to fight,
But since that comfort now I am deni'd,
In meat and drink I take no more delight.
For greater hurt cannot upon me fall,
Although for want of me my Father die,
While absent from him at the *Trojan* Wall
For this accursed *Helen's* sake I lie;
Nor though my Son *Neptolemus* should die,
Whom I in *Scyros* Isle left to be bred,
Not thinking then that here both you and I
Should lose our lives; but that when I was dead
He should by you be to my House convey'd,
And made to know my Servants and Estate.
For *Peleus* now is very much decay'd,
If quite he have not finished his Fate.

When

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When this *Achilles* weeping ſpoken had,
The good old men that alſo had their fears
For thoſe they left at home, were very ſad.
And *Jove* had pity on *Achilles* tears,
And ſpeaking to *Athena*, Child, ſaid he,
Your love to valiant men, I ſee, is gone.
Achilles muſt no more remembred be.
Behold how for his friend he maketh moan,
And takes no food, though th'other Princes feaſt.
Let not his ſtrength by hunger be decay'd;
Diſtil Ambroſia into his breaſt,
And Nectar. Straight *Athena* him obey'd.
And ſwift as any Harpy came away,
And arming of themſelves ſhe found the reſt.
But that *Achilles* ſtrength might not decay
She dropt Ambroſia into his breaſt,
And Nectar ſweet, and out the *Argives* went.
As when from *Jove* deſcendeth a thick Snow,
Which *Boreas* bloweth through the Element;
Such of the armed *Argives* was the ſhow;
So bright their burniſht Arms and Helmets were,
The luſtre up to Heaven did rebound,
And ſmiling all about the Fields appear,
And at the moving of their feet reſound.
Achilles then his mighty Arms puts on,
And grinds his teeth, and fire was in his eyes,
And haſted to the Battle to be gone;
So much his heart did at the *Trojans* riſe.
Firſt to his legs the Leg-pieces he ti'd
With Buckles of fine ſilver all along,
And next his Breaſt-plate to his breaſt appli'd,
And on his ſhoulder then his Sword he hung,
Then up into his hands his Shield he took
Large, ſtrong, and mighty, radiant was the ſame,
And from afar it like the Moon did look,
Or, as to Seamen, on the wolds a flame,
That ſure are of a ſtorm when that they ſee,
And from their friends to ſcatter'd be by wind
To places where they not deſire to be;
So then the Buckler of *Achilles* ſhin'd.

And

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And next he puts his Helmet on his head,
Which shined like a Comet in the Air,
So finely *Vulcan* had it polished,
And made it seem to blaze with golden hair.
And then to try his Arms if fit they were,
He walkt about, and thought he wings had worn.
And last from out a Tub he took his Spear
(Which by his Father formerly was born,
And made by *Chiron* in Mount *Pelion*)
Which no man but *Achilles* now could wield,
Since *Peleus* strength decayed was and gone.
A fatal Spear to *Heroes* in the Field.
And *Alcimus* then and *Automedon*
The Horses to the Chariot made fast,
And harnest them and put their Bridles on,
And back unto the Seat the Reyns they cast.
With Whip in hand then mounts *Automedon*,
And after him *Achilles* not long staid
Yclad in Armour shining like the Sun,
And roughly to his Horses speaking said,
Xanthus and *Balius* take heed I pray,
A little better of your Charretier,
Than of *Patroclus* you did yesterday,
Whom dead and stript you left behind you here.
This said, his sprightly head low *Xanthus* hung,
Till on the ground his golden Mane was laid.
And *Juno* humane Speech gave to his Tongue.
And to *Achilles* then he spake and said,
Yes, great *Achilles*, we will save you now;
But know ye, that your utmost day is nigh,
Not by our faults; the Gods will have it so,
And, which cannot be shun'd, your Destiny.
And that *Patroclus* is disarm'd and slain,
'Twas not because we lazy were or slow,
But that *Priamides* might hence our gain,
Apollo slew him with his silver Bow.
For we could have gone faster than the wind,
If that could to him any good have done.
The thread of life which for him was design'd
Was by the Destinies drawn out and spun.

This

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This then ſaid *Xanthus*, but could not proceed.
His Speech the Furies from him took again.
Xanthus (repli'd *Achilles*) there's no need
For you to prophecie my death in vain.
I know already that I here muſt die
Far from my Parents; yet I mean to ſtay
Till I have made the *Trojans* hence to flie.
This ſaid, his *Myrmidons* he led away.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XX.

Whilst with *Achilles* th'*Argives* armed stand,
And on the Plain the *Trojans* ready all,
Jove to the Goddess *Thetis* gave command
The Common Councel of the Gods to call.
Then down she came, and calling went about.
Ye Gods, said she, *Jove* calls you to his house.
And straight the Rivers from their streams came out
All but their Father old *Oceanus*.
The Nymphs from ev'ry Meadow, Spring, and Grove
Up to the Mount *Olympus* went in hast;
And when they come were to the house of *Jove*,
In Porches round on polish'd Seats were plac'd.
And *Neptune* also having heard the Call,
Leapt from the Sea up to *Olympus* Hill,
And sitting in the midst before them all
To *Jove* he spake, and said, What is your will?
D'ye call us hither our advice to hear;
To give the day to *Trojan* or to *Greek*?
For I perceive the Battle now is near.
My mind (said *Jupiter*) you need not seek.
For of the *Greeks* distrest I have a care.
But on *Olympus* I intend to stay,
And please my self with looking on the Warre.
But let the other Gods go down to *Troy*,
And take which side they will. For else I fear,
Achilles whom the *Trojans* did so dread,
When in the Battle no Immortals were,
And more enrag'd is since his friend is dead;
When he has driv'n the *Trojans* from the Field,
Will then directly go to *Ilium*,
And overthrow the Wall which you did build,
Before the time (by Fate appointed) come.

This

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This said, the Fight began. On th' *Argives* side
Stood *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*;
And *Vulcan* taking in his strength great pride,
Went halting 'mongst them with his legs awry.
On th'other side, *Mars* for the *Trojans* stood,
And *Phœbus*, and his Sister *Artemis*,
Their Mother *Leto*, and *Scamander* Flood,
And *Venus* that of all the fairest is.
And whilst they from the Battle stood aside,
The *Argives* mightily encourag'd were,
And in *Achilles* presence took great pride;
For long it seem'd they had not seen him there.
The *Trojans* when they saw him shook for fear,
So like to *Mars* he was, his Arms so bright.
But when the Gods on both sides with them were,
Then all about was filled with affright,
And in the Air heard was *Athena* shrill
As from the Ditch, and sometimes from the shore,
And *Mars* sometimes from *Callidone* Hill,
And sometimes as at *Troy* was heard to rore,
The *Trojans* he, but she the *Greeks* t'incite.
Thus by the Gods from Heav'n encouraged
The Armies met, and cruel was the Fight,
And terribly above *Jove* thundered,
And *Neptune* shook the Earth on ev'ry side,
The *Argive* Ships, and stately *Trojan* Tow'rs,
The Plain beneath, and lofty Tops of *Ide*.
And frighted with it were th'Infernal Pow'rs,
And *Pluto* starting from his ugly Throne
To *Neptune* cried out his hand to hold,
For fear his dismal dwelling should be shown
To Men and Gods so hateful to behold.
So great a noise the Gods make when they fight.
Phœbus to *Neptune* now opposed is,
And *Pallas* stands against rude *Mars* his might,
And *Juno* matched is with *Artemis*,
And *Mercury* against *Latona* stood.
But he that *Vulcan* had to deal withal,
Was the divine and deep swift-running Flood,
Which *Xanthus* Gods, but Men *Scamander* call.

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Thus were th'Immortals matched one to one.
Achilles would have given any good
That he had matched been to *Priam*'s Son,
T'have made to *Mars* a Breakfast of his blood.
And then *Apollo* sets *Æneas* on
T'encounter with *Achilles*; and array'd
I'th'person and the voice of *Lycaon*
Came to his side, and thus unto him said,
Æneas, when the Wine was in your head,
I oft have heard you of your self say this,
That 'gainst *Achilles* you in fight durst stand.
What say you to him now? See, there he is.
Priamides (*Æneas* then repli'd)
Why would you have me with *Achilles* fight?
I once already was upon Mount *Ide*
Keeping our Cattle, by him put to flight;
And thence for safety to *Lyrnessus* fled.
But he the Town *Lyrnessus* quickly won
And *Pedasus*. And then I had been dead
If *Jove* had not inabled me to run.
For *Pallas* with him was and made him way,
Striking his Foes before him with affright,
And urging him the *Trojans* to destroy.
'Tis more than Man can do t'oppose his might.
One God or other always with him is
To put aside the Spears before they come.
And whom he aims at he doth never miss,
And to the mark his Spear flies always home.
But if the Gods unpartial would be,
Although of solid Brass his body were,
He should not eas'ly get the Victorie.
Æneas (then said *Phœbus*) do not fear,
But pray unto the Gods. Your Mother is
Jove's Daughter *Cytherea*, as they say,
A greater Goddess by descent than his;
And therefore boldly to him go your way.
His mighty words and threats you must not fear.
This said, he courage breath'd into his breast.
Then through the foremost went he with his Spear,
And Helmet of strong Brass with glittring Crest.

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Now *Juno* of his going was aware,
And calling to her th'other Gods, she said,
Neptune and *Pallas*, let us have a care;
I see a danger that ought to be wai'd.
Æneas yonder with his spear in hand,
Goes to *Achilles* with a mind to fight.
Let's keep him off, or by *Achilles* stand,
And add both to his courage and his might,
That he may know, the Gods of greatest Pow'r
Are on his side, and those that stand for *Troy*
In vertue much to us inferiour,
And dare not in the Field against us stay;
And that we from *Olympus* hither came
To save him now; hereafter whatsoere
Mischances come he must endure the same,
Since at his Birth they woven with him were.
For if unknown our purpose to him be,
To meet a God will put him into fear.
'Tis dangerous Gods as they are to see;
So terrible to mortals they appear.
And *Neptune* unto *Juno* then repli'd,
You are too fierce. A fight between the Gods
I would not have begin upon our side.
Nor does it need; so much we have the ods.
But let's go hence to yonder Mountain top,
And leave the Battle in the hands of men.
If *Mars* or *Phœbus* then *Achilles* stop,
We to the Battle will return agen,
And send them to *Olympus* home with shame,
'Mongst other of the Gods at Court to stay,
We'l beaten at our hands, disgrac'd, and tame.
And when he this had said, he led away.
And when he come was to the Castle-wall,
Which was by th'*Trojans* built for *Hercules*
By *Pallas* help, to save him from the Whale
That much annoy'd the *Trojans* from the Seas,
He and his Party of the Gods stay'd there
Concealed by a Cloud, and looking on.
But *Mars* and *Phœbus* with their Party were
Sitting upon the Brow of *Callidon*.

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Thus from the Field the Gods on both sides staid
Consulting how their friends the day might win.
But neither side effectually would aid.
For not a God amongst them durst begin.
Now cover'd over was the Field with men
Both Horse and Foot array'd in Armour bright.
The Earth resounded with their feet. And then
Two warriours in the midst stood out to fight,
Achilles and *Æneas* the two best.
And first *Æneas* with fierce looks went on
With Spear in hand, and Shield before his breast.
To meet him then advanced *Thetis* Son.
As when to chace a Lion from the Plain
The people of the Town with Weapons rise,
The Lion looks upon them with disdain,
As if he did their multitude despise;
But when a Spear from any of them comes,
He whips himself int' anger with his Tail,
And terribly goes on, and yawns and foams,
To kill, or to be killed if he fail:
So at the seeing of *Æneas* Spear,
Achilles did himself to th' Fight provoke.
And when they stood to one another near,
Achilles first unto *Æneas* spoke.
Æneas, why (said he) come you away
So far before the rest? To fight with me?
Will *Priam*, think you, make you King of *Troy*,
If by your hand perhaps I slain should be?
No. He is wise, and Sons has of his own.
Or will the *Trojans* set you out great Lands,
Some to be planted, others to be sown
When ever I am killed by your hands?
But that I hope will never be. You know
How once I made you run down *Ida* Hill
Into *Lyrnessus* in great haste; and how
You here looke back for fear of greater ill;
And how the Town I won, and led away
The women Captives; though 'twas then *Jove*'s will
That from my hands you should escape that day,
You must not look that you should do so still.

And

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And therefore I advise you to be gone,
And in the throng o'th' *Trojans* to abide.
For ev'ry Fool his harm knows when 'tis done.
This said, *Æneas* to him thus repli'd,
Pelides, do not think you can me fright,
As if I were a Child, with words of scorn.
For if in evil words I took delight,
I could as many easily return.
We one anothers Parents know by fame.
Peleus your [illegible], *Anchises* mine.
Your Mother is Divine, *Thetis* by name;
And *Venus* mine, of the Celestial line.
And one of them to day must lose a Son.
For 'tis not words can fetch us off this place.
But if you'll know my Generation,
I'll by my Father likewise count my Race.
For first by *Jove* was *Dardanus* begot
That rul'd the *Dardans* under *Ida* Hill
In divers Towns. For *Ilium* yet was not.
But at the foot of *Ida* they dwelt still.
And *Dardan Erichthonius* begat,
That was the wealthiest of mortal men.
Three thousand Mares he had, and unto that,
As many Foals all feeding on the Fen.
And twelve of these were got by *Boreas*,
That leapt their Dams in likeness of a Horse,
And ore the ears of standing Corn could pass
And never make them stoop; such was their force;
And run upon the Sea and never wet
Their hoofs, which very wondrous was to see.
And *Erichthonius* did *Tros* beget.
And *Tros* the Father was of Children three,
Ilus, *Assaracus*, and *Ganymed*.
But *Ganymed* was taken up by *Jove*
(So fair he was) and t'Heaven carried,
To minister unto the Gods above.
The Son of *Ilus* was *Laomedon*,
And he *Tithonus* got and *Priamus*,
And *Lampus*, *Clytius*, *Icetaon*.
But *Capys* Son was of *Assaracus*.

Capys

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Capys begat *Anchises*, and he me.
I need not be asham'd of my Race.
Though Vertue lieth not in Pedigree,
But given is to them whom *Jove* will grace.
Then let us from reproachful words abstain,
Whereof there is great plenty ev'ry where.
To serve all men that will them entertain,
That as a man will speak, so he may hear.
What need we like two women in the street,
When they cannot agree, to rail and scoff?
Who, say they true or false, are und'reet.
For from my purpose you'll not put me off
With scornful words, before your force I try.
Let's therefore here no longer ta'k but fight.
And as he spake his Spear he letteth fly,
Which on *Achilles* mighty Shield fell right,
And terribly it made the same resound.
Achilles far before him held his Shield,
For fear *Æneas* through it might him wound;
Though Heav'nly Arms to mortals will not yield.
But that he thought not on Nor did the Spear
Well driven as it was and strong, pass through.
For of five pl'es that labour'd in it were
By *Mulciber*, it pierced only two,
And those were Brass. There still remained three,
The one of Gold, the o'her two of Tin;
And stopped by the Brass it could not be;
But coming to the Gold it there stuck in.
And then *Achilles* threw his Spear at him,
Which flying with great force pass'd through his Shield,
Where thin the Brass and Hide was near the Brim,
And over him it flew into the Field.
For when *Æneas* coming saw the Spear,
He crouched low, and held his Buckler high;
And though the same proceeded but from fear,
It made the Spear above his head to fly.
Æneas at the first amazed stands.
But when *Achilles* with his Sword came on,
He stoopt, and from the ground took in his hands,
That neer unto him lay a mighty stone,

Which

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Which two men, such as now are, scarce could bear,
And hit him had on th'head or breast in vain,
That with Celestial Arms defended were,
And by *Achilles* Sword himself been slain,
If it had not by *Neptune* been foreseen.
Who speaking to the Gods did thus complain.
O Gods, said he, great pain I now am in
To see *Æneas* by *Achilles* slain,
For harkning to *Apollo* foolishly;
Who will not help him though he set him on.
But wherefore should we let *Æneas* die
Others to please, when he no fault has done?
Let's therefore save him lest we *Jove* offend,
Who now the off spring of King *Priam* hates.
And that *Æneas* Race shall without end
The *Trojans* rule; 'tis ordered by the Fates.
This said, to *Neptune Juno* did reply,
If you *Æneas* have a mind to save,
Save him your self. For well you know that I
And *Pallas* mongst the Gods sworn often have,
That neither of us shall a *Trojan* aid,
Though *Ilium* it self were in a flame.
Away went *Neptune* soon as that was said,
And to *Æneas* and *Achilles* came.
And ore *Achilles* eyes a mist he spred,
And drew his Spear out of *Æneas* Shield;
And to *Achilles* that he carried,
And laid it at his feet upon the Field.
And then *Æneas* lifted by the force
Of an Immortal God skipt to the Rear,
Ore many Ranks of Heroes and of Horse,
Unto the *Caucons* that the hindmost were.
Where *Neptune* standing by him spake and said,
Æneas, who was't of th'Immortal Gods,
That to engage *Achilles* you betray'd,
That stronger is than you by so much ods?
Henceforth take heed you come not in his way,
Lest by his hand you die. When he is gone,
You boldly on the best adventure may.
For of the rest you slain shall be by none.

This

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This said, he to *Achilles* went agen,
And made the mist to vanish from his eyes.
And round about him lookt *Achilles* then,
And to his feet return'd his Spear espies.
And said unto himself, O strange, what's this?
The man is gone, my Spear come back I see.
Æneas of the Gods beloved is,
And I thought all he said was vanitie.
But fare him well. He will not come agen,
So glad he is that he hath scaped so.
Now I will first put courage in my men,
And then unto some other *Trojans* go.
Then through the *Argive* Ranks he went, and said,
No longer of the *Trojans* be so shy,
But man to man go close. Be not afraid,
Strong as I am, you cannot think that I
Can follow such a multitude and fight.
For neither *Mars* nor *Pallas* can do that,
(Though Gods Immortal) and of so great might,
That mortal men cannot resist. Yet what
My strength alone with hands and feet can do,
I think I shall not any thing forbear.
But break their Ranks and make you way clean through,
Nor shall he joyful be whom I come near.
Whilst this *Achilles* to the *Argives* said,
Hector no less the *Trojans* did excite.
Why should you of *Achilles* be afraid?
With words 'tis easie 'gainst the Gods to fight,
That are too strong to fight with with a Spear.
And to *Achilles* now I mean to go,
Though Fire his hands, and Steel his body were.
For more by half he says than he can do.
When *Hector* to the *Trojans* this had said,
The Fight began, and mighty was the cry.
And then for *Hector Phœbus* was afraid,
And presently came in, and standing nigh,
Hector (said he) return into the throng.
Take heed. With *Thetis* Son fight not at all
Now nor henceforth (he for you is too strong)
Lest by his Spear or Sword you chance to fall.

Thus

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Thus *Hector* by the God admonished
Into the *Trojan* Troops retir'd again.
The *Trojans* then before *Achilles* fled.
And by him first *Iphition* was slain,
Whom the Nymph *Neis* to *Otryteus* bare
In *Ida* at the foot of *Tmolus* Hill,
Great Troops he brought unto the *Trojan* Warre,
And thought he could the great *Pelides* kill.
But coming on he met *Achilles* Spear,
The fatal Spear, that cleft his head in twain.
Achilles then triumphed ore him there
Though fallen to the ground he were and slain.
So; *Otryntides*, die there on the Earth;
Though where runs *Hyllus* into *Hermus* deep,
On the *Gygean* Lake you had your Birth.
This said, he left him in eternal sleep,
For th' *Argive* Charret-wheels to crush and grind.
And after him he slew *Demoleon*,
A Warrier good, and of undaunted mind,
That of *Antenor* was a valiant Son.
Him through the head with Spear in hand he smot,
And out together came both bloud and brain.
His Helmet though of Brass, preserv'd him not.
And after he *Demoleon* had slain
He with his Spear pursu'd *Hippodamas*,
Who from his Charre had leapt unto the ground.
Frighted, and now before him running was,
And gave him on the back a mortal wound,
Whereat he blows and roars like any Bull
Brought to the Altar for a Sacrifice,
When young men by the Horns him thither pull
By violence; then down he falls and dies.
Unluckily then in *Achilles* sight
Was *Polydorus Priam*'s youngest Son
And best belov'd; whom he forbad to fight,
Though swiftest of them all he were to run.
But he the vertue of his feet to shew,
Betwixt the Hoasts ran up and down the Field,
Until a Spear *Achilles* at him threw,
And with a wound upon the back him kill'd.

Out

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Out at his Navil went the Spear again,
And for his Guts to follow made a way.
But *Hector* when he saw his Brother slain,
Among't his Troops he could no longer stay,
But going to *Achilles* shook his Spear.
Then speaking to himself *Achilles* said,
The man that slew *Patroclus* I see here.
We must no more each other now avoid.
And sowrely on him looking, said, Come near,
That I may quickly of you make an end.
And *Hector* to him answer'd without fear,
In vain *Achilles* your proud words you spend.
Such words as these may Children terrific.
And I can speak that Language when I list.
And though you be a mightier man than I,
The Victory does not in that consist,
But he shall have it whom the Gods appoint
Though he be weaker, if his Spear fly true.
Which mine may do, and sharp is at the point.
This said, his Spear he at *Achill's* threw.
Which back to *Hector's* feet *Athena* blew
With soft and gentle breath without a sound,
And straight *Achilles* thundring to him flew.
But then *Apollo* snatcht him from the ground.
Which is by any God done in a trice;
And in a Mist conceal'd him from his sight.
And after him *Achilles* leapt up thrice,
And thrice the Air obscure in vain did smite.
Then whooping he after him and threatning said,
Dog, an ill death agen thou scaped hast,
That fighting, to *Apollo* pray'st for aid.
But yet I shall dispatch you at the last,
If any of the Gods for me appear.
But now I must to other *Trojans* go.
This said, at *Dryops* straight he threw his Spear,
And sent his Soul unto the Shades below.
To meet *Demuchus* then he went half way,
That with his Sword came toward him to fight.
Him with a wound i'th' neck he made to stay;
And with his Sword then killed him outright.

Then

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Then by him slain the Sons of *Bias* were
Laogonus and *Dardanus*, the one
With his great Sword, the other with his Spear.
And next he killed *Tros Alastor*'s Son,
Who not resisted but fell at his knee,
And beg'd his life, for being of his age,
Hoping for that he pitied might be.
But that *Achilles* wrath could not asswage.
He quite mistook his nature like a child.
For cruel was *Achilles* and hard-harted;
But he sweet-natur'd thought he was and mild.
Whereas he never thought how others smarted.
And then *Achilles* gave him such a wound
That with the bloud his Liver started out.
And there he left him dying on the ground,
And for more *Trojan* Leaders lookt about.
Then coming to him he saw *Mulius*,
And strook him through the head from ear to ear.
Then with his Sword he killed *Echeclus*
Aeteor's Son that to him came too near.
Then on the arm he hit *Demolion*.
The Spear stuck in, and forc'd him there to stay.
Achilles then came furiously on,
And with his Sword he skim'd his head away
Helmet and all. Then *Regmus* with a wound
Upon the belly he slew with his Spear,
Who from his Charret fell unto the ground.
And after him he slew his Charretier
Arcibous, whilst he his Horses turns.
As a thick Coppice in a windy day,
If set on fire unmercifully burns;
So went *Achilles* killing ev'ry way.
As Oxen from the Straw tread out the Corn,
So trampling went his Horses ore the dead,
That with their Bucklers by the wheels were torn,
And th'Axle-tree with bloud was covered
And Spoaks; in part with droppings from the wheels
(For going on the ground the wheels were gory)
And partly beaten up with th'Horses heels,
And bloudy were his hands; and all for glory.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XXI.

When to the River *Xanthus* they were come,
The *Trojans* at the Ford half of them pass'd,
And on the High way fled to *Ilium*;
The other leapt into the Stream for haste;
And with the winding flood there swimming strive.
As Locusts when by sudden Tier sprung
In swarms unto the River fly and dive;
So they themselves into *Scamander* flung.
And filled was the Stream with Horse and Men.
Achilles on the Bank-side left his Spear
Set up on end against a Tree; and then
Achilles leapt in with his Sword; and there
He kill'd as fast as he could turn and strike,
And with their bloud the Stream was dyed red.
And grievous 'twas to hear them groan and shrike,
That in the flood were by him massacred.
As when the Dolphins in a River are,
The other Fish scud to the Banks in sholes,
So did it with the swimming *Trojans* fare,
They fled to th'Banks and hid themselves in holes.
And twelve of them alive *Achilles* took,
And with their Girdles hands behind them bound,
Then caus'd them to be led out of the Brook.
And to the Ships conveyed safe and sound;
To slay them at *Patroclus* Funeral.
Then from the River out he came again,
And *Priam*'s Son *Lycaon* met withal
That from *Scamander* flying was in vain.
Whom Prisoner he had taken once before,
When in his Father's ground he was by night
Cutting of Spoak staves from a Sycamore,
And on him now the second time did light.

To

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To *Lemnos* first he sent him to be sold,
And bought he there was by *Ettion*.
Achilles for him had good store of Gold.
But he got loose and home again did run,
And there eleven days he staid; and well
Was entertained in his Father's house.
The twelfth into *Achilles* hands he fell
Agen, that sent him then to *Erebus*.
Achilles seeing him without a Spear,
Without a Shield, and nothing on his head
(For he had cast away his Arms for fear
When almost tir'd he from the River fled)
Achilles grumbling to himself then said,
O strange! These *Trojans* are stout-hearted men,
That being sent away, will not be staid,
But to the War must needs come back agen.
Here's one I sent to *Lemnos* to be sold,
And now is come to fight with me agen.
'Tis strange the Sea could not him from me hold,
That can against their wills hold other men.
But well, I'll give him of my Spear a tast,
And send him to the Earth, that I may see
Whether the Earth or no can hold him fast,
By which are holden better men than he.
Whilst this *Achilles* said, the man came near,
To beg his life; for loath to die was he.
To wound him then *Achilles* lifts his Spear.
But under it he got unto his knee,
And with one hand laid hold upon his Spear,
And on *Achilles* knee the other laid.
And kneeling down before him shook with fear,
And lamentably to him speaking said,
Achilles, I beseech you pity me,
And save my life although 'twere but for this,
That I your Pris'ner was. Captivitie
At least for life a Sanctuary is.
And when you unto *Lemnos* sent me had,
You for me got a hundred Oxens price.
And for my Ransom now I should be glad
You would be pleas'd to take that value thrice.

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'Tis but twelve days since I came back to *Troy*,
And all the way had been in grievous pain,
And when I thought I should my friends enjoy,
I fallen am into your hands again.
O how have I so much incur'd the hate
Of *Jupiter* to shorten thus my life!
Or from my Mother cometh my hard fate
Lasthoe, whom *Priam* made his Wife?
Alcheus got her, King of *Pedasus*.
And she of *Priam*'s many Wives was one.
For many more beside had *Priamus*;
And by her had me and another Son,
And both of us must by you now be kill'd.
For *Polydore* you have already slain,
Whilst like a Child he ran about the Field.
And for my self (I fear) I pray in vain.
But what am I that must no Quarter have?
Though by the Father I am *Hector*'s Brother,
That sent the good *Patroclus* to his grave,
Yet I am nothing to him by the Mother.
Thus pleaded he. *Achilles* then replied,
Tell me no more of Ransome or of Quarter;
'Tis true, I did before *Patroclus* died,
Suffer some *Trojans* for their lives to barter.
But now if any of the *Trojans* fall
Into my hands before the Town of *Troy*,
And those of *Priam*'s Race the least of all
Must from me hope to get alive away.
But wherefore (friend) should you think much to die?
Patroclus a much better man is gone.
You see how strong and tall a man am I,
And of a noble Father am the Son,
And have a Goddess for my Mother. Yet
At morn, or noon, or night, with Shaft or Spear
I'm sure by one or other to be hit
And lose my life. Why therefore should you fear?
This said, *Lycaon*'s heart and limbs both fail'd,
And of the Spear let's go his hold, and wide
His hands he spread and his sad fate bewayl'd.
Achilles then his Sword drew from his side,

And

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And gave him on the neck a mighty wound.
The Swords whole bredth into his neck he took,
And presently he fell dead to the ground.
Achilles threw him then into the Brook,
And said insulting, Go now to the deep,
And feed the Fishes that will lick your blood;
Your Mother over you shall never weep,
But to the Sea you go shall with the Flood,
Where to the curled water leaps a Fish,
Upon *Lycaon*'s dainty fat to feed.
And until *Troy* be by us won, I wish
That th'other *Trojans* may no better speed,
But flying, by my Spear be tost like Hay
(*Scamander* shall afford them little aid,
Though to his Stream they Bulls and Horses slay)
Till for *Patroclus* death they all have paid.
With these his haughty words *Scamander* griev'd,
Contrived how *Achilles* to repel,
And how the *Trojans* best might be reliev'd
That to escape into his water fell.
Achilles then *Asteropæus* spi'd
Pelegons Son the Son of *Axius*,
Of *Axius* the River deep and wide
By th'Daughter of King *Acessamenus*.
And to him with a mind to kill him went
As he was newly come out of the water.
But *Xanthus* gave him such encouragement
(Because *Achilles* fill'd his Stream with slaughter)
That there *Asteropæus* for him staid,
And both in right and left hand had a Spear
And never sought the Combat to avoid.
And when they were to one another near,
Who are you (said *Achilles*) and whose Son,
That in my anger dares approach me so?
For I in Arms encountred am by none
But those whose Parents destin'd are to wo.
Asteropæus to him then repli'd.
Why ask you me whose Son and who I am?
The Forces of *Paonia* I guide,
To whom eleven days since I hither came.

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Of my descent the Author *Axius* is,
The fairest Stream that on the Earth doth run:
His Son was *Pelegon*, and I am his.
Thus who I am 'tis told you, and whose Son.
And now, *Achilles*, it is time to fight.
This said, from his two hands his two Spears fly
(For both *Asteropeus* hands were right)
The one of them his mighty Shield did try
But pierc'd it not; the plate of Gold withstood.
The other gave his arm a little wound
Neer to his elbow, and fetcht out some blood,
And so beyond him went and stuck i'th' ground.
Achilles then his Spear with all his strength
Incensed at *Asteropeus* threw,
Which missing into th' Earth went half its length.
Then from his side his Sword *Achilles* drew.
Asteropeus to *Achilles* Spear
Went back, and at it thrice he pluckt in vain;
Then thought to break it; but *Achilles* there
Was with his Sword, and with that he was slain.
For by the Sword his belly was so ript,
That all his bowels issu'd at the wound.
There him *Achilles* of his Armour stript,
And ore him crow'd as he lay on the ground.
Lie there, said he; shall Rivers Sons compare
With th'off-spring of the blessed Gods above?
The Issue of a Brook, you say, you are,
But I the Issue am of mighty *Jove*,
For *Peleus* my Father was, and his
Was *Aacus* whom *Jupiter* begot.
But greater he than any River is,
Then equal to his Race, their Race is not.
A River great enough you had at hand,
But that you found had done you little good.
For nothing can the Pow'r of *Jove* withstand;
Not *Achelous* with his Royal Flood,
Nor th'Ocean it self of Waters King,
From whose abundance Seas their water take
And ev'ry River, Stream, and Well, and Spring
That goeth on the Earth, and ev'ry Lake;

Who

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Who when they but a clap of Thunder hear,
From *Jove* some danger presently they dread.
This said, from th'Earth he pulled out his Spear,
And left o'th'Sands *Asteropæus* dead.
Where *Xanthus* from his wound shall wash the blood,
And Eels and other fish feed on his fat.
Achilles then pursued those that stood
Upon *Scamander* Bank amazed at
The fury of the giddy Stream; and when
They saw their Leader killed in their sight
By th'hand of terrible *Achilles*, then
They ev'ry one betook themselves to flight.
Then with his Sword he slew *Therselochus*,
And after him the stout *Astypylus*,
And *Ophelestes*, *Mydon*, *Ænius*,
And after these, *Mnesus*, and *Thrasius*.
And had shed yet much more *Peonian* blood,
But that *Scamander* at it took offence,
And like a man above his water stood,
And to *Achilles* spake his mind from thence.
Achilles, truly you excel in might,
And Acts you do of great iniquitie,
And by the Gods assisted are in fight.
But though by *Jove* you should allowed be
To kill the *Trojans*, kill them on the Plain.
My Stream so choaked is with Carcasses,
I cannot drive my waters to the Main.
I wonder you should do such deeds as these.
Let those you kill be killed openlie.
Go therefore from me. Thus *Scamander* said.
And then unto the River answer'd he,
Divine *Scamander*, you shall be obey'd.
But to pursue the *Trojans* I mean still,
Till I have chas'd them up to *Ilium*.
And fight with *Hector*, if he stay, I will,
And see if his or my last day be come.
Scamander then unto *Apollo* spake:
Phœbus, said he, you *Jove*'s commandment slight,
That bad you of the *Trojans* care to take,
And to defend them all you could till night.

Into

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Into the Stream *Achilles* leaps agen.
At which *Scamander* swelling lifts his Waves,
And out he throws the bodies of dead men,
And from *Achilles* hand the living saves.
Then throws a Billow on *Achilles* head.
And heavie on his Shield the Current lay;
And on the ground by no means he could tread,
So fast the River carri'd him away.
But ore the water hung an Elmen limb
Which he laid hold on. Then fell down the Tree
Into the River. And that saved him,
And served as a Bridge to set him free.
And swiftly then *Achilles* from him ran.
But after him *Scamander* sent his water,
Resolv'd to quench the fury of the man,
And save the *Trojans* in his Stream from slaughter.
And then as far as one can throw a Spear
Achilles from the Flood obliquely flies
Swift as a Hawk; but yet was ne'r the near;
For still he water has before his eyes.
As when a man makes passage with his Spade
For water to his Garden from a Hill,
The Stream outruns him that the Channel made;
So *Xanthus* was before *Achilles* still.
And ever as *Achilles* turn'd or stood
To see if any God would by him stand,
Above his shoulders rose the mighty Flood,
And while he starts from's feet removes the Sand.
Achilles then himself bewailing said,
O *Jupiter* (and lookt up to the Skie)
Let some God 'gainst this River give me aid,
And any other death then let me die.
But none I know on whom the fault to lay.
But my dear Mother, who to flatter me,
Said I should die before the Walls of *Troy*,
And by *Apollo* only killed be.
O that I had by *Hector*'s hand been slain,
The best of all the men that fight for *Troy*!
But now I perish like a silly Swain
Passing a Torrent in a rainy day.

These

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These words *Achilles* had no sooner said,
But *Neptune* and *Athena* with him were;
And on *Achilles* hand their hands they laid.
Then *Neptune* said, *Achilles*, do not fear.
Encouraged by two such Gods as we,
Pallas and I, and that by *Jove*'s command,
Retiring soon you shall the River see.
For fear of him you need not hold your hand.
But drive the *Trojans* all to *Ilium*
Save those that fly. And having *Hector* slain
(As we assure you you shall do) then come
Triumphantly unto the Ships again.
This said, unto the Gods again they came.
Achilles boldly waded in the Field,
Where many Bodies dead and Bucklers swam.
With so much courage *Pallas* had him fill'd,
And in the water stoutly lifts his knees.
For *Pallas* now his strength augmented had.
And *Xanthus* vext before, when he saw this,
Foamed and roar'd as one that had been mad;
And cried out for help to *Simois*.
Brother, said he, assist me here, to stay
This raging man, that t'*Ilium* going is.
I am afraid he'll take the Town of *Troy*.
Make haste to help me; and your Channel fill
With water both from Torrent and from Spring,
And stones and trees bring with you from the Hill,
That on this furious man we may them fling;
So that his strength shall do him little good,
Nor Armour, which upon the Field shall lie
Concealed from the eyes of men in mud
And sand enough. Thus bury him will I,
And make his Tomb. The *Argives* will not find
Where lie his bones. I'll earth upon him throw.
They shall not need, if they should be so kind,
More Monument upon him to bestow.
This said, he foam'd, and full of bodies dead
He at *Achilles* a great Billow bowl'd,
Which coming to him cover'd had his head,
But *Juno* chanc'd to see it as it rowl'd,

And

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And unto *Vulcan* ſhrikt in great affright,
Riſe quickly (dear child) *Cyllipodion*,
Xanthus againſt you coming is to fight,
And to defend your ſelf your Flames put on.
And I will *Zephyrus* and *Notus* call
From Sea, that for you ſhall ſo blow the flame;
That th'Armour, and the heads o'th'*Trojans* all
Shall not be able to endure the ſame.
Go to his Bank, and burn up ev'ry Tree,
And then throw fire on him, and never fear,
Nor by his threats or pray'rs perſwaded be
To ceaſe, until again you from me hear.
And *Vulcan* then made ready a huge flame.
And firſt the dead he burnt upon the Plain.
Then to the water with his fire he came
To ſend it to the Channel back again.
As when a field new moiſtned is with rain
In Summer-time, 'tis quickly dri'd agen
By *Boreas*; ſo ſoon dri'd was the Plain,
And burnt the bodies were of the dead men.
And to the River then his flame he turn'd,
Where th'Elms and Willows, Tamariſks, and Lote,
Sedges, and many other Plants he burn'd
That in or by the River grew about.
And Eels and Fiſhes in the water hote
Tumbled and turn'd their bellies up with heat;
Into ſuch pain by *Vulcan* they were put;
And *Xanthus* fainting cover'd was with ſweat,
And then to *Vulcan* ſpake. *Vulcan*, ſaid he,
No God is able to reſiſt your might.
What are the *Trojans* or the *Greeks* to me?
Give over. I'll no longer with you fight.
Thus ſpake *Scamander*, boyling all the while.
As when upon a fire of well-dri'd wood
The greaſe of a fat Swine is made to boil;
So boiled he, and went not on, but ſtood
Making to *Juno* his complaint, and ſaid,
Why does your Son on me more fiercely fly
Than on the reſt that do the *Trojans* aid,
And to be blamed more deſerve than I?

Let

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Let him give over, and I'll do so too;
And swear besides, if you my Oath require,
That I will nothing for the *Trojans* do,
Although the *Greeks* should set the Town on fire.
This *Xanthus* said; and *Juno* hearing it,
To *Vulcan* with a loud voice spake agen,
Vulcan now hold your hand. It is not fit
T'offend a God too much, to pleasure men.
And *Vulcan* hearing her his fire puts out;
And *Xanthus* back into his Channel went.
Thus were they parted and no longer fought;
And *Juno*, though in choler, was content.
And then the Gods amongst themselves fell out,
And one against another stood in Duel,
And Heav'n and Earth resounded as they fought,
Giving each other many wounds and cruel.
And up unto *Olympus* rise the Cry,
Where *Jove* sat on his Throne in Majestie,
And casting on the Fields of *Troy* his eye,
Laughed to see them fight that could not die.
Mars first began, and to *Athena* said,
You, Impudent, that to engage in fight
The Gods amongst themselves are not afraid,
To satisfie your pride and endless spight,
Remember how you on me set *Tyride*
To throw his spear at me, and openly
Unto my body you the same did guide
With your own wicked hand, and wounded me,
I'll pay you now; which was no sooner spoken,
But *Mars* his Spear was at *Athena*'s Shield,
Which not *Jove*'s Thunder-bolt could ere have broken.
Then took she up a stone that lay i'th' Field,
Great, knobby, black, that had been heretofore
Set there, of some mans land to shew the bound.
And with the same she strook *Mars* ore and ore.
There lay he, and sev'n Acres hid of ground.
And over him insulting, then said she,
Lie there, and know I can you overcome;
And that your Mother glad of this will be
For fighting 'gainst the *Greeks* for *Ilium*

This

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This said, she from him turn'd. Then to him went
Venus, and led him groaning from the place.
Pallas (said *Juno*) see that Impudent
That leads him out, and do her some disgrace.
Then *Pallas* to her went, and with her hand
Hit her o'th'breast; then both fell on the Plain;
For *Mars* without her could no longer stand.
Then *Pallas* over them insults again.
So may, said she, lie all that stand for *Troy*
As these do here. Had it not been for them,
The War had ended been; we come away;
And *Troy* destroyed with all *Priam*'s Stem.
This *Pallas* said, and *Juno* smil'd; and to
Apollo Neptune straightway neerer came.
Why fight we not, said he, since others do?
If we stand still, we cannot without shame
Return to *Jove*, where scorned we shall be.
Have you forgot how to *Laomedon*
To work for him, *Jove* once sent you and me,
And how our wages was agreed upon,
How I built houses for the *Trojans* all,
As he direction gave me standing by,
Besides, how hard I labour'd at the Wall,
How fair I made it, and how strong and high,
And how he sent you (*Phœbus*) to attend
His Herds of Kine upon Mount *Ida* side,
And when our work and th'year was at an end
How proudly he our wages us deni'd
And threatned you to bind you hand and foot,
And sell you in some Island for a slave,
And cut off both your and my ears to boot,
And forc'd we were by flight our selves save?
Yet for his people you have ever fought,
Though by you they deserve to be destroy'd,
And will not joyn with us to root them out.
To *Neptune Phœbus* then repli'd and said,
O *Neptune*, you would think me mad, if I
Should fight with you for such a thing as man.
They are but leaves, now fresh, to morrow die.
And when he this had said, away he ran.

For

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For with his Uncle loth he was to fight.
His Sister then *Diana* to him came,
That angry was to see him put to flight.
Apollo (said she) is it not a shame
Thus easily to give the Victory
To *Neptune?* Wherefore carry you a Bow
And Arrows, and to nothing them apply?
D'ye carry them like Children for a show?
Let me not hear you boasting any more
That you to fight with *Neptune* did not fear,
As in my Father's house you did before.
Thus she. But *Phœbus* did not answer her.
Then *Juno* angry to *Diana* came,
Bold-face, said she, how dare you with me fight
That stronger than you are a great deal am?
D'ye think that in your Bow there is such might?
I know to women you a Lion are,
And *Jove* permits you which you will to kill.
But me to overcome 'tis harder farre
Than t'hunt a Stag or Boar upon a Hill.
But since you have a mind to understand
What I can do, I'll let you see it now.
Then both her wrists she seiz'd with her left hand,
With th'other from her shoulders took her Bow,
And beats her with the same about the ears,
And laught to see her wrigling strive to fly.
At last she freed her self, and shedding tears
She fled (leaving her Bow and Shafts to lie
Upon the ground disperse'd here and there)
Then forth came *Hermes* and *Latona* bright.
And when they were to one another neer,
Lito, said he, I will not with you fight
That are *Jove*'s Mistris. Boast amongst the Gods
That you have got the Victory in fight,
And by no other means but the great Gods
You have in strength; and I will not deny't.
This said, *Latona* gather'd up the Bow
And Arrows of her Daughter *Artemis*.
To *Jove* went *Artemis* to let him know
How ill she had been us'd; and at his knees

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She weeping sate. And *Jove* then made her rise,
And to her said, Dear child, what God was that
That was so rash as t'use you in this wise,
As one that openly had done a fault?
'Twas *Juno* (then said *Artemis*) your Wife;
And she it was that was of all the first
To set the Gods amongst themselves at strife.
Thus *Jove* and she between themselves discourst,
Then *Phœbus* went into the Town of *Troy*.
For still he had a care to guard the Wall,
For fear the *Greeks* the City should destroy.
But to *Olympus* th'other Gods went all,
One part triumphing, th'other discontent,
And sate down by their Father *Jupiter*.
Mean while *Achilles* fiercely forward went
Killing of Men and Horses with his Spear.
As in a Town on fire the people all
Are busie, and the most of them undone,
So did it with the *Trojans* then befal;
Some slain were by *Achilles*, and some run.
Now *Priam* standing was upon a Tower,
And saw the *Trojans* by *Achilles* chac'd,
And that to turn again they had no power.
And down unto the Gates he came in haste;
And to the Porters order gave, and said,
Open the Gates and let the people in,
That from *Achilles* hither fly dismai'd,
And shut them when you see they are within.
For if that cruel man should with them get
Within the Wall, 'twould be a dismal day.
The Porters then the Gates wide open set.
Then to the Gates the *Trojans* took their way,
Pursued by *Achilles* as they fled.
And sure he taken had the Town of *Troy*,
But that *Apollo* then encouraged
Agenor to oppose him by the way.
And lest he should be by *Achilles* slain
He at the Beech tree neer him took his stand
When need should be to bring him off again
Unwounded from *Achilles* heavie hand.

But

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But when *Agenor* saw *Achilles* nigh,
He troubled was, and to himself thus spake.
What shall I do? if from him I should fly
To *Ilium* the way that others take,
He'll overtake me and cut off my head.
For swifter much he is of foot than I.
What if I let him on the *Trojans* tread,
And I some other way to *Ida* fly,
And hide my self i'th'Bushes there till night?
But why do I discourse thus foolishly?
I cannot pass the Plain but in his sight;
And then I lost am without remedy.
But if I stay and fight with him, what then?
His body is not made of Steel nor Brass,
But mortal is (they say) like other men,
And like to other men but one life has.
His glorious Acts are *Jupiters*, not his.
This said, he for *Achilles* coming staid
As when i'th'Woods a Panther rowsed is,
At hearing of the Hounds he's not afraid,
But to the Hunter goes for all his Spear:
And though pierc'd through therewith will to him fly
Upon the Spear it self; that being near
He either may revenged be or die;
So resolutely then *Antenor*'s Son
Agenor for *Achilles* waiting staid,
And at him aim'd his Spear as he came on.
And lifting up his voice unto him said,
Achilles, Oh, you think this day to win
The Town of *Troy*. There's yet much work to do!
For many mighty men there are therein,
And many dangers to be waded through.
They of their Wives and Parents will take care,
And little Babes; but you shall perish here
As terrible and mighty as you are.
And as he spake, he at him threw his Spear;
Which on his leg below the knee did light,
And with the stroak resounded then the Tin.
But the Celestial Arms were of such might,
That it rebounded back and went not in.

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And when *Achilles* was to throw at him,
Away *Apollo* snatcht him from his sight
Concealed in a Mist obscure and dim,
And carri'd him in safety from the Fight:
And that the flying *Trojans* might escape
Achilles hand, and save themselves in *Troy*,
He took upon himself *Agenor*'s shape,
And put himself into *Achilles* way.
Achilles then pursues, and *Phœbus* flies
Along *Scamander*'s Bank upon the Plain,
And kept before him still, but in such wise,
As t'overtake him he might hope in vain.
Achilles thus by *Phœbus* was deceived
Till from the Town he far was led away.
Mean while the flying *Trojans* were received,
And thronging got within the Gates of *Troy*.
For none of them without the Gate durst stay
To ask, who had escaped and who not;
So glad they were of getting into *Troy*,
That how all others sped they never thought.

ILIAD.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XXII.

THus were the *Trojans* driven into *Troy*
Like Deer, and up unto the Wall they went;
And from their bodies rub'd the sweat away,
And with good Wine renew'd their Spirits spent;
And to the Wall advancing was the Foe.
But *Hector* hamper'd by his cruel Fate
Into the Town of *Troy* refus'd to go,
And staid without, before the *Sceian* Gate.
Then to *Achilles Phœbus* spake, and said,
Why do you thus pursue me *(Peleus* Son)
That am a God? which but by passion swai'd
You might have known; but rashly you run on;
And only look how you may slaughter men.
For else, why could you not contented be,
When you had pent the *Trojans* up; but then
Must leave your way so far to follow me,
And cannot kill me; for I cannot die?
At this *Achilles* vext was at the heart;
And to *Apollo* answer'd angerlie;
Apollo thou the most pernitious art
Of all the Gods, that hast me thus misled.
For had I unto *Ilium* kept my way
I strowed had the Field with *Trojans* dead
Before they could have entred into *Troy*.
But by your fraud that honour I have lost
Because the strength of men you need not fear.
But I would make you pay for't to your cost,
If to revenge my self I ab'le were.
This said, to *Troy* he went a mighty pace,
And mighty things conceived in his mind,
And stretcht his legs and knees as in a Race:
Good Horses do, so leave the rest behind.

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Old *Priam* firſt upon him ſet his eyes;
For brightly from afar his Armour ſhin'd,
Like the fair Star that does in Autumn riſe,
But Agues brings, and is to men unkind,
And called is *Orion*'s Dog. So bright
Achilles in his Armour did appear,
And put the old man *Priam* in affright,
And made him groan and roar and tear his hair.
To *Hector* then he cri'd aloud and ſa'd,
Hector come in, come in my deareſt Son;
For mightily I for you am afraid,
Fight not againſt that cruel man alone.
Achilles ſtronger is than you by ods;
Loſe not your life to give him Victorie.
Oh that he were beloved by the Gods
No better than he is belov'd by me!
He eaten had ere now been on the Plain
By Dogs and Fowl, and I been comforted
A little, for my Sons whom he hath ſlain,
Or in the Iſlands far hence trafficked.
Lycaon now I miſs and *Polydore*.
They came not into *Troy* with them that fled.
Their Mother brought me with her wealth good ſtore
To pay their Ranſom if they be not dead.
If they be ſlain, 'tis then remedileſs.
Their Parents and the people all will grieve;
But yet their ſorrow will be much the leſs
If *Hector* ſtill preſerved be and live.
Come therefore quickly in (dear Child) and ſave
The *Trojans* and their Wives, your ſelf and Wife;
And do not let *Achilles* th'honour have
Alone to have deprived you of life.
Beſides, you ſhould ſome pity take of me
That now upon the very brink of age
The cruel ſlaughter of my Sons muſt ſee,
And Daughters drag'd and hurri'd by the rage
Of the *Achæans* into ſlaverie,
And Chambers torn by the inſulting Fo,
And Babes daſht 'gainſt the ground expiring lie,
Whilſt into ſervitude their Mothers go.

And

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And after all this, slain must I be too.
My Dogs will eat me raw, and lap my blood,
And pleased be (not knowing what they do)
That at my Table dayly take their food.
When young men slain are by the chance of Warre,
There nothing is whereof to be ashamed;
But when by Dogs abus'd and eaten are
White heads and beards, and parts not to be named,
There's nothing to a man more miserable.
Thus said old *Priam* tugging his gray hairs.
But to prevail with *Hector* was not able.
And to him then his Mother spake with tears,
And from her bosom layed out a Teat,
Hector, if this ere pleased you (said she)
Dear Son, I pray you into *Troy* retreat,
And have compassion on my miserie.
Come in; between you let there be a Wall.
For if you should be slain, your Wife and I
Shall not lament you at your Funeral;
But at the Ships a prey for Dogs you'll lie.
Thus weeping he and she to *Hector* pray'd,
And nothing to them answer'd he agen;
But obstinately for *Achilles* stay'd.
And as a Snake roll'd up before his den,
With venom fed, when coming towards him
He sees a man, and stirred is his gall,
Looks cruelly; so *Hector* looking grim
Staid with his Shield set up against the Wall;
And grieving, to himself he spake, and said,
If I should now into the City go,
Polydamas the first would me upbraid,
That yesternight advis'd me to do so,
Then when *Achilles* in the Field was seen.
But his good counsel I refused then,
Which to have follow'd had much better been;
Lost by my folly are so many men.
And now I fear the *Trojans* and their Wives
Will censure me, and some man worse than I:
Say I have cast away the peoples lives,
Presuming on my strength so foolishly.

So

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So they will say. And therefore better 'tis
To venture on *Achilles*, though I die,
A better way I cannot take than this.
For should I lay my Shield and Helmet by,
And leave my Spear set up against the Wall,
And to *Achilles* thus disarmed come,
And offer *Helen* to restore with all
The wealth she with her brought to *Ilium*;
And to the *Greeks* give half the goods of *Troy*,
And take an Oath that we will nothing hide,
Nor any thing out of their sight convey,
But bring it forth and faithfully divide.
But whither to no purpose runs my mind?
I will not do't. For it were but in vain.
I ne'r the sooner should his favour find,
But by him so much eas'lier be slain.
I cannot with him talk from Hill nor Tree,
As boys and wenches do. He is too nigh.
And therefore here I'll stay for him, and see
Whether my Fate it be or his to die.
Whilst yet he spake *Achilles* near him was,
As terrible as *Mars*, and shook his Spear;
As flaming fire relucent was the brass,
Or as the Sun at morning doth appear.
Then *Hector* durst no longer stay, but fled.
Fear nimbly made his feet and knees to move.
Achilles no less swiftly followed.
As when a Hawk is flying at a Dove,
The Dove flies out aside, her self to save;
But by the Hawk agen is followed,
That gives not over till the prey he have;
Achilles so pursu'd and *Hector* fled,
Keeping the Cart-way still under *Troy* Wall;
And to the Watch-tow'r came and Sycamore,
And the two Springs that into *Xanthus* fall,
Whereof the one is always cover'd ore
With smoak as if upon a fire it were,
And with hot water all the year doth flow.
The water of the other all the year
As cold is as the Hail, or Ice, or Snow,

And.

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And two fine Washing-places built were there,
To which the *Trojan* women us'd to come,
And wash their Garments when they sully'd were
Before the *Argives* came to *Ilium*.
This way they ran, and swifty mov'd their thighs.
For 'twas not for a piece of flesh or hide,
Which of Foot-races is the usual Prize,
But for the life of *Hector* that they vi'd.
As when Race-horses run for some great Prize,
That used to it are, most swiftly run;
So *Hector* and *Achilles* now ran thrice
About *Troy* Wall, the Gods all looking on.
Then (speaking to the Gods) Behold, said *Jove*,
I *Hector* see in danger to be slain,
A good and pious man, and whom I love;
And for him now my heart is in great pain.
For he hath made me many a Sacrifice
Both in my house on *Ida* and in *Troy*;
And now before the swift *Achilles* flies.
Say, shall he die, or be convey'd away?
Father, said *Pallas* then, what's this you say?
He's Mortal, and by Fate condemned is,
And will you now the Execution stay?
You may. But th'other Gods will take't amiss.
And *Jove* to *Pallas* then again repli'd,
Sweet Child, it was not seriously meant,
But only said. You shall not be deni'd.
Do what you please your self; I am content.
This said, *Athena* glad leapt down to *Troy*.
Achilles Hector still pursu'd; and as
A Hound in view pursueth all the way
A frighted Hare, so courted *Hector* was.
Nor suffer'd was to double or to squat.
For when he to the Gate ran for defence,
Between the Gate and him *Achilles* gat,
So that he could not stay for help from thence.
Achilles never would the Wall forsake;
But *Hector* still upon the Cart-way fled.
As men can neither flie nor overtake
When in a Dream they think it in their bed;

So

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So *Hector* from *Achilles* could not fly,
Nor could *Achilles Hector* overtake.
For *Phœbus Hector* did with ſtrength ſupply.
But of him then no further care did take.
Achilles by a ſigne all elſe forbad
To throw a Spear, for fear the greateſt glory
Some other of the *Argives* ſhould have had,
And he come after but as acceſſory.
When to the Springs the fourth time they were nigh,
Jove took his golden Balance up, and laid
In one o'th'Scales *Achilles* Deſtiny,
And *Hector*'s in the other; and them weigh'd.
Hector's was heavieſt, and down fell the ſame
As low as Hell, ſo much it overweigh'd.
Then *Phœbus* parted. And t'*Achilles* came
Athena nigh, and ſpeaking to him ſaid,
Achilles, now (I think) we ſhall not miſs
Of killing *Hector*, but with honour go
To th'Ships, as greedy as of Fight he is.
For ſure I am he cannot ſcape us now.
Phœbus in vain to *Jove* ſhall for him pray.
But ſtay you here and breathe a while. For I
Will to him go and make him for you ſtay,
And ſo encourage him he ſhall not fly.
This ſaid, *Achilles* leaning on his Spear
Staid where he was. To *Hector Pallas* came.
So like *Deiphobus* ſhe did appear
In ſhape and voice, he took her for the ſame.
And when ſhe with him was, ſhe to him ſaid,
Brother, you ſtill are by *Achilles* cours'd
About the Wall of *Troy*. Be not afraid.
I'll by you ſtand, and let him do his worſt.
Deiphobus, ſaid *Hector*, who before
Was deareſt to me of my Brothers all,
I bound am now to honour you much more,
That t'aid me durſt appear without the Wall
When all the reſt remain within for fear.
Pallas to *Hector* then repli'd and ſaid,
Brother, my Father and my Mother dear,
And friends with their entreaties had me ſtaid,

So

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So dreadful is *Achilles* to them all.
But I would not. But come, let's go and trie
Whether it be our fate by him to fall,
Or his by *Hector*'s hand and Spear to die.
This said, she went before him with her Spear,
Left he some fraud mistrusting should have staid.
And when they were unto *Achilles* near,
Hector spake first, and to *Achilles* said,
Pelides-though before you I have fled
Now thrice about the Wall, and durst not stay,
Yet now to stand I am determined
And fight till either I be slain or slay.
But come, let's first the Gods to witness call
Of what shall be agreed 'twixt you and me.
If by my hand it be your chance to fall,
Your body dead shall not abused be.
I'll take your Arms and send them into *Troy*.
Your body dead the *Greeks* shall have again
Entire and not disgraced any way.
Do you the like to me if I be slain.
Achilles sowrely looking said agen,
Talk not of Oaths and Covenants to me,
That nothing worth 'twixt Lions are and Men,
And Wolves with Lambs on nothing can agree.
And you and I shall one another hate,
Nor Oaths and Pacts between us will stand good
Till we blood-thirsty *Mars* shall satiate
Either with *Hector*'s or *Achilles* blood.
It now behoves you all your Pow'r to show,
And be an able man of War indeed.
You cannot, as you did, run from me now,
Although (I think) you never had more need.
For by *Athena* slain you shall be here,
And for the slaughter of the *Greeks* be paid.
This said, he at him threw his heavie Spear.
But *Hector* stooping did the same avoid.
And ore his head the Spear then harmless flew.
But *Pallas* quickly snatcht it from the sand
Invisibly, which *Hector* never knew,
And put the same into *Achilles* hand.

Then

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Then *Hector* to *Achilles* spake and said,
Achilles, you have miss'd. My Fate unknown
Is to you yet. And me to make afraid,
You have devised fables of your own.
Upon my back your Spear shall never fall.
If by it to be slain my fate it be,
It shall be on my breast or no' at all.
But how my Spear will speed now let me see.
Oh that it would into your body go!
The *Trojans* would the War much better bear,
Since from your hand proceeds the greatest wo.
And as he spake away he sent his Spear.
And on *Achilles* Shield it lighted just,
But enter'd not; and other he had none.
Upon *Deiphobus* lay all his craft:
But when he call'd *Deiphobus* was gone.
And *Hector* then perceiv'd his death was neer;
And Oh (said he) the Gods now for me call.
Deiphobus (I thought) stood by me here.
But *Pallas* 'twas. He's still within the Wall.
I shall not scape. I see, *Jove* hereto fore,
And *Phœbus* too, did mean it should be so.
They sav'd me oft, but will do so no more.
But let me somewhat do before I go;
That men may speak of me in time to come;
And not ignoble die. And at that word
He roused up his fainting heart, and from
His side he drew his great and heavie Sword.
As when an Eagle stoopeth to the plain
From a dark cloud, a tender Lamb t'invade,
Or fearful Hare; so *Hector* went t'main
T'*Achilles* brandishing his shining Blade.
Achilles angry on the other side
Came on, and cruel thoughts had in his mind,
And up he kept his Shield his breast to hide,
And on his head like fire his Helmet shin'd.
And as he went at ev'ry step he trod,
His Plume by *Vulcan* made of golden hair,
And to his Crest applied, gave a nod,
And ore his shoulders terribly did stare.

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As *Hesperus* at midnight does appear,
The brightest Star that shineth in the Sky;
So gloriously the point shin'd of his Spear.
Thus terribly to *Hector* he drew nigh.
And view'd his Arms to see which way his Spear
Might with most ease unto his body pass.
But ev'ry where entire and close they were,
Save at the neck a little gap there was.
At that he aim'd, and with great force he smot
Him with his mighty Spear clean through the neck;
And yet the Spear his wind-pipe wounded not.
Then down he fell, but able was to speak.
Achilles over him insulting said,
Hector, you thought when you *Patroclus* kil'd
You safe were, and of me were not afraid,
Because you knew I was not in the Field.
And like a fool ne'r thought of what a friend
To take revenge he left had at the Fleet.
Who now has brought you to an evil end,
For Dogs to eat, whilst he has burial meet.
Then *Hector* feebly to him said again,
Let not by Dogs my body eaten be,
But be contented that you have me slain.
My friends at any price will ransome me.
Take Brass and Gold as much as you require;
And to my Father send my body home,
To be consumed in the Fun'ral fire
By th'*Trojans* and their Wives in *Ilium*.
Thus *Hector* said. *Achilles* answer'd to't,
Hector you Dog, speak not of Price to me.
If I my self could eat thee I would do't.
But by the Dogs I'm sure you'll eaten be.
If they would give me twenty times as much,
Or buy thy body weight for weight with Gold,
And promise as much more, your deeds are such,
Your body shall not at that price be sold.
Nor shall your Mother lay you on a bed,
And over you lamenting stand and howl;
But in the open field you shall lie dead
Until devour'd you be by Dogs and Fowl.

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Hector repli'd (though ready now to die)
I knew you had a heart as hard as steel.
But thus much to you I will prophecie,
The vengeance of the Gods you'll for it feel,
When one day *Paris* and *Apollo* shall,
As terrible and strong as you are now,
Make you before the *Scæan* Gate to fall.
This said, he di'd; and to the Shades below
Leaving his Limbs, his Soul bewailing flew.
And yet *Achilles* did agen reply,
And briefly to him answer'd, Now die you.
And when the Gods call for me so will I.
This said, he from his body pluckt the Spear,
And laid it by him down upon the place;
And took his Armour off. Then others near
Stood gazing at his Stature and his grace,
And wondring at him, t'one another said,
We safely now to *Hector* may go nigher;
His raging fit is very much allay'd
Since when unto the Ships he came with fire.
Then spake *Achilles* to the *Greeks* and said,
My Friends, that in the Army have command,
Since by the Gods this great man is destroy'd,
And lies before you killed by my hand,
Who did the *Argive* people more annoy
Than all the other *Trojans* put together,
Let's armed as we are go up to *Troy*,
An see on what they are resolved, whether
They'll quit the City, seeing *Hector*'s dead,
Or still defend the same without him will.
But why should this come now into my head
When unbewail'd *Patroclus* lieth still?
For my *Patroclus* I must not forget
As long as I am living and can go.
And when I come to th'house of *Hades*, yet
I still shall think upon him there below.
But back unto the Ships we now will go.
And let the youth of *Argos Pæans* sing,
Whilst thither we in triumph bring the Fo
With whose great praise the Town of *Troy* did ring.

This

This said, he full of spight on *Hector* flies,
And slits his legs from th'ankles to the heels,
And with a rope them to his Charret ties.
Then drives away; and rais'd is by the wheels
A Cloud of dust; and in it all the while,
Along the ground drag'd was his comely head,
Once glorious, now by the *Greeks* made vile,
Since to them *Jove* had him delivered.
Which when his Mother from the Wall beheld,
Enrag'd she, from her head pluckt off her Hood,
And threw it from her, tore her hair, and squeal'd.
And *Priam* lamentably sighing stood
About him were the *Trojans* shedding tears,
Sighing, and sobbing, and in such affray
As if all *Troy* had flam'd about their ears.
And much ado they *Priam* had to stay,
For down he lay, and spake to every one,
Forbear, said he, I will go to this man
(As fierce and cruel as he is) alone,
And move him to compassion, if I can;
And what respect he hath to age I'll see.
For *Peleus* is old as well as I,
That got that mischief both to *Troy* and me,
To th'*Trojans* all, but me especially.
For he hath kill'd me many a goodly Son,
Which all together make me not so smart,
Nor wounds so deep as *Hector*'s death hath done,
Which is alone enough to break my heart.
Oh blessed Gods that it had been your will
He in his Mothers hands and mine had di'd,
That over him we might have wept our fill!
This said, the *Trojans* wept again and sigh'd.
Then *Hecuba* amongst the Wives of *Troy*
Began her plaint. *Hector*, my Son, said she,
Oh my dear Son, my glory and my joy,
Why should I 'mongst the living longer be,
Since you are dead and gone that night and day
The *Trojans* (men and women) did defend,
And as a God was honoured in *Troy*,
And now are come to an untimely end?

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Thus wayl'd his Mother. But *Andromache*
Knew not how *Hector* sped without the Gate.
For at a shining figur'd Garment she
Within an inner Chamber weaving sate.
And given had her Maids command to set
A Trevet on the fire, that *Hector* might
When he came in, wash off his blood and sweat
Contracted by great labour in the Fight,
Not dreaming of her Husband's death. But when
She heard the lamentation at the Wall,
And outeries both of women and of Men,
She trembling stood, and let her Shittle fall.
And then unto her Maids she call'd, and said,
Come hither two of you, and with me go.
I hear my Mother cry, and am afraid
To *Priam's* Sons there happed is some wo.
I'll to the Tow'r go up my self and see
What 'tis. My heart is at my mouth. I fear
Left by *Achilles Hector* chaced be
Alone, and will be killed by his Spear.
Oh how I tremble! he can never stay,
But out before the rest will always run,
And never unto any man give way,
As if his strength could matched be by none.
This said, out went she like a woman mad,
And panting up into the Tow'r she hi'd,
Where she no sooner looke about her had,
But saw her Husband to a Chariot ti'd,
And by *Achilles* drag'd away, and dead.
And presently she fell into a Swoun,
And all the comely Dressings of her head,
Veil, Kerchief, Rubans, Knots to th'ground came down,
And Coronet unto her given by
Venus, when she with *Hector* married.
Her Sister-laws that stood about her nigh
Then took her up with sorrow almost dead.
And when again her Spirits to her came,
She wept, and spake, and stopt and spake agen.
Hector, of women I most wretched am;
And you the most unfortunate of men,

Both

Both born to one and the same evil fate,
You here in *Ilium* King *Priam*'s Son.
And I in *Thebe* child infortunate
Of the infortunate *Eëtion*.
And you now to the Shades below are gone,
And me a woful Widow here have left,
And with me my sweet Babe your tender Son;
And cannot (since you are of life bereft)
Do to him any good, nor he to you,
And though he should escape the *Argives* now,
Yet poverty and woe will him pursue,
And other men his goodly fields will plough.
A Child that is an Orphan has no friend;
And (though with tears) must stoop to whatsoere
To the supplying of his need shall tend
When he his want of Food no more can bear.
So to your friends my Child shall go, and take
One by the Cloak, another by the Coat,
That give him may some Wine for pity's sake,
Enough to cool his lips, but not his throat.
Or else some Son of them that sit at meat
May rate, or give him a good box o'th'Ear,
And bid him quickly out o'th'Hall to get,
And tell him that his Father dines not there.
Then weeping comes *Astyanax* to me,
That us'd was by his Father to be fed
With Mutton fat and Marrow on his knee,
And with his Nurse repose on a soft Bed.
But since his Father now is dead and gone,
Astyanax (whom so the *Trojans* call
Because defended were by you alone
(When you were here) the *Trojan* Gates and Wall))
Intolerable grief is like to find,
Since at the Ships you dead and naked lie
For Worms to feed on when the Dogs have din'd,
While all your precious Garments here have I
Of womans work, and burn them will, since you
Now never in them likely are to lie,
'Tis to the Wives of *Troy* an honour due.
This weeping spoken made the women sigh.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XXIII.

THus wayl'd the *Trojans* then in *Ilium*.
To *Hellespont* th'*Achæans* streight went down,
And when they to their hollow Ships were come
Dispers'd themselves each man unto his own.
Achilles only staid his *Myrmidons*
Upon the place, and thus unto them spake.
You, *Myrmidons* my loue Companions,
You must not from your Chars your Horses take.
With Horses and with Chars we first must go,
And for *Patroclus* weep about his Biere.
And when we have by weeping eas'd our wo,
Unty your Horses and we'll all sup here.
This said, they wayl'd. *Achilles* first began;
And thrice about *Patroclus* Biere they drave.
And *Thetis* (fallen was to great a man)
Amongst them stood, and tears unto them gave
Which down their Armour fell into the Sand.
Achilles bad him then with tears, farewel.
And laying on *Patroclus* breast his hand,
Rejoyce, said he, *Patroclus* though in Hell.
For now I to you shall my word make good,
Since hither I have *Hector* dragged dead,
For Dogs to eat. And to revenge your blood,
Twelve *Trojans* I will at your Pile behead.
This said, he *Hector* laid upon his face
I'th'dust before the Biere disgracefully.
The *Myrmidons* mean while their Arms unlace,
And th'Horses from the Chariots untey.
And then down by *Achilles* Ship they sat,
Who gave unto them all a Fun'ral Feast,
And for them slew both Goats and Muttons fat,
And Swine good store, and many a well-fed Beast.

Eur

But to *Achilles* then came in the Lords,
To wait upon him t'*Agamemnon*'s Tent,
That he might try with comfortable words
If he could mitigate his discontent.
When they were there *Atrides* first commands
His Ministers to bring in water hot
To wash the gore from off his face and hands.
Achilles peremptorily said, Not
And swearing, unto *Agamemnon* said,
By *Jove* that is of all the Gods most high,
Till I *Patroclus* in the fire have laid,
And rais'd him have a Tomb wherein to lie,
And with him burnt these Locks of mine, nor hand
Nor face shall washed be by me. But now
Let's sup. T'th'morning I will give command
That for his Pile we may have wood enough,
That speedily the body we may burn,
And when our sad our sighs we have it laid,
The people to their business may return.
Thus he advised, and it was obey'd.
The people then in haste to supper went,
And had good chear, and heartily they fed.
And when their hunger and their thirst was spent,
Into their Tents went every man to bed.
Down went *Achilles* to the waters side
Attended on by many *Myrmidons*,
And in a place clean washed by the Tide
He laid him down to sleep upon the stones.
Nor was it long ere sleep upon him crept,
For labour'd weary hard he had that day.
For *Hector* him in exercise had kept
Running before him round the Wall of *Troy*.
And then the Spirit of *Patroclus* dead,
Like him in Stature, Garments, Voice, and Eyes.
Appeared to him standing at his head,
And speaking said unto him in this wise.
You sleep, *Achilles*, and have me forgot,
Though when I was alive you lov'd me well.
Pray bury me, these Spirits here will not
Let me come in within the Gates of Hell,

Nor

Nor let me mix with those beyond the River,
But make me wander 'bout the house of *Dis*.
Give me your hand upon't, for I shall never
Return, when once my body burned is.
We shall no more together counsel take,
Since by my Fate I taken am away,
And you your self, divine *Achilles*, make
Account to die before the Walls of *Troy*.
And then the favour let me have, I pray,
That when my flesh consum'd is in the flame,
My bones with yours you will be pleas'd to lay,
And let the Urn that holds them be the same;
That golden Urn which *Thetis* gave to you.
We long with one another lived have.
For when *Amphidamas* his Son I slew,
Unto your house I fled my life to save,
From *Opus* being little past a boy,
And childishly the quarrel took at Dice;
And never meant him ill before that day,
And sorry was I for my foolishness.
Your Father to his House then took me in,
Made me your man, and lov'd and cherish't me,
And since so long we have together been,
Why should not now our bones together be?
Achilles to the shadow then repli'd,
Sweet friend, what need had you to come from Hell
To tell me this? I for you do provide
That all you say may be performed well.
Come neerer to me that embrace we may
A little while, and one another moan.
This said, his arms he spreads, and then away
Patroclus sunk, and left him there alone.
At this amazed up *Achilles* starts.
Oh, oh, said he, I see 'tis certain then,
In Hell there Souls are, though they have no hearts,
But Idols only are, and Forms of Men.
For by me standing was the Soul all night
Of my *Patroclus* to the dictating,
And wonderfully like him 'twas to sight;
And what he wanted told me every thing.

This

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This said, again about the body dead
Achilles and the *Myrmidons* lament.
And so continu'd till the day was spread;
But to the Wood then *Agamemnon* sent
From ev'ry part of th'Army men to *Ide*,
Whereof some Axes carri'd in their hands,
And others Ropes. And with them goes for Guide
Meriones, and, as their Chief, commands.
Ore Hills and Dales then to the Woods they went,
Driving their Mules before them all the way;
And lusty Oaks unto the ground they sent,
And cleft them into pieces as they lay.
And those unto the Mules with Ropes they ti'd,
And ev'ry one of them took in his hand
Either a heavie Bough or Limb beside.
For so *Meriones* had giv'n command.
This done, they back descended to the Plain
Fast as they could through Bry'rs and Bushes flore;
And quickly at the Ships they were again,
And laid their wood in order on the shore.
Then to the *Myrmidons Achilles* spake,
You *Myrmidons* put on yor Armus, said he,
And Horse-men all your Charrets ready make,
And mount into your Seats and follow me.
When they were ready, foremost went the Horse,
And by a Cloud of Foot were followed.
I'th'midst between them carri'd was the Corse.
With locks of hair thrown on him covered,
Which the sad Mourners from their heads had shorn.
Achilles went himself next to the Biere,
Who for his friend did principally mourn.
When at the place of Funeral they were,
Upon the ground they layed down the Biere,
And quickly in a Pile they heapt the wood.
Then cuts *Achilles* off his yellow hair,
And from the body at a distance staid,
And towards *Greece* and *Phthia* turn'd his eye,
And speaking to *Spertheius* River said,
My Father to you made a Vow, when I
Return'd, his hair should unto you be paid,

And

And to the other Gods a Hecatomb,
And fifty fat Rams at your Spring to slay.
Thus vowed he. But I shall ne'r come home,
But here must die before the Gates of *Troy*.
Since then my Fathers wish you not fulfil,
Nor I return into my native Land,
My hair now to *Patroclus* give I will.
And at that word he puts it in his hand.
At this the *Greeks* a weeping fell again,
And wept had till the setting of the Sun,
But that *Achilles* spake t' *Atrides* then,
And pray'd him that the people might be gone.
King *Agamemnon*, will the *Greeks*, said he,
Be ever with lamenting satisfi'd?
'Tis in your pow'r, let them dispersed be
Unto their Ships their suppers to provide,
For we will of the Fun'ral take a care.
But let the Leaders of the Army stay,
And such as specially concerned are.
This said, *Atrides* sent the rest away.
And then the wood into a Pile they laid.
A hundred foot it was from side to side;
And on the top the Corps. Then kill'd and flaid
Both Sheep and Beeves, and with their fat they hide
Patroclus body dead from head to foot.
And by it laid the Cattle flaid to burn.
To th' Biere *Achilles* went and laid into't
Of Honey one, of Oyl another Urn.
And of *Patroclus* Horses four he slew;
And of nine little Dogs he kept kill'd two.
And those into the Fun'ral pile he threw;
And last of all twelve *Trojans* adds thereto.
This done, again he to *Patroclus* said,
My dear *Patroclus*, once again, farewel.
Twelve lusty *Trojans* on your Pile are laid.
I'm faithful to you though you be in Hell,
But *Hector* for the Dogs shall be a prey.
But *Venus* 'nointed him with Oyl of Rose,
And so preserved him both night and day,
That not a Dog did on him lay his nose.

Then

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Then *Phœbus* sent from Heav'n a Cloud obscure
The place whereon his body lay to hide,
To th'end it might the scorching Sun endure,
And not be shrivel'd up nor shrunk nor dri'd.
And then *Achilles* a new business finds.
He could not set on flame the new-fell'd wood,
But forc'd he was to pray to the two Winds
Zephyr and *Boreas*. Then off he stood,
And to them offer'd with a Cup in's hand,
And to them vowed a good Sacrifice,
If they from Sea would come, and by him stand,
And blow the Fire until the flame did rise.
This *Iris* hearing went unto the Winds
To tell them how *Achilles* to them pray'd.
And at good cheer in *Zephyr*'s house them finds,
And fain they would her with them there have staid,
And made her sit; but she refused that.
The Gods, said she, feast at a Hecatomb
In Blackmoor-land, and I must be thereat,
And must make haste, or thither cannot come.
To *Zephyr* now and *Boreas* I came.
To tell them that a plenteous Sacrifice
Achilles make them will, if on a flame
They'll set the Pile whereon *Patroclus* lies.
This said, she parts. The Winds arise and roar,
And toss the Clouds before them in the Sky,
And at their feet tumble the Waves ashore
And then upon *Patroclus* Pile they fly,
And fiercely blow. Inflamed was the Pile,
And whistling at it staid the Winds all night,
Achilles standing by it all the while
Invoking solemnly *Patroclus* spright.
And th'Earth with Wine by Cupfuls watered.
As one that mourneth for his eldest Son
That then dies, when he should be married;
So did he for *Patroclus* sigh and groan.
When in the Sky the Day-star did appear
To shew that after him *Aurora* came,
The Pile and Bodies dead consumed were
To ashes, and extinguisht was the flame,

Away

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Away the Winds went ore the Seas of *Thrace*,
And passing shook the waters of the Deep.
Achilles went a little from the place,
And weary laid him down and fell asleep.
And now 'twas day, the Souldiers came agen.
Then with their trampling did *Achilles* wake,
And up he stood and lookt about. And then
He to *Atrides* turn'd his eyes and spake.
Atrides, let us first with Wine, said he,
Put out the fire as far as it is spread,
That taken up *Patroclus* Bones may be
(For where they lie 'tis soon discovered;
Since in the midst we did his body lay,
But others, Horse and Men at th'outside lie)
That in a Bason of pure Gold they may
Reserved be until I also die.
And though no great Tomb here I have design'd,
Yet may the *Greeks* that stay when I am gone,
When they think good, if they will be so kind
And see cause for it make a greater one.
This said, the fire they first extinguished;
Then down unto the ground the ashes came,
And up *Patroclus* Bones they gathered,
And in a golden Pan they laid the same;
And back unto the Ships they carri'd that,
To be reserved in *Achilles* Tent
Wrapt up within a double Kell of Fat.
And then about the Pile to work they went.
And where the Pile was, that they made their ground,
And Earth abundance on the same they lay,
Till it became a mighty Hill and round.
When they had done *Achilles* made them stay
And sit o'th'ground to see the games, which he
Prepared had the Funeral to grace.
Then many Prizes rich he caus'd to be
Brought from his Ship and laid upon the place,
Brass Caldrons, Tripods, and great Iron Bars,
Horses and Mules, and Cattle of great size,
And goodly Women taken in the Wars.
First for the Horse; he tells each one his Prize.

To

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To th'first a woman that could spin and weave,
Together with a Tripod deep and wide.
Th' next a Mare of six years should receive
Together with her young Mule by her side.
A handsome Kettle to the third he gave,
Which never on the Fire had yet been set.
Of Gold two Talents was the fourth to have.
The fifth a Cup and Cover was to get.
Then to them spake. These Prizes here, said he,
Lie waiting for the Horse-men on the Plain,
If any Horse-men in the Host there be
That with their Charrets hope the same to gain,
Come in. Had any else these Games set forth,
The greatest of these Prizes had been mine.
For of my Horses you well know the worth,
And that they are Immortal and Divine,
Which *Neptune* gave to *Peleus*, he to me.
But I'll sit out. My Horses shall stay here
Hanging their heads as they do heavily,
Since they have lost their gentle Charretier.
Let any other of the *Argives*, who
Is of his Horses confident come in,
And presently prepare himself thereto,
And try which of the Prizes he can win.
This said, the Horse-men straight themselves present.
Eumelus first, *Adrestus* noble Son,
That was for Horsemanship most eminent.
Then *Diomed* with th'Horses which he won
From *Venus* Son, when by her sav'd he was.
Then sitting on his Chariot came forth
King *Agamemnon*'s Brother *Menelaus*,
And at it Horses two were of great worth.
The one of them *Podargus*, was his own,
The other *Æthe* very swift she was
A Female, and for *Agamemnon*'s known,
To whom, when he to *Ilium* was to pass,
She given was by *Echepolus*, who
T'excuse himself of following him to *Troy*
(For very rich he was and loth to go)
And with his leave in *Sicyon* to stay.

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The fourth with Horſes of the *Pylian* brood,
Was *Neſtor*'s gallant Son *Antilochus*.
His Father careful of him by him ſtood
Inſtructing him, and ſaid unto him thus.
Antilochus, you have been taught ſo well
By *Jove* and *Neptune*, young man as you are,
The Rules of Horſemanſhip, I need not tell
You of the Art, but pray you to take care.
Though you know how about the Gole to wind,
Their Horſes ſomewhat are than yours more ſwift.
I fear you will in that ſome damage find;
But none of them know better how to ſhift.
'Tis care not ſtrength makes a good Carpenter,
And Ships at Sea are governed by care;
Force in foul weather little helps to ſteer.
Beſt Charretiers are they that beſt beware.
A man that on his Horſes ſpeed relies
May from the high-way ſometimes drive aſide,
But not come in again. But he that's wiſe
Will always tow'rds the Gole directly guide,
And have an eye on him that goes before.
The Gole I'll tell you (leſt you know it not)
A Staff is of a fathom high or more,
Of Oak or Pine that is not apt to rot,
Standing between two great white ſtones upright,
And for a Monument ſet up was there
In antient time of ſome deceaſed Wight,
Or formerly there had a Race been there,
And to that purpoſe ſerved now again.
Be ſure you drive your Horſes to it cloſe,
And leaning, preſs a little th' inner Rein,
And let the farther Horſes Rein go looſe.
But let the neer Horſe to it go as near
As can be; ſo the Stones you ſtill avoid.
You'll wound your Horſes elſe and Charret tear,
And be aſham'd whilſt others will be joy'd.
If at the Staff you once but get the ſtart,
In coming back before you ſhall be none
How good ſoere their Horſes be or Art,
Though they the Steeds were of *Laomedon*,

Or

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Or like *Arion* all their Horſes were,
Adreſtus Horſe of the Celeſtial race.
Thus *Neſtor* his good Son inſtructed there,
And having done returned to his place.
The fifth and laſt came in *Meriones*.
Then up into their Seats they mounted all;
And then by Lots determin'd which of theſe
Should ſtart the firſt. T'*Antilochus* did fall
To ſtart the firſt. The next t'*Eumelus* came.
The third Lot fell t'*Atrides Menelaus*.
The fourth had on't *Merione's* his name.
The beſt, and laſt to ſtart *Tydides* was.
Then all arow they ſtood. *Achilles* by
Shew'd them the Gole far off upon the Plain;
And all at once hold up their Whips on high,
And beat their Horſes each one with his Reyn;
And loud upon them call'd to make them run.
Old *Phœnix* at the Staff was ſet to ſtay
And be a witneſs of what there was done,
And ſee there were amongſt them no foul play.
And ſwiftly from the Ships they part away,
In clouds of duſt up to their breaſts they fly,
And to the wind their ſpreading Manes diſplay;
Their Chars ſometimes are in the Air a high,
And ſometimes on the ground. The Charretiers
Sit for all that ſtill faſt upon their Seats,
And ev'ry one aloud his Horſes cheers,
While in his breaſt his heart with longing beats.
But when about the Gole they turned were,
And coming back agen unto the ſhore,
Then 'twas their Vertue chiefly did appear,
And faſter went their Horſes than before.
And now *Eumelus* Horſes foremoſt were,
And *Diomed* behind him was not far
With his Male *Trojan* Horſes, but ſo neer
As if they would have gone into his Char.
So neer they were their heads did on it lie,
And made *Eumelus* back and ſhoulders hot
With breathing on them; and the Victorie
Had got, or doubtful made at leaſt, had not

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Apollo been to *Diomed* unkind,
And from his hand ſtruck out his ſhining Whip.
Tydides then again was left behind,
And wept to ſee *Eumelus* him outſtrip.
When *Pallas* ſaw what wrong was to him done,
She puts the Whip into his hand again,
And angry goes unto *Admetus* Son,
And of his Horſes breaks the Yoke in twain.
On one ſide of the way then went one Mare,
And on the other ſide the other goes.
Down fell the Pole, and with it he; and tare
His elbows and his eye-brows, mouth and noſe.
Tydides in the mean time paſſed by,
And got before them all a mighty length.
For *Pallas* to him meant the Victory,
And gave unto his Horſes greater ſtrength.
Behind *Tydides* next was *Menelaus*,
And next to him *Antilochus*; and he
Aloud unto his Horſes calling was.
Now let's (ſaid he) your utmoſt vertue ſee.
With *Diomed* you are not bid contend,
Whom victor now *Athena* means to make,
And ſtrengthned hath his Horſes to that end;
But only *Menelaus* t'overtake.
Were't not a ſhame that *Æthe* but a Mare
Should leave you two ſuch luſty Steeds behind?
But if you now ſeek how your ſelves to ſpare,
I tell you this, and true you will it find,
You ſhall be ſlain. Therefore uſe all your ſpeed,
And when you come into a narrow place,
Leave it to me to do what I ſee need.
This ſaid, the Horſes fearing mend their pace,
And now were cloſe at *Menelaus* heels.
Then neer unto a hollow way they came;
And leſt they break ſhould one anothers Wheels,
Atrides turn'd aſide into the ſame.
The other after him a little wide
The ſame way took. *Atrides* then afraid
That he would enter with him ſide by ſide,
Unto *Antilochus* cri'd out and ſaid,

Anti-

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Antilochus, you drive too carelesly,
The way's too narrow. Pray a little stay
Your Horses; broader 'twill be by and by,
Lest both our Chars be broken on the way.
Antilochus then whipt his Horses on
So much the faster, seeming not to hear.
And when they were a little further gone,
Atrides held his Horses in, for fear
Their Chars should clashing overturned be,
And with them they be thrown into the dust;
And to him spake, reviling. Go, said he,
Of all the men I know the most unjust,
And not so wise as th' *Argives* thought you were.
But yet the Prize you shall not so obtain;
But for it first you shall be put to swear.
And then his Horses he drave on again.
And to encourage them, unto them said,
His Horses cannot keep before you long;
They old are both; strain hard. Be not dismay
For both of you brave Horses are and young.
This said, at highest speed agen they fly,
And to *Antilochus* came up again.
The *Argives* on the Race now sat to spy.
Who foremost coming was upon the Plain.
Idomeneus sat in a place more high
Without the Race, and heard a Charreter
Whose voice he knew unto his Horses cry;
And presently two Horses did appear.
Of one of them the colour was bright Bay,
But on his forehead had a spot of white,
And as the Moon at Full round ev'ry way,
And from afar conspicuous and bright.
Then to the *Greeks* he said, Is there no more
That see these Horses coming back but I?
They are not those that foremost were before;
And 'tis another Charreter I spy.
Eumelus some mischance has had I fear;
And yet about the Goal he turned well.
But now I cannot see them any where.
Perhaps out of his hands the Bridles fell;

No longer would the Horſes then obey,
But thrown him ſomewhere have o'th'field; or born
Him in their fit by violence away,
And have his Charret overturn'd, or torn.
Stand on your feet your ſelves and mark him well,
Whether or no it *Diomedes* be
The Son of *Tydeus*; for I cannot tell,
He like him is, and I believe 'tis he.
The leſſer *Ajax* then *Oileus* Son
With evil words t'*Idomeneus* repli'd,
The Mares upon the Field are coming on,
But you muſt talk, though from the purpoſe wide.
Your eyes are now grown old and leſs can ſee,
And yet to talk you love ſo much the more;
Though at diſcerning many better be.
Eumelus, as at firſt, is ſtill before.
Ajax (ſaid he) of all the *Greeks* the worſt
Except at railing, let's a wagger lay,
A Tripod or a Caldron who comes firſt,
Atrides judge, that you may know and pay.
And *Ajax* then about was to reply;
Nor had the quarrel 'twixt them there been ſtaid,
But that *Achilles* who was ſitting by,
Roſe from his Seat, and coming to them ſaid,
Idomeneus and *Ajax* 'tis a ſhame
For you in evil Language to contend,
That others when they do ſo ought to blame.
Sit down, and but a little while attend.
They'll ſoon be here. They ſtrive for Victory,
And driving are as faſt as ere they can;
Diſcerned then it will be eaſily
Which is the foremoſt, which the hindmoſt man.
This ſaid, they ſaw *Tydides* very neer
Plying his Whip; his Horſes ſtretch'd to flye:
And cover'd was with duſt the Charioteer:
And hard it was the track o'th' Wheels to ſpy.
Then coming in, before the Lords he ſtopt,
And to the ground leapt from his Chariot;
With ſweat his Horſes breaſts, and ſhoulders dropt.
Then *Sthenelus* the Prize neglected not,

But

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But nimbly from his place he to it skips,
And by his friends there standing by his side
Sent th'woman and the Tripod to the Ships;
And having done, the Horses he unti'd.
Antilochus next to *Tydides* was,
That not by vertue of his Steeds but slight
Advantage gotten had of *Menelaus*
When for them both he found the way too streight.
But *Menelaus* to him was so neer
As is a Charret-horse unto the Wheel,
Which of his Tayl doth sometimes touch the hair,
And makes the Horse to run that does it feel.
So neer unto him was *Atrides* then,
That was behind once a Coyts cast or more.
But quickly to him he came up agen.
For *Æthe* now ran faster than before.
And had they but a little longer run,
Atrides by *Antilochus* had pass'd,
And without doubt the second Prize had won.
Meriones behind was a Spears cast.
Slow Steeds he had and but small skill in Courses.
Eumelus whom *Athena* overthrew
Came hindmost and before him drave his Horses,
And with his hands behind, his Charret drew.
Achilles mov'd with pity was at this,
And spake unto the *Argives* in this wise.
Although he come the last, the best he is;
'Tis fit he have at least the second Prize,
But *Diomed* the first, that has it won.
And just it seemed in the *Argives* sight.
And from *Antilochus* the Prize had gone,
Had he not pleaded for it as his right.
Antilochus then to *Achilles* spake,
Though well, said he, in pity you incline
T'*Eumelus*, yet my Prize he must not take;
I won it, have, and 'tis not yours, but mine.
His Horses good, and Horse-man good he is;
And he and they upon the ground were laid
By some mischance; I'm not concern'd in this.
He should unto th'Immortal Gods have pray'd.

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But you, that pity him, and at your Tent
Have Gold, Brass, Horses, Women, Cattle store,
May out of that when you think fit content
Eumelus with the value, or with more.
For whosoever means to have the Mare
Must for her with me fight. Thus pleaded he.
Achilles that great love unto him bare,
Was glad, and said, Since you so counsel me,
The Breast plate I will to him give of Brass
That hem'd is all about with shining Tin,
With which *Asteropeus* armed was.
Automedon into my Tent go in,
And quickly to me bring the Breast-plate forth.
And then *Automedon* no longer stands,
But fetches out the Armour of great worth,
And puts the same into *Eumelus* hands.
Then up *Atrides Menelaus* stands,
And in his hand the Cry'r a Scepter laid,
And silence to be kept i'th Court commands.
T'*Antilochus* then *Menelaus* said,
Antilochus, what made you me disgrace
Justling my Horses in the hollow way
When there was so much danger in the place,
That 't had been best for both of us to stay?
But you the Princes hear the Cause I pray,
And judge between us both impartially,
Lest any of the *Greeks* hereafter say
I did t'*Antilochus* an injury,
And from him got the Mare by fraud or might;
And that his Horses than mine better were.
But come, I now know how my self to right.
Come lay your hand upon the Reyns, and swear
By *Neptune*, that you did not willingly
And with prepensed malice cross my Charre.
To this *Antilochus* did then reply,
O *Menelaus*, since you elder are,
You know our faults upon the sudden rise,
And that before-hand young men study not;
Their Wits are present, but the old are wise.
To do you injury I never thought.

The

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The Mare is yours; and if you pleaſe to ſend
For any thing I have, that too I'll give
Rather than with an Oath the Gods offend,
And out of *Menelaus* favour live
This ſaid, he put the Mare into his hand,
Then *Menelaus* lookt as freſh and gay
As Dew that on the growing Corn doth ſtand
Then when the Fields are in their beſt array.
And to *Antilochus* repli'd agen,
Antilochus I angry am no more.
I ſee you were by Youth tranſported then.
But putting tricks upon your friends give ore.
I not ſo ſoon forgiven had another;
But you ſo much have ſuffer'd for my ſake
Together with your Father and your Brother,
That I can eaſie ſatisfaction take.
And now to ſhew I got it not by might,
Take you the Prize, although it be my ſhare:
This ſaid, he took t'himſelf the Caldron bright;
And yielding to *Antilochus* the Mare,
Unto *Noëmon* gave her to ſet up
(*Noëmon* was *Antilochus* his man)
One Prize remain'd, which was the double Cup.
Meriones the two gold Talents wan.
Achilles riſing then to *Neſtor* went,
And unto him the double Cup he gave.
This Prize, ſaid he, keep for a Monument
Of my *Patroclus* lying in his Grave.
You ſhall not for it arm your fiſts with Lead,
Nor with young men at caſt of Spears engage,
Nor ſhall you on the Foot-race need to tread.
Of all ſuch work you are excus'd by age.
This ſaid, the Cup into his hand he laid,
Which joyfully he took and thus repli'd.
Sweet Son, you nothing but the truth have ſaid.
My ſtrength is paſt, it cannot be deni'd.
My hands I ſcarce can to my ſhoulders raiſe,
And heavily my feet both riſe and fall.
Oh, that I were as young as in thoſe days
When I ſaw *Amarynceus* Funeral

Set

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Set forth moſt nobly in *Bupraſion*.
There many Prizes were, and many a man;
But like to me amongſt them there was none,
Epeian, *Pylian*, nor *Ætolian*.
At Fiſts the Prize from *Clytomed* I won;
And wraſtling with *Anceus* I him threw,
And *Iphiclus*, ſwift as he was, outrun;
And with the Spears I *Polydore* out-threw,
And at the Horſe-race only was outſtript
By th'envie of the Sons of *Actor* two.
For fitting on the Charrat they both whipt,
And from me won that Prize with much ado.
Such then I was. But now to younger men
That work I leave. Old age I muſt obey.
But ſuch I was amongſt the *Argives* then.
And now, *Achilles*, here no longer ſtay.
Proceed with other Games your friend to grace:
Your Gift I take, and great content I find
In that you ſhewn have in this publick place
Amongſt the *Greeks* you have me in your mind.
Achilles having heard theſe Praiſes all
Of *Neſtor*, brought into the place a Mule,
A Prize for him that won at Fiſt and Ball,
A Mule of ſix years old, and hard to rule.
As for the vanquiſht, he aſſign'd to him
A leſſer Prize which was a ſilver Cup,
That crookt and wryed was about the brim.
Achilles then amongſt the *Greeks* ſtood up.
Atrides, and you *Argives* all, ſaid he,
Let two men fight for theſe at Fiſt and Ball.
The luſty Mule ſhall for the Victor be;
The Cup for him that in the fight ſhall fall.
This ſaid, *Epeius* a huge man ſtood up,
And that had at this kind of fight great ſkill,
And ſeiz'd the Mule, and ſaid, As for the Cup,
Let any one againſt me riſe that will.
The Mule is mine; at this game I am beſt.
Is't not enough that th'*Argives* value me
In Fight but as a mean man like the reſt?
For no man can the beſt at all things be.

But

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But let him know, whoere with him contends,
I'll break his bones. Which being to him known,
He may about him ready have his friends,
To take him up when I have knockt him down.
This said, *Mecetes* Son *Euryalus*,
That won the Prize from the *Cadmæans* all
At *Theb's* upon the death if *Oedipus*
When celebrated was his Funeral
Presents himself. About him busie was
Tydides wishing him the Victorie,
And gave him of strong Leather well-wrought Lace
Wherewith the Balls unto his wrists to tie.
The Champions up their fists together have,
Which when they met so quick and mingled were,
That which was which a man could not perceive,
But how they rattled at their heads might hear.
Euryalus then chanc'd to look aside,
At which *Epeius* such a blow him hit
Upon the cheek, that he was stupifi'd,
And could no longer stand upon his feet.
As when the Sea is curl'd by *Zephyrus*,
A little Fish leaps up and falls agen;
So started at the stroak *Euryalus*,
And fainted. To him went *Epeius* then
And took him up. His friends that by him stood
Led him away trailing his feet behind,
His neck aside hanging, and spitting blood;
And wandring out of order was his mind.
Achilles other Prizes then brought forth
For Wrastlers; and for him that did the best,
A mighty three-foot Pot esteemed worth
By th'company twelve Oxen at the least.
And for the vanquished a lesser Prize,
A Woman that in many works had skill;
And to the *Argives* speaking said, arise
You that contend for the great Tripod will.
Then up rose *Ajax*, up *Ulysses* rose,
And having girt their wastes stood on the place,
And presently extend their arms, and close;
And one another with twin'd arms embrace.

As

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As when a Carpenter to keep the wind
Out of a house the Timber bows and pleats,
So were their arms with one another twin'd,
And each of them keeps fast his hold, and sweats,
And squeez'd until their sides were black and blew.
And weary were the *Greeks* with looking on
When neither *Ajax* yet *Ulysses* threw,
Nor he the mighty Son of *Telamon*.
And *Ajax* then unto *Ulysses* said,
Let's lift each other; and withal him lifts,
And hop'd upon the ground to have him laid,
But he then not forgetful of his shifts,
Struck with his right foot *Ajax* on the ham
So that to turn him *Ajax* strength did lack.
Then both together to the ground they came,
One on his breast, the other on his back.
And now *Ulysses* to lift *Ajax* is.
And from the ground he heav'd him, but not high,
And in he clapt one knee between both his,
Then both upon the ground again they lie.
Agen they rise, and had not so giv'n ore,
But that *Achilles* to them goes, and says,
You both are best; torment your selves no more,
But equal Prizes take and go your ways,
That other *Greeks* for other Prizes may
Their vertue shew. This said, they him obey'd,
And from their bodies wipt the dust away,
And with their Coats themselves again array'd.
And then *Achilles* brought new Prizes in,
A silver Temperer that six gallons held,
And by *Sidonian* workmen made had been,
And all that ere they made before excell'd,
And by *Phœnicians* into *Greece* was brought
And giv'n to *Thoas*, and from him it came
T'*Eunæus Jasons* Son. *Eunæus* bought
Lycaon of *Patroclus* with the same.
This was the Prize for him that swiftest ran.
A great fat Ox the second was to take;
And half a Talent, Gold the hindmost man.
And then *Achilles* to the *Argives* spake.

Arise,

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Arise, said he, that for this Prize will run.
Then *Ajax* rose Son of *Oileus*
The lesser *Ajax*. And then *Nestor*'s Son
(The swifteſt of the Youth) *Antilochus*.
A row they stand. *Achilles* to them shows
The Gole about the which they were to run.
Together then they start; and foremost goes
The nimble-footed *Ajax Oileus* Son.
But next him and so neer *Ulysses* is,
As from a womans Distaff comes the thread,
And on his steps trod ere the dust ariſ,
And breathed all the way upon his head.
The *Greeks* upon him called all the way
To do his best, and wisht him Victorie.
Then to *Athena* did *Ulysses* pray.
O help me my good Goddess now, said he.
And when almost they ended had the Race,
Then chanced *Ajax* in the Dung to fall
Of Cattle which had kill'd been on the place
B' *Achilles* for *Patroclus* Funeral,
And fill'd with Cow-dung was his mouth and nose.
Ulysses on the Temp'rer laid his hands.
And *Ajax* spitting Dung again arose,
And with his Ox before the *Argives* stands.
Oh, oh, said he, 'tis *Pallas* hath done this,
Who as a careful Mother of her Child,
Upon *Ulysses* always waiting is.
And when he that had said th' *Acheans* smil'd.
Antilochus th'half Talent took of Gold,
And smil'd, and to the *Argives* said, You see
The Gods still give most honour to the Old.
Ajax in age a little passeth me.
Agen *Ulysses* older is than he.
And younger men with these cannot contend
At running of a Race, except it be
Achilles. Whom he finely did commend.
Achilles of that commendation glad
Unto *Antilochus* repli'd again;
To your half Talent I'll another add.
That word of yours shall not be said in va'n.

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Achilles then brought forth the Shield and Spear
And Helmet of *Sarpedon* (for till he
Was killed by *Patroclus* his they were)
And said unto the *Greeks*, Now let me see
Two valiant men well-arm'd contend for these;
And he that first draws blood shall bear away
This *Thracian* Sword won from *Asteropæus*.
The Arms in common they shall both enjoy,
And at my Tent they both shall feasted be.
Up then great *Ajax*, up *Tydides* rose,
And came forth armed from the Companie,
And looking grimly one to th'other goes,
And thrice to one another fiercely leapt,
And *Ajax* Spear pass'd through *Tydides* Shield;
But by the Breast-plate from his flesh was kept.
Good was his Breast-plate, and not apt to yield.
But still at *Ajax* neck *Tydides* aim'd,
Above his Shield still pushing with his Spear;
At which the people standing by exclaim'd;
For then of *Ajax* life they stood in fear,
And to *Achilles* cri'd to part the Fray
Betime, and let them equal Prizes have.
And by *Achilles* then dismiss'd were they;
But yet the Sword he to *Tydides* gave.
And then of Iron he brought out a Sough
Such as at first it from the Fornace came,
The which *Eetion* was wont to through;
Amongst whose Goods *Achilles* found the same,
And to his Ship he brought it with the rest.
And said to th'*Argives*, He this Prize shall gain,
That lets us see he throw it can the best.
It will his Plough with Iron five years maintain.
He needs not to the Town for Iron go.
Then *Polypætes* and *Leontes* rise,
And *Ajax*, and together stand arow;
And last of all unto them comes *Epeius*.
First threw *Epeius*, and well laught at was.
And next to him *Leontes* threw the same.
Then *Ajax* threw and did them both surpass.
But when to *Polypætes* hand it came,

As

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As far as doth a Shepherd throw his Hook
Seeing his Sheep ſtand ſtill or ſtraggle out,
So far threw he. The Prize his friends then took
And bare it to his Tent. The people ſhout.
Achilles then brought other Prizes in,
Ten double, and ten ſingle Axes keen,
The which the two beſt Bow-men were to win,
And ſaid, Now let your Archerie be ſeen.
And on the Sands erects a Ship-maſt high,
And at the top he ti'd a Dove unto't
With ſlender thread, and ſaid, Your ſkill now try.
For he that dead the tender Dove ſhall ſhoot,
Shall have the double Axes for his Prize;
The ſingle he that breaks the thread ſhall win.
Then *Teucer* and *Meriones* ariſe,
And Lots they caſt which of them ſhall begin.
And to begin to *Teucer* fell the Lot.
And firſt he ſhot. But ſhould have made a Vow
A Hecatomb to *Phœbus*, but forgot.
And therefore *Phœbus* would not him allow
To kill the Bird. But yet he brake the thread,
And tow'rds the ground, it hung down from her feet.
The frighted Dove in th'Air hovered,
And mightily the *Argives* ſhout to ſee't.
Meriones then quickly drew his Bow,
(For th'Arrow fitted on't already lay)
And preſently to *Phœbus* made a Vow
Of his firſt Lambs a Hecatomb to pay.
And ſeeing how the Dove amazed went
Above his head this way and that way round,
His Arrow keen he quickly to her ſent, (ground.
Which pierc'd her through, and brought her to the
The wounded Dove unto a Maſt then flies,
And there her Feathers ſheds, and hangs her head,
And having ſitten there not long ſhe dies.
The *Argives* gazing at it wondered.
And then *Meriones* away did bear
The double Axes. *Teucer* took the reſt.
Achilles then new Prizes fetcht; a Spear,
And a new Caldron worth an Ox at leaſt.

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To throw the Spear then rose the King *Atrides*,
And after him stood up *Meriones*
Idomeneus his Squire. Then said *Pelides*,
There shall be no contention for these.
We know how much you are more excellent
At this than any of th'*Acheans* here.
Take you these Prizes therefore to your Tent,
And give unto *Meriones* the Spear,
If you think fit. *Atrides* was content,
And to *Merion's* he gave the Spear,
And by *Talthybius* the Caldron sent
Unto the Ships; and all well pleased were.

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ILIAD.

LIB. XXIV.

THus end the Games. The *Greeks* disperſed are,
And ev'ry man returned to his Tent,
And buſie was his Supper to prepare;
And after they had ſupt to bed they went.
Achilles all the night ſlept not a wink,
But on *Patroclus* worth, and company,
And on their common ſuffrings ſtill did think,
And lay upon his bed unquietly.
And weeping ſometimes laid himſelf on this,
Sometimes on that ſide, ſometimes on his face,
And ſometimes on his back, and ſometimes ris;
And walkt upon the ſhore from place to place.
And ſoon as ere he ſaw the morning come,
He *Hector* to his Charret ti'd again;
And drag'd him thrice about *Patroclus* Tomb,
And then went in, and left him on the Plain
With duſt all over hidden, but not rent.
For *Phœbus* had him cover'd with his Shield,
That torn his body was not as they went.
The Gods mean while ſat looking on the Field,
And griev'd to ſee *Achilles* ſhew ſuch ſpight.
And ſome of them adviſed *Mercurie*
To ſteal away the body from his ſight.
To this the other Gods did all agree,
But *Neptune*, *Juno*, *Pallas* angry were
With *Priam* and with *Troy*, for *Paris* ſake,
For that he *Venus* did ſo much preferre;
And of the others ſmall account did make.
Thus paſs'd it then. But twelve days after came
Apollo to the Gods in Councel ſet,
And ſaid, Ye Gods unjuſt, you are to blame.
What Sacrifice did *Hector* ere forget,

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That to his Father, Mother, Wife, and Son
That for his death lament, he must not come,
And bur'd be, since he is dead and gone,
And have a Funeral in *Ilium*:
But to *Achilles* fury you give way,
Whose breast is void of all Humanity.
As Lions on mens Cattle love to prey;
Savage and proud on men so falleth he.
Asham'd of nothing. Though another man
That had a loving Brother lost, or Son,
When he has wept a while, give over can,
And bear the ill that cannot be undone.
But he with *Hector*'s death is not content,
But drags his body at his Chariot,
Not caring how we may the fame resent.
He'll find at last 'twere better he had not
Upon the senseless Earth have shown such spight.
To this in anger *Juno* then replyd,
If equal they had been, you had said right;
But that they equal are it is denyd.
For *Hector* was a mortal womans Son;
Achilles Mother a great Goddess is
Thetis, that nurst was and brought up by me:
But by my self. The Gods can witness this,
Who, when I made her noble *Pelius* Bride,
Came to the Wedding all, and you too then
Were with your Fiddle there well satisfy'd,
Perfidious God, companion of mean men.
Then *Jupiter* to *Juno* spake and said,
Look not so angerly upon the Gods,
Nor for *Achilles* honour be afraid.
'Twixt him and *Hector* I know well the odds.
But *Hector* we of Mortals love the best,
I do at least, of all the men of *Troy*
He never is behind-hand with my Feast,
But Flesh and Wine pays duely at my day.
But we'll not *Hector* from *Achilles* steal;
Nor can, since *Thetis* for him is awake.
Call *Thetis* hither; for with her I'll deal
To make him for his body Ransome take.

This

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This said, into the Sea leapt *Iris* straight
Between the Isles of *Imbros* and of *Same*.
The water roar'd and started at her weight;
And she to th' bottom like a Plummet came.
Where in a hollow Cave the Goddess sate;
Her Sea-nymphs all about her sitting round,
She in the midst her bewailing her Sons fate,
That was to perish on the *Trojan* ground.
And going to her near, *Thetis*, said she,
Jove calls you to him. She reply'd, Why so?
What has that mighty God to say to me?
I am not fit amongst the Gods to go.
But well. I go. I dare not disobey.
And on her head then throws she a black hood.
Then up they went, and *Iris* led the way;
(To let them pass the Sea divided flood)
And being landed leapt up to the Sky,
When *Jove* in Councel and the Gods were met;
Where *Thetis* was received lovingly,
And next himself by *Jupiter* was set.
There *Juno* Nectar, *Pallas* gave her place:
And *Jove* unto her spake. *Thetis*, said he,
I know your grief, but such is now the case,
You could not from th' Assemb'y spared be.
Nine days amongst our selves we disagree
Concerning *Hector*'s body what to do.
The most would have him stoln by *Mercury*;
But for your sake I would not yield thereto.
But go you, *Thetis*, to your Son and say
The Gods are angry and I most of all,
That *Hector*'s body at the Ships doth stay
Unransom'd and without a Funeral;
That he release it may for fear of me.
Mean while to *Priam Iris* shall be sent
To bid him go t' *Achilles* speedily,
And with fair Presents fetch it from his Tent.
This said, she from *Olympus* took her flight
T' *Achilles* Tent, and found him sitting there,
Where he *Patroclus* still lamenting sigh'd,
And with him friends providing Dinner were.

And

And killed had a fat Sheep in his Tent.
Then in she went and sate down by his side,
How long, said she, will you your self torment?
Be comforted, and for your health provide,
And take delight in womens company,
For here you know you are not long to stay,
And that at hand is now your Destiny.
And hear what I from *Jove* must to you say.
From *Jupiter* I come, who bad me say
The Gods are angry and he most of all,
That *Hector*'s body at the Ships doth stay.
Unransom'd and without a Funeral.
The Ransome therefore take and let him go.
To which *Achilles* a shore Answer gave.
Let him that will (since *Jove* will have it so)
The Ransome bring, the body he shall have.
Whilst *Thetis* and her Son discoursing were,
To *Priam Jove* swift *Iris* sent away.
Iris, said he, this Message from me bear
To *Priam*, and relate what now I say.
Bid him unto *Achilles* Tent to go,
And carry with him other *Trojans* none
But one old Squire his Chariot to look to,
And bring away the body of his Son;
And honourable Presents with him bear,
Wherewith *Achilles* may be well content.
And bid him death and danger not to fear,
So good a Guardian with him shall be sent.
Hermes shall guide him to *Achilles* Tent,
And being there he needs not fear avail,
Achilles will not kill him, but prevent
The hurt that might from others on him fall.
He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,
And pity has for them that to him pray.
This said, flew *Iris* from *Olympus* high
To *Priam*'s house, where little was of joy.
His Sons about him weeping sat, and he
I'th'midst involved in his Cloak so just,
That one th'impression of his limbs might see,
His head and neck bedawbed with dung and dust;

Which

Which he himself had thrown upon his head.
His Daughters and his Sons-wives howling went
About, for Brothers and for Husbands that were dead,
And to the Shades by *Argives* had been sent.
Then *Iris* unto *Priam* coming near
With soft and gentle voice unto him said,
Priam be bold, for no ill news I bear
(For trembling fard they and were sore afraid)
Jove bids you to *Achilles* Tent to go,
And carry with you ransom for him none
But one old Squire your Chariot to look to,
And bring away the body of your Son;
And honourable Presents with you bear,
Wherewith *Achilles* may be well content.
He bids you neither death nor danger fear,
So good a Guardian with you shall be sent.
Hermes shall guide you to *Achilles* Tent.
When you are there, pass the danger all.
Achilles will not kill you but prevent
The harm that may from others on you fall.
He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,
And pity has on them that to him pray
In their distress, and at his mercie lie.
When *Iris* this had said, she went away.
Then *Priam* said unto his Sons, Arise,
And make a Waggon ready out of hand;
And to a Cedar Chamber down he hies,
Where his most precious Houshold-stuff did stand.
And thither call'd his Wife, and to her said,
Jove's Messenger *Achilles* bids me go
With Ransome for my Son. I'm not afraid.
But what think you? Is't best to go, or no?
At this aloud she shriek and said, Ay me,
What now is of the wit you had become,
For which so wise you once were thought to be
By men abroad and by your friends at home?
Will you go put your self into the hand
Of him that hath your Sons so many slain,
A man that does not pity understand,
Nor faith? No, no, he'll not from you abstain.

But

But since the Fates designed had before
His birth, to th'Dogs he should be made a prey
By this hard-hearted man, you may deplore
Him here at home, and from *Achilles* stay.
Oh, that between my teeth I had his heart,
That to revenge my Son I might it eat.
It would no little ease be to my smart,
And less the loss of him I should regret.
For *Hector* only for his Country fought,
And of his Enemies was not afraid,
Nor did him wrong, but valiant was and stout.
Then *Priam* to his Wife repli'd and said,
Nay Wife, since to him I am bent to go,
Dissuade me not, nor ill Bird to me be
Here in my house, and bode me ill. For know,
Whatere you say, 'twill not prevail with me.
If now a Priest or Prophet to me came
And this had said, I thought it had a lye.
But howsoever, come what will, I am
With *Hector* in my arms content to die.
This said, the Chests he presently unlocks,
And out he lays twelve Robes for womankind,
As many Coats, as many single Cloaks,
And unto those as many that were lin'd,
And further twelve rich Carpets out he lay'd,
And when he that had done, he Gold brought forth,
Whereof he layed by ten Talents weigh'd.
And two great black three-footed Pots much worth.
And unto those he set bright Caldrons four;
And the fine Cup which giv'n him was when he
From *Troy* to *Thrace* was sent Embassadour.
So long'd he to set *Hector*'s body free.
I'th'Porch then standing many *Trojans* were,
That sorry for his grief were thither come;
To whom he said, Rascals what make you here?
Find you not cause enough of grief at home,
That you must hither come to trouble me?
As if too little 'twere to lose my Son.
Hereafter you will eas'lier killed be,
Since *Hector* who defended you is gone.

As

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As for my self, before I see that day,
I hope to be with in th'Infernal Gates.
Then with his Staff he drave them all away;
And turning in again his Sons he rates.
Paris and *Agathon* and *Helenus*,
Pammon, *Polites*, and *Antiphus*,
Agavus, *Deiphobus*, *Hippothous*.
These nine he rated, saying to them thus,
Make haste unworthy Sons. I had been glad
If you in *Hector*'s stead had all been slain.
Oh how unfortunate am I that had
So many and so valiant Sons in vain!
Mestor and *Troilus* both valiant men,
And Godlike *Hector*. Sure I am accurst.
Since *Mars* of these depriv'd me has agen,
And now I none have left me but the worst,
Domestick Wolves, the bane of Lamb and Kid,
And good for nothing but to dance and lye.
Why stand you still? Were you not by me bid
The Waggon to prepare? Then out they flye,
And speedily the Waggon forth they bring,
And Yoak well fitted with an iron Pin;
And fixt it to the Poles-end with a Ring,
And Cord nine Cubits long to keep it in;
Which thrice about the Boxen Yoak they wind,
And to the Waggon laid the Ransome in;
And to it then the lusty Mules they bind,
Which by the *Mysians* given him had been.
That done, King *Priam*'s Horses to his Charre
Were by himself and by *Idæus* ti'd,
Of which he always taken had such care,
That while they fed he stayed by their side.
Then *Hecuba* came to them with a Cup,
A golden Cup of pleasant Wine, that they
The same to *Jupiter* might offer up
Before unto their Foes they went away.
Here, take this Cup, said she, and pray to *Jove*
That he will let you see a lucky flight
Of that great Bird which he the most doth love,
That you may be assured by the sight

That

That safe you shall agen return to *Troy*.
For if that favour to you be deni'd
I should advise you by all means to stay.
And *Priam* then to *Hecuba* repli'd,
This counsel (Wife) of yours with reason stands.
Jove pleased is when to him men look up.
For water then he call'd and washt his hands;
And from his Wife receiv'd the golden Cup.
Then looking up to Heav'n, O *Jove*, said he,
Of all the Gods most glorious high and great,
Grant me that I may well received be
B'*Achilles* at his Tent, and well retreat.
And that thereof I may be confident,
Now shew me of your Bird a lucky flight.
This said, *Jove* presently an Eagle sent,
Of colour spotted over black and white.
As wide as is a Princes Gate or more,
So wide her Wings the mighty Eagle spreads,
And as it over *Ilium* did soare,
The people joy'd to see it ore their heads.
The old man then went up into his Seat,
And through the City to the Plain did pass.
The Waggon wherein lay the treasure great
Before him driven by *Ideus* was.
And so far went his Sons, and Sons-in-law;
And then return'd agen into the City.
When *Jupiter* upon the way him saw
In this estate he moved was with pity;
And unto *Hermes* turn'd his eyes and said,
Since you mens company do most frequent,
And whom you will can quickly hear and aid,
Go and guide *Priam* to *Achilles* Tent.
But so as to be seen by none, until
He thither safely come. And *Mercury*
No sooner understood his Fathers will
But sets himself about it willingly.
And first his Shoes unto his feet he binds
Ambrosian Shoes that over Sea and Land
Bear him as swift and lightly as the Winds;
And then his Rod he took into his hand,

Where-

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Wherewith he layeth sleep on Mortal eyes,
And takes it off again when he thinks good.
Then down to *Troy* and [illegible] he flies
In likeness of a Youth of royal blood
When Doun begins t'appear upon the face.
Idæus now and *Priam* at the drink
Of *Xanthus* were, and night came on apace
And there they made their Mules and Horses drink.
Idæus neer them then saw *Mercury*,
And in great fear to *Priam* cri'd, I see
A man (O *Priam*) coming. Let us fly,
Or to him go and fall down at his knee.
And horribly was *Priam* then afraid,
His hair with fear upon him stood upright.
Then *Mercury* unto him came, and laid
His hand on his, and to him said, 'Tis night;
What makes you be abroad? Do you not fear
Your Foes the *Greeks*? If any of them knew
That you were with so great a Treasure here,
In what a pitiful estate were you?
For you and he that's with you both are old,
And neither of you can himself defend.
But as for any hurt from me, be bold.
I hither come t'assist you as a friend,
So like, me thinks, you to my Father are.
And *Priam* then to *Mercury* repli'd,
'Tis true you say. And yet the Gods a care
Have of me still that send me such a Guide,
So great a man, so comely, and so wise,
That blessed are the Parents you begat.
And *Mercury* to him again replies,
Indeed old man, you say the truth in that.
But whither bear you your best goods away?
To some strange City till the War be done?
Or are the *Trojans* all now leaving *Troy*,
Since killed is the best of them, your Son
That might with any of the *Greeks* compare?
Tell me, said *Priam* (pray ye) who are you,
And whence ye come, and who your Parents are,
And how my Son, and his hard Fate you knew.

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You mean to try me now (said *Mercury*).
At th' *Argive* Ships I *Hector* frighted saw,
And how he made the *Greeks* before him fly,
And how he toss them in the Field like straw,
Where we stood by with wonder looking on.
Achilles had forbidden us to fight.
His man am I, by birth a *Myrmidon*,
And stood amongst the rest to see the fight.
My Father is *Polyctor*, very rich,
But now an old man is and like to you.
And seven Sons he has in all, of which
I am the last. And Lots at home we drew
Which of us with *Achilles* should be sent
To th' War of *Troy*. The Lot then fell to me.
And with *Achilles* in his Ship I went.
And hither come the place of fight to see.
The *Greeks* by break of day will hither come,
And try if now the City they can win.
Impatient of their stay at *Ilium*
They cannot by their Leaders be kept in.
Then *Priam* to him said again, Since you
Achilles Servant are, is *Hector* yet
At th' *Argive* Ships, I pray you tell me true,
Or cut in joynts thrown to the Dogs to eat?
And *Hermes* unto this again replies,
Nor Dogs nor Fowl upon him yet have fed,
But at the Ships he still neglected lies,
And though he have twelve days now there been dead,
Yet is his body uncorrupt, and free
From Worms that breed in other bodies slain,
And though it ev'ry morning dragged be
About *Patroclus* Tomb, doth whole remain.
And undefac'd, the blood all washt away.
You would admire to see him look so fresh,
And clensed of the filth that on him lay,
And at his wounds how closed is the flesh,
Though many from the *Greeks* receiv'd he had.
So kind the Gods were after he was dead.
These words of *Mercury* made *Priam* glad.
And thus again he to him answered.

Yes,

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Yes, yes, 'tis good to give the Gods their due,
A thing that *Hector* never did omit.
And therefore to him they this favour shew,
Although his Soul be in th' Infernal Pit.
But now t' *Achilles* Tent be you my Guide;
And at my hand this handsome Cup receive.
Again you try me (*Mercury* repli'd)
I dare not tak't without *Achilles* leave.
For of his anger in great fear I stand.
Without a Bribe I'll with you go along
To what place you think fit by Sea or Land.
Though 'twere to *Argos*; none shall do you wrong.
For sure, so wretchedly I do not look,
But that a man may of me stand in fear.
Then up he leapt, and in his hands he took
The Whip and Reyns, and serv'd as Charretier.
When they were come to th' *Argive* Ditch and Wall,
The Watch that placed was the Gate to keep,
Their Supper to provide were busie all,
And *Mercury* there laid them all asleep,
Took off the Bars, the Gate wide open laid,
And in the Charret and the Waggon went
With all the wealth for *Hector* to be paid;
And forward pass unto *Achilles* Tent,
Built for him by his *Myrmidons*, and high,
With Fir-trees tall, and cover'd over head
(To keep it out of danger from the Sky)
With the deep vesture of the flowry Mead
And to it had a great Court pal'd about,
And in the Pale a high two-valved door
For Chars and Waggons to go in and out,
And one great Bar of Fir-tree and no more,
So great that it requir'd three common men
Upon the lofty Gate to set it on,
And three such men to take it off agen,
None but *Achilles* shut it could alone.
This Gate then *Hermes* open to him laid,
And with the Char and Waggon in he came,
Then leaping to the ground to *Priam* sa'd,
Old Father, I a God Immortal am

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Hermes, and hither sent to be your Guide,
From Heav'n on purpose by my Father *Jove*.
But by *Achilles* I'll not here be spi'd.
Gods must not shew to men such open love.
But go you to *Achilles* in, and try
What favour from him at his knees you'll find,
And put him of his Son in memory,
And Father. That will work upon his mind.
This said, t'*Olympus Hermes* went his way.
Then to the ground leapt *Priam* from his Charre;
And going in he bad *Idæus* stay,
And of the Mules and Horses have a care.
Achilles at his Supper now was set,
And waiting on him stood *Automedon*
And *Alimus*, the Table standing yet;
But sup'd he had and appetite had none.
His other friends at distance from him sat.
And *Priam* to them then came in unseen,
And kist the hands there of *Achilles*, that
Of many of his Sons the death had been.
As when a man that kill'd another has,
And to another Prince for safety flies,
Men at him stare; so he amazed was
When he saw *Priam* stand before his eyes.
The rest admir'd the comely man to see,
And both on him and one another look.
But *Priam* then upon *Achilles* knee
Laid both his hands, and thus unto him spoke.
Godlike *Achilles* take into your thought
Your Father that an old man is as I,
And into trouble by his Neighbours brought,
And has no friend on whom he may rely.
Yet he has many Intervals of joy,
And thinking on his Son is comforted
With hope to see him back return from *Troy*.
Undone am I; for all my hopes are fled.
When th'Army of th'*Achæans* landed here,
I by the Gods with fifty Sons was blest;
Whereof sixteen my Wife did to me bear,
And other women in my house the rest.

But

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But in this War the most of them are lost.
And now by *Mars* reduced are to few.
And *Hector* which of all I loved most,
Is lately, O *Achilles*, slain by you.
His body to redeem I hither come
With pretious Gifts, and fall before your knee,
That I may bury it in *Ilium*.
Upon your Father think, and pity me.
Yet is my case more pitiful than his.
For what calamity can greater be
Than th'hands that have my Children kill'd to kiss?
This said, *Achilles* wept. And from his knee,
With his, the hands of *Priam* gently mov'd;
And then aloud they both lamented. He
For *Peleus*, and *Patroclus* whom he lov'd,
And *Priam* for his own calamitie,
And through the house were heard to sigh and groan.
Achilles, when his fit of tears was laid,
And eased was his heart, came from his Throne,
And rais'd th'old man that on his knees yet staid,
And to him spake. Alas, old man, said he,
You much have suffer'd, and your pain I feel.
But how alone durst you to come to me,
That slew your Sons, unless your heart be steel?
But come, sit down. In vain lamenting is,
The hurt that's done tears cannot take away,
Since so 'tis order'd by the Gods in bliss,
That men shall live in pain, and they in joy.
Two Barrels in his Cellar *Jove* has still
Of Gifts to be bestow'd on mortal Wights,
One full of Good, the other full of Ill.
And usually to mingle them delights.
For they that only ill receive from *Joue*
Exposed always are to injurie,
And begging up and down the world shall rove,
And both by Gods and Men despised be.
So *Peleus* at the first receiv'd much good,
And did in wealth his Neighbours all surpass,
And with his Subjects in great honour stood,
And joyn'd in Wedlock to a Goddess was.

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But after this the Ill unto him came
To leave no Child behind him to succeed,
But only one that so short liv'd am,
And from him live to vex you and your seed.
And you, O *Priam*, once were rich, they say,
And all that was in *Lesbos* did injoy,
And over all the *Hellespont* did sway,
And that all *Phrygia* did you obey,
And with great store of Children blest you were.
But now you only fights and slaughter see,
And patiently you *Hector*'s death must bear.
He cannot with your tears revived be;
Much sooner you may suffer greater ill.
T'*Achilles Priam* then again replies,
O *Thetis* Son, to fit I have no will
Whilst at the Ships my Son unburi'd lies,
But bring him forth that I my Son may see,
And you the Presents I have brought enjoy.
And prosperous unto you may they be,
And safely I again return to *Troy*.
Achilles angry then, Old man, said he,
Provoke me now. I'll put into your hand
The body of your Son, because to me
From *Jove* my Mother came with that command.
And very well I know you *Priam* are,
And that you hither had a God for Guide.
What mortal to the Army come would dare?
Or could have pass'd the Watch and not been spi'd?
Or open to you could the Gates have set?
Therefore take heed, and anger me no mote,
Lest the command of *Jove* I should forget,
And without *Hector* send you out a door.
This said, old *Priam* was afraid and sat.
Out went *Achilles* with *Automedon*
And *Alcimus*, his two good Servants, than
He lov'd the most, *Patroclus* being gone.
And they the Horses and the Mules unty'd,
And from the Waggon in the Goods they brought,
Only (wherewith the body dead to hide)
They left behind a handsome Robe and Coat.

Achilles

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Achilles then his drudging Maids appointed
To bear the body to some Chamber meet,
And see the same well washt and well anointed,
So secretly that *Priam* might not see't,
Lest grieved he should something do or say,
That might so far *Achilles* anger move,
That in his passion he should *Priam* slay
Forgetting the Commandement of *Jove*.
And being washt, anointed, and array'd,
Achilles laid the body on a bed,
Which his two Servants in the Waggon laid.
This done, he to *Patroclus* spake and said,
O my *Patroclus* if you hear in Hell
That *Hector*'s body I have sent to *Troy*,
Forgive me, since I for it paid am well
With Gifts, whereof what's fit for you I'll pay.
This said, *Achilles* to his Tent retir'd,
And sat upon the Seat from whence he ris,
Your Son, said he, is freed as you desir'd,
And on a bed laid in your Waggon is:
To morrow with him go by break of day.
But let us not our Supper now forget;
For *Niobe* twelve Children lost, they say,
Yet did she not for that refuse to eat.
Six lusty Sons, six Daughters fair they were,
And killed all, only for saying this,
[*Leto* but two, and she did many bear.]
By *Phœbus* they, and these by *Artemis*,
The Goddess *Leto*'s Daughter and her Son.
Nine days and nights they lay unburied;
For *Jove* had chang'd the people into stone,
And then the Gods with Earth them covered.
Yet *Niobe* when she had weeping done,
Received food; and now doth somewhere lie
I'th' Woulds of *Sipylus*, and turn'd to stone
The hurt done by the Gods takes patiently.
Come then old man and lay your grief away,
And for the present think upon your meat,
And weep for *Hector* when you come to *Troy*,
For true it is your loss of him is great.

This

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This said, forth goes *Achilles*, and appoints
A Sheep for supper to be kill'd and flayd;
Which straight was done, and cut out into joynts,
And pierc'd with Spits unto the fire was laid.
And, when it was well roasted, taken up,
Automedon o'th'Table laid the bread.
Achilles made the Messes. Then they sup,
And on the meat they laid their hands and fed.
But when of food they had no more desire,
Priam admir'd *Achilles* form and face.
Achilles Priam did no less admire,
In his aspect and speech there was such grace.
When on each other they had lookt enough,
Priam began, and to *Achilles* spake.
Dismiss me if you please (*Achilles*) now,
That I a little sleep at last may take.
For since my Son was slain, I never slept,
But rolling on the soiled grass have li'n
Perpetually, and for him sigh'd and wept,
Nor until now touch'd either Meat or Wine.
Achilles then to th'women gave command
I'th'Porch without to set him up a bed,
With handsome Coverleds of Purple, and
With fine soft Blankets see it covered.
The women quickly his Command obey'd,
And two Beds ready made i'th'Porch without.
Achilles smiling then to *Priam* said,
Old man I from my Tent must turn you out;
Lest some man should from *Agamemnon* sent
With counsel come and chance to see you here,
And let him know that you are at my Tent,
And the Redemption of your Son deferre.
But ere you go, old man, pray tell me right
What time is needful for his Obsequies,
That I so long may keep the *Greeks* from fight.
Then *Priam* to *Achilles* thus replies.
You know *Achilles* very well how farre
The Hills and Woods are distant from the Town,
And how afraid to go the *Trojans* are.
We need nine days to fetch the fewel down,

The

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The tenth he shall be burnt and buried.
Th'eleventh a Mount upon him shall be laid.
The twelvth we'll fight again if there be need.
To this *Achilles* answered and said,
Old man, the time you asked granted is.
So long th' *Acheans* shall from fight forbear.
This said, in *Priam*'s hand he layed his,
That of his faith he might not stand in fear.
There in the Porch slept *Priam* and *Ideus*.
And then unto his bed *Achilles* went.
And there he slept, and with him fair *Brisëis*
Within an Inner Chamber of his Tent.
The other Gods and Men slept all the night,
But sleep approached not to *Hermes* eyes,
But thinking lay on *Priam*, how he might
Conduct him safely from his Enemies.
Then up he rose, and went to *Priam*'s head
And to him said, Ho, *Priam* sleep you here?
Since you redeem'd have *Hector*'s body dead,
You think you nothing farther have to fear.
Although you for him paid a lusty price,
Yet if alive *Atrides* find you here,
Your Sons and friends shall pay that value thrice.
This said, he suddenly awake with fear.
And calling to *Ideus* made him rise.
Then *Hermes* to the Waggon and the Charre
Himself the lab'ring Mules and Horses ties.
And now into their Seats they mounted are,
And through the *Argive* Camp then *Hermes* drove
Unseen t'll past *Scamander* ford they were.
Then *Hermes* left them and return'd to *Jove*.
And now the morning was display'd and clear.
Then sighing on they went to *Ilium*,
But were by neither man nor woman spi'd,
Till up into the Tow'r of *Pergamum*
Cassandra went, and thence she them discer'd,
And weeping to the people cri'd and said,
Ye men and women all of *Ilium*,
If ever you at *Hector*'s coming joy'd,
Run to the Gates; I see him hither come.

Then,

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Then, man nor woman left was in the Town,
But *Hector* to behold went to the Gate.
First came his loving Wife and Mother down,
And in the Waggon by him weeping sate.
The people in a throng about him staid
Lamenting and lamented had all day,
But *Priam* from his Chair unto them said,
Trojans, unto the body dead give way.
And when within the house I have it laid,
Then for him weep till you be satisfi'd.
When this was said, the people him obey'd,
And to make way, themselves they then divide.
Then to the house they brought the body in,
And plac'd it on a bed. Then Singers by
They set, the lamentation to begin.
Their Song they sung, to which the women sigh
Then to lament *Andromache* began.
O my dear Husband you have left your life
Unhappily, thus were but a young man,
And made a wretched Widow of your Wife,
And with me left behind a tender Son
To evil fate begot by you and me.
To see him grow a man I hope have none;
This City first I fear destroy'd will be,
Since you are gone that was our sole defence.
T'*Achaia* now the Wives of *Troy* must go,
And with them I. And you my Child must hence,
And in vile work employ'd be by the Foe,
Or you may by some spiteful man or other
Be from the Wall or some high Tower thrown
For *Hector*'s sake, that killed has his Brother,
Or Father, or his Son before the Town.
For many of the *Greeks* has *Hector* slain.
He went not to the Battle bashfully.
For which the *Trojans* now are in great pain,
And I your loving Wife especially.
O that you thus should in the dust be laid,
And not give me your hand before you di'd
Without a word upon your Death-bed said
For me to think on. Then the women sigh'd.

And

And *Hecuba* began. *Hector*, said she,
Of all my Sons to me you were most dear.
And when arrived was your Destinie,
You by the Gods, though dead, beloved were.
My other Sons, when any taken by
Achilles were, beyond-Sea carri'd were
And sold, and made to suffer slavery
At *Samos*, *Imbros*, *Lemnos*, or elsewhere;
But when of life he had deprived you
Because his friend *Patroclus* you had slain,
About his Monument he oft you drew,
Though that could not bring him to life again.
But now he sent it to me has again
As fresh and as well colour'd as if by
Apollo's gentle Shafts he had been slain.
This said, agen the people sob and sigh.
Then *Helen* took her turn. *Hector*, said she,
Whom best I lov'd of all my Brother-laws
(For you were so, since *Paris* marri'd me,
Though when I marri'd him accurst I was.)
Now twenty years 'tis since I came to *Troy*,
And never did an ill word from you hear;
And when your Kindred of me ill did say,
You took my part, and made them to forbear.
Since you are gone my joy is at an end,
And in your death I moan my own estate
That now amongst the *Trojans* have no friend,
Who hate me as the Author of their Fate.
This said with tears, provokt the peoples pity;
But *Priam* then unto them spake, and said,
Go *Trojans* now and fetch wood to the City;
You need not of the *Argives* be afraid.
Achilles when I parted from his Tent
Eleven days allow'd my Son t' inter
And fetch down wood without impediment;
So long the *Argives* should from fight forbear.
This said, to th'Hills with Oxen and with Wains
And Mules they went, and busie were about
This work nine days together and took pains.
Upon the tenth the body was brought out,

And

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And on the top of the great wood-pile laid,
And fire put to't; and all day long it burned
And all the night. When morning was displai'd,
Again the *Trojans* to the Pile returned,
And th'Embers with black Wine extinguished.
His bones then by his Brothers and his Kin
Were from the ground together gathered,
And by them to an Urn of Gold laid in.
The Urn with Purple Robes then cover'd over
Into a Grave (which soon was made) they laid.
The Grave with many and great stones they cover.
And last of all (because they were afraid
Before their work were done the *Greeks* would come)
They sent out Scouts on ev'ry side to spy.
And ore his Grave in haste they raise a Tomb.
This done, away they went, and by and by
To *Priam*'s house they came again, and there
He made a splendid Supper for them all.
Then home they went well pleased with their chear.
Thus ended noble *Hector*'s Funeral.

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FINIS.

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